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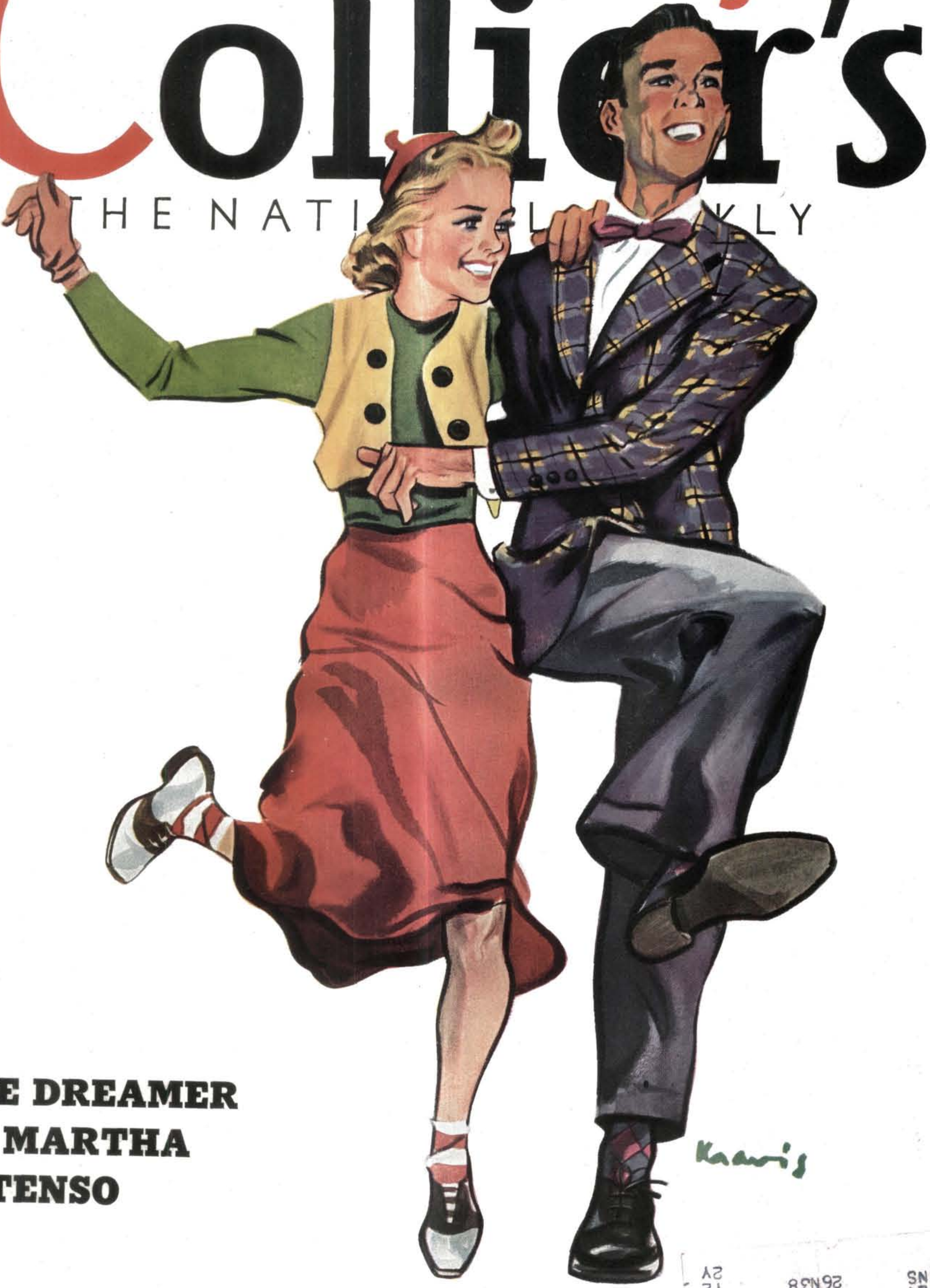
March 19, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

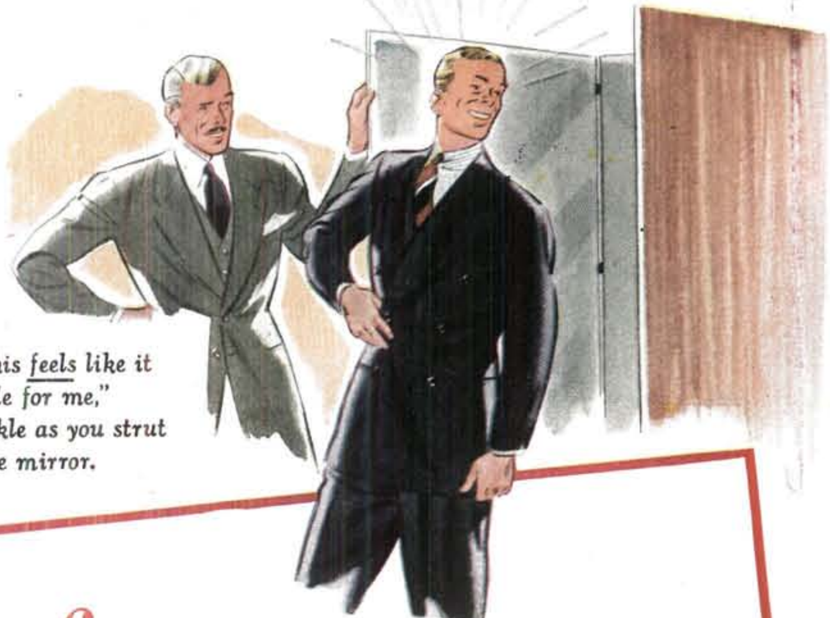
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE DREAMER BY MARTHA OSTENSO

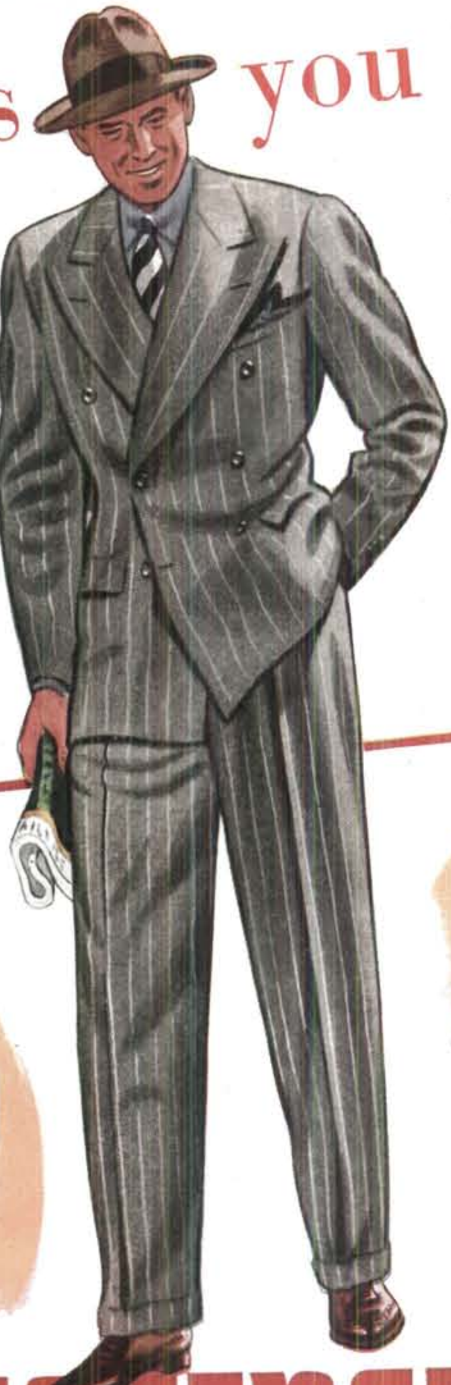
MRS J O MAJOR
212 S BUCKEYE
IOLA KANS
26N38

"Just feel this cloth," says the salesman, plenty proud of the quality fabrics in these great new Triple Tests.



"Say—this feels like it was made for me," you chuckle as you strut before the mirror.

It's the "Feel" of a *Triple Test Worsted* suit that tells you it's right



You'll feel at ease—always—in a Triple Test Worsted—comfortable, poised, sure that you're perfectly dressed.

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing to Look For ... A Big Thing to Find

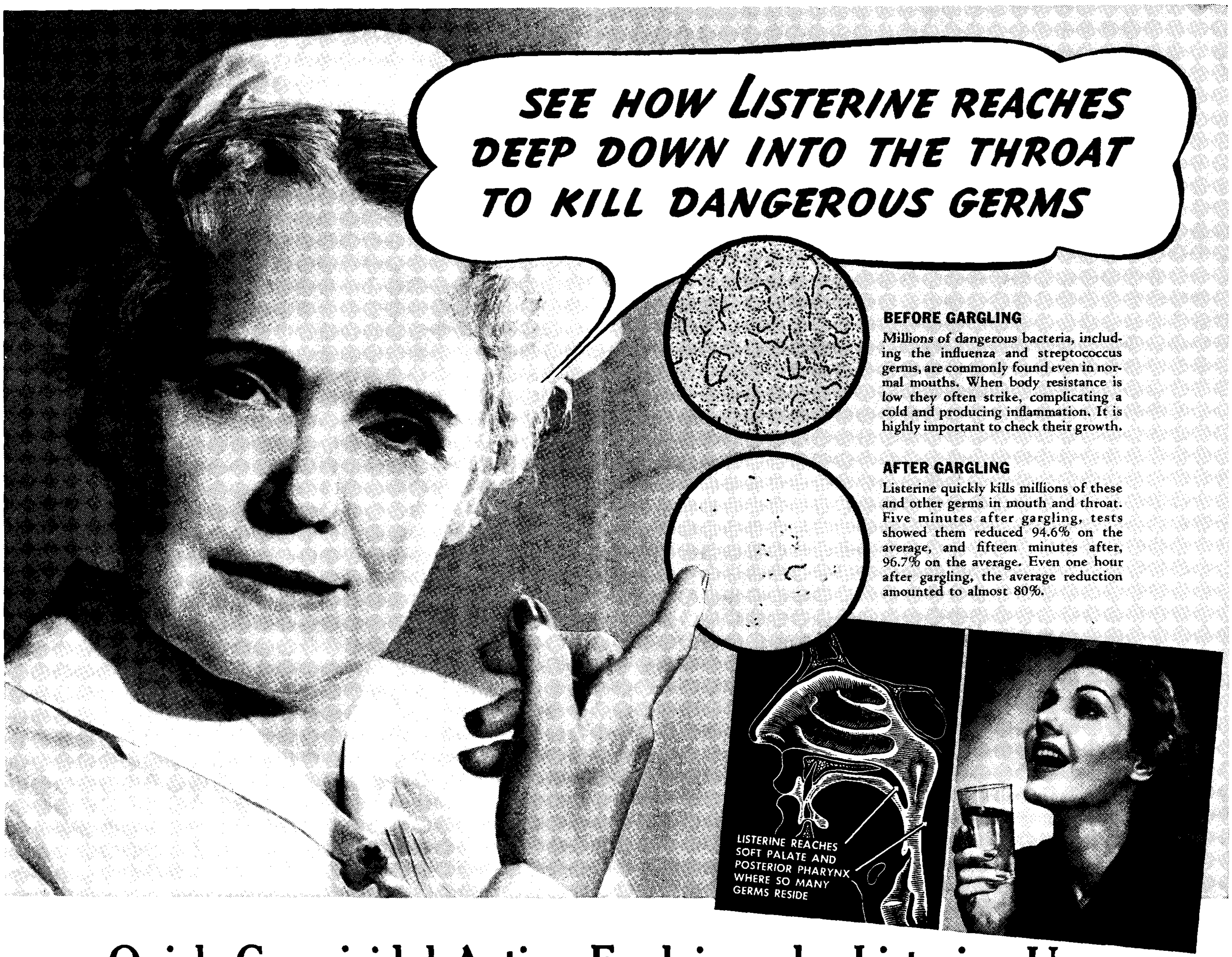
Not only does Triple Test *feel* right—Triple Test also *looks* right . . . for clothing like this is gentlemen's clothing, every inch. And Triple Test fabrics are definite style firsts—suave, distinguished, well-mannered . . . yet make no mistake about them—Triple Tests are rough and tumble champions when it comes to wear.

And we don't need to pussyfoot about the price. Your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer is ready *now* with these great new Spring Triple Test Worsteds that have been tested three times—once for Quality, once for Style and once for Value . . . at a price that's phenomenally low!

Women know quality fabrics, and when a woman says, "I like the feel of this material," you can be sure that Triple Test is just about 100%.

To top it off, Triple Test is such a whale of a value that it leaves your pocketbook feeling OK, too!

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX


SEE HOW LISTERINE REACHES DEEP DOWN INTO THE THROAT TO KILL DANGEROUS GERMS
LISTERINE REACHES SOFT PALATE AND POSTERIOR PHARYNX WHERE SO MANY GERMS RESIDE

BEFORE GARGLING

Millions of dangerous bacteria, including the influenza and streptococcus germs, are commonly found even in normal mouths. When body resistance is low they often strike, complicating a cold and producing inflammation. It is highly important to check their growth.

AFTER GARGLING

Listerine quickly kills millions of these and other germs in mouth and throat. Five minutes after gargling, tests showed them reduced 94.6% on the average, and fifteen minutes after, 96.7% on the average. Even one hour after gargling, the average reduction amounted to almost 80%.

Quick Germicidal Action Explains why Listerine Users Caught *Fewer* Colds and *Milder* Colds than Non-Users

Think what it would mean to you and your family to escape severe colds.

And now, that is a possibility.

For by treating a cold for what it really is—a local infection—research shows results not equalled, so far as we know, by tablets, pills, vaccines or inhalants.

During 7 years of research repeated tests showed *that those who gargled Listerine twice a day caught fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration, than non-garglers.* When Listerine users *did* catch cold, their colds did not reach the danger zone of the lungs as often as the colds of non-users.

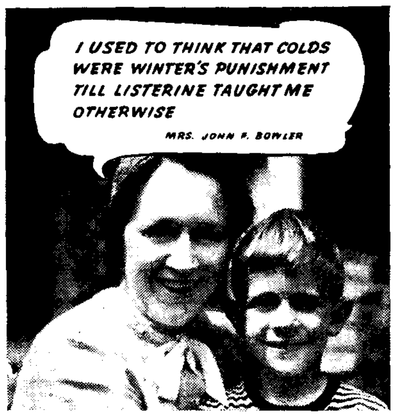
What is the secret of Listerine therapy?

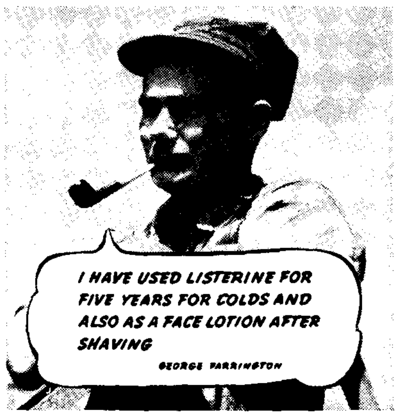
We believe it must be that Listerine first reaches the invisible virus (germ) which, many authorities declare, starts a cold. Then it kills by millions, the menacing "secondary invaders." These are present even in normal mouths, and frequently include such germs as influenza and streptococcus. Unless kept in check by antiseptic action, they may invade the tissue and complicate the infection that the virus started. As you will see by examining the graphs above, Listerine's ability to keep these germs under control is phenomenal.

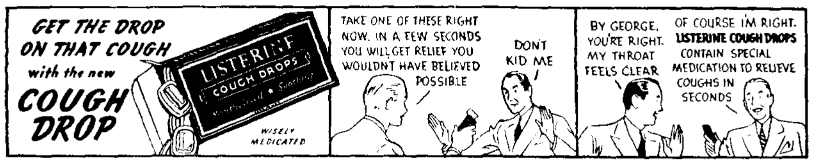
Five minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed that mouth germs were reduced 94.6% on the average. Fifteen minutes after, 96.7%. Even one hour after gargling, nearly 80% on the average. This amazing germ destruction gives Nature a helping hand and reduces the risk of cold, as 7 years of research has shown.

Use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, increase the gargle to once every two hours. This pleasant precaution may spare you a long period of suffering.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

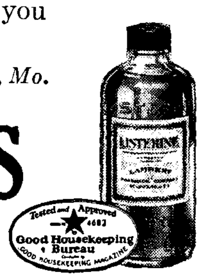

I USED TO THINK THAT COLDS WERE WINTER'S PUNISHMENT TILL LISTERINE TAUGHT ME OTHERWISE
MRS. JOHN F. BOWLER


I HAVE USED LISTERINE FOR FIVE YEARS FOR COLDS AND ALSO AS A FACE LOTION AFTER SHAVING
GEORGE FARRINGTON


GET THE DROP ON THAT COUGH with the new COUGH DROP
LISTERINE COUGH DROPS
WISELY MEDICATED
TAKE ONE OF THESE RIGHT NOW. IN A FEW SECONDS YOU WILL GET RELIEF YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED POSSIBLE
DON'T KID ME
BY GEORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT. MY THROAT FEELS CLEAR
OF COURSE I'M RIGHT. LISTERINE COUGH DROPS CONTAIN SPECIAL MEDICATION TO RELIEVE COUGHS IN SECONDS

LISTERINE *for* COLDS

THE *Safe* ANTISEPTIC


LISTERINE
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

March 19, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

PETE LYDEN wasn't the first to believe that Mexico is a musical-comedy country. The trouble with him was he went on believing it. Nothing could change his mind. It was all fake, so far as he was concerned, and the worst fake of the lot was the bull ring.

You can see that Pete wouldn't like it much when he discovered that a smart and lovely girl like Lynn Hawthorne took bullfighting seriously and, worse still, bestowed on Luis Garcia, the *torero*, a kind of hero worship. Pete set out to change all that—and collided with the dark reality that underlies Mexico's bright surface. "The Place of Bulls" is by Harry Sylvester.

THE deer and the antelope, so we are given to understand, have just about given up their pastime of roaming the range. We are, in fact, practically out of deer and antelope. Coming nearer home, it turns out that we are practically out of a good many other forms of wild life, too. *In "Fuss and Feathers,"* Messrs. Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain explain the situation and also its cure.

TO PROVIDE contrast with the wild life mentioned above, we introduce you to Simba, an almost excessively tame lion. You will meet him and his delightful trainer, Bess Mars, lost and bemired on a country road, and you will accompany them to the farm of Lee Capples. The romantic development of this situation is to be found in "Lion Lady," by Ben Ames Williams.

THE trouble with the old-timers of baseball is that they're so busy praising this year's crop of prodigies they don't tell us enough about themselves. Take Tris Speaker. Every rational human being knows that there never has been and never will be his equal in center field. And yet— But Kyle Crichton will explain the whole thing in "Center-Field Lightning."

WE HAVE *often had the pleasure* of calling your attention to the almost preternatural abilities of James Lee, Mr. Hugh Wiley's G-man. You will never have a better chance to observe them than in watching him decipher the Chou inscription on "The Bell from China" and his subsequent swift and deadly action.

COLETTE writes the Short Short Story. Quentin Reynolds, Ernest Haycox, Harris Dickson, J. P. Marquand, Lawrence G. Blochman, Freling Foster and others provide the rest of the fun.

This Week

FICTION

MARTHA OSTENSO
The Dreamer. Love on a bus. Page 9

RICHARD HOFFMAN
Two Loves. The year's best mother-in-law. Page 11

THOMAS WALSH
Hot Money. Up from the South—with large coarse bills. Page 14

JEROME WEIDMAN
What Do You Know? Round town with a columnist meaning business. Page 16

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Little Woman, by Jay Wilson. Page 44

SERIAL STORIES

LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN
Sunset Voyage, Part IV. Murder on the afterdeck. Page 19

J. P. MARQUAND
Castle Sinister, Part VI. Mr. Tonelli takes charge. Page 20

ARTICLES

JOHN T. FLYNN
The Price of Applesauce. Or how to please a sweet-potato grower. Page 12

KYLE CRICHTON
Fernand the Great. Mr. Gravet and no end of uniforms. Page 15

JACK POLLEXFEN
Don't Get Out. Southern California makes life sweet for the motorist. Page 18

HARRIS DICKSON
Marse Jeff Davis, Part V. War along the Mississippi. Page 22

JIM MARSHALL
Tropical Isle. The social millennium on Kotosho. Page 27

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. The last thing you'd expect. Page 6

EDITORIAL
More Power to Us. Page 82

COVER LUDLOW KRAVIS

Any Week

FOR no other reason than "a passion for information" Miss Sylvia De Silver of Washington, D. C. (that name will get to Hollywood yet), dropped in on the hearings into the Equal Rights Amendment. As we understand it, this addition to our already overtailed Constitution would make it illegal to deny women the right to take as many socks on the chin as their menfolks do. Miss De Silver was a little disturbed as she left the hearing when "an elderly lady with beautiful white, bobbed hair" demanded that she go on record "whether men had any trials or tribulations that could not with equal fortitude be borne by women." Before Miss De Silver could reply a gentleman near by, obviously unable to resist opportunity, said, "Yes, madam, we men have wives. Have you?"

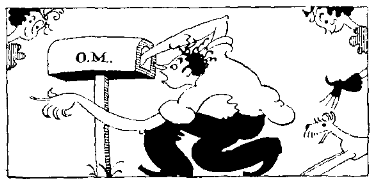
WE HAVE WIVES!

"KNOWING that you are interested in finding jobs for your less fortunate brethren," writes Mr. L. H. Baird of Decatur, Illinois, "I send you this tip. Think of the possibilities for razor salesmen in the humor departments of newspapers, magazines and radio studios. If only the jokes we read and hear these days had a nice close shave, how happy life would be! And having shaved the venerable gags you could always *use the blade on the comedians.*"

MUCH less gory is Mr. L. G. Hedley of Miami, Florida. To our great surprise Mr. Hedley did not join the general applause when we published Quentin Reynolds' "Murder in the Tropics"—a pretty glossy bit of reporting. Instead, says Mr. Hedley: "Was not this another case of sticking our nose into the other fellow's business? What business is it of ours if the Dominicans rub out all the Haitians? Leave them to their own amusements and clean our own precincts."

DOUBTLESS there is skulduggery to be looked into within our own shores. And we're going to look. For example, we hear from Mr. Paul Ben Parland of Des Moines, Iowa, that a "short, substantially built, elderly man with a come-hither manner" accosted him at a filling station near Grand Island, Nebraska, while he, Mr. Parland, was driving to Tacoma, Washington. The substantially built gentleman tried first to sell Mr. Parland a very third-rate gold brick. That failing, the stranger tried to interest him in an hour of poker. When Mr. Parland declined, the stranger suggested a larcenous pastime known as the Country Send. Mr. Parland, being in a hurry to be on his way, warned the fellow off, saying that he might be forced to call the police. "Sir," said the short, substantially built, elderly man, "I have influential friends. The editors of Collier's know me well and can testify that I am a fairly honest man. They can tell you that I never relieved a fellow citizen of a penny without giving such victim a thoroughly enjoyable time. In the files of Collier's you will find my autobiography written by me and to a surprisingly large degree it was an utterly truthful story. I bid you good day, sir."

BUT we're rather busy at present working out a problem that threatens to make a material difference in the life of Mr. Olin Miller of Thomaston, Georgia. Mr. Miller suggests that we pass it along to the Honorable James A. Farley, our Postmaster General, recently turned author. *But Mr. Farley is busy at his typewriter* and we know how a writer hates to be interrupted while composing. "A copy of Collier's," writes Mr. Miller, "is over 1/32 of an inch shorter and 1/360 of an inch narrower than the inside of my mail box. Invariably my copy is right smack on the bottom of the box, spread flat. It takes me from five to eight minutes to scratch my copy out of that mail box. I've been doing it so many years that my fingernails are worn off up to the elbows. Not only that, but the stooped or squatting position I have to assume while doing this is markedly ungraceful and many a time members of the fair sex have deeply humiliated me by giggling at me."



AND when we've conquered Mr. Miller's problem we've got to get busy on another, this one a tough nut presented by Mrs. Theodore B. McNish of Columbus, Ohio: "I have read in the papers that there is a sure way to tell a native of Florida from a born Texan. It has something to do with their legs. Can you let me know? I am about to go south *and do not wish* to have any embarrassing interruptions."

SO YOU see, we're busy. W. D.

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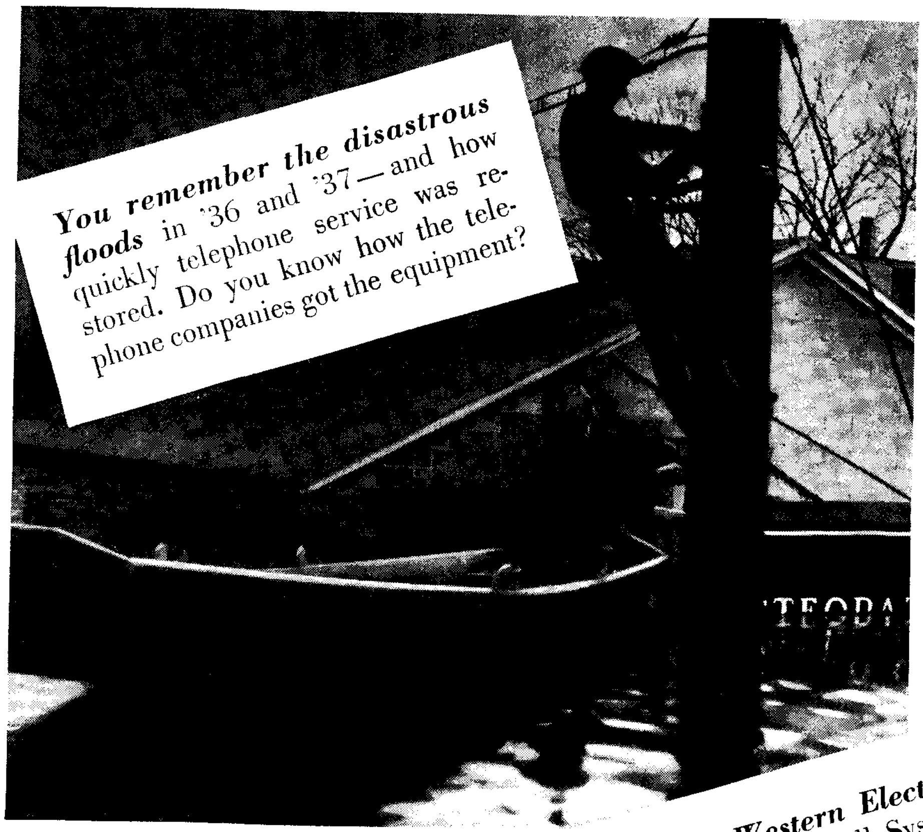
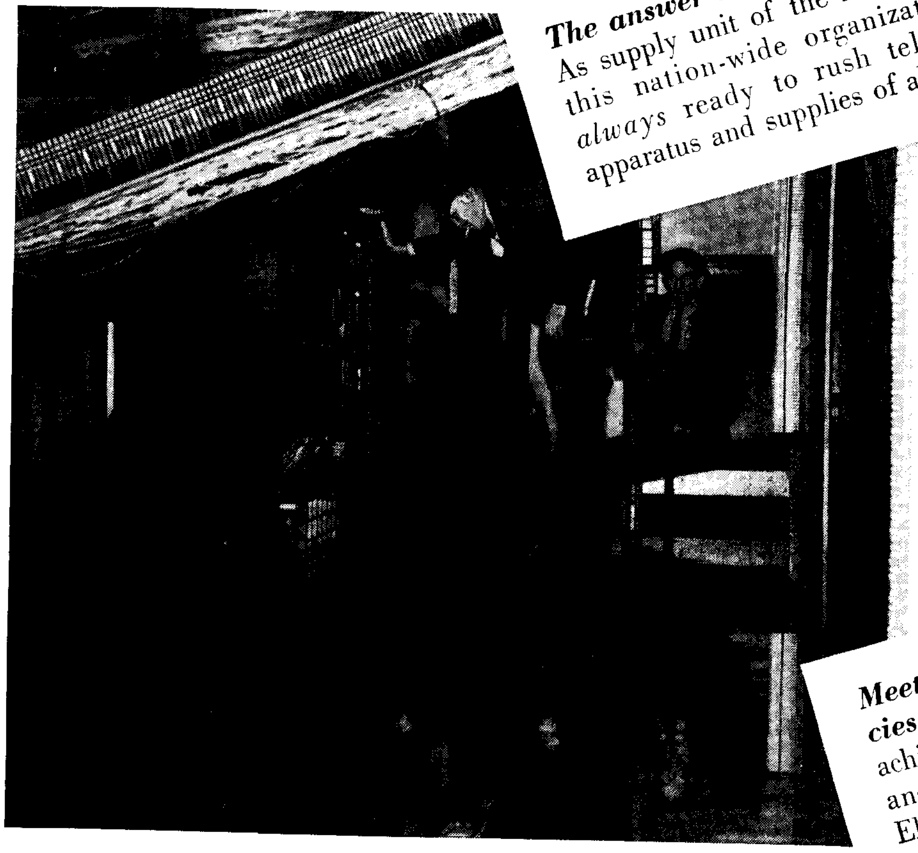
When Rivers Rise—

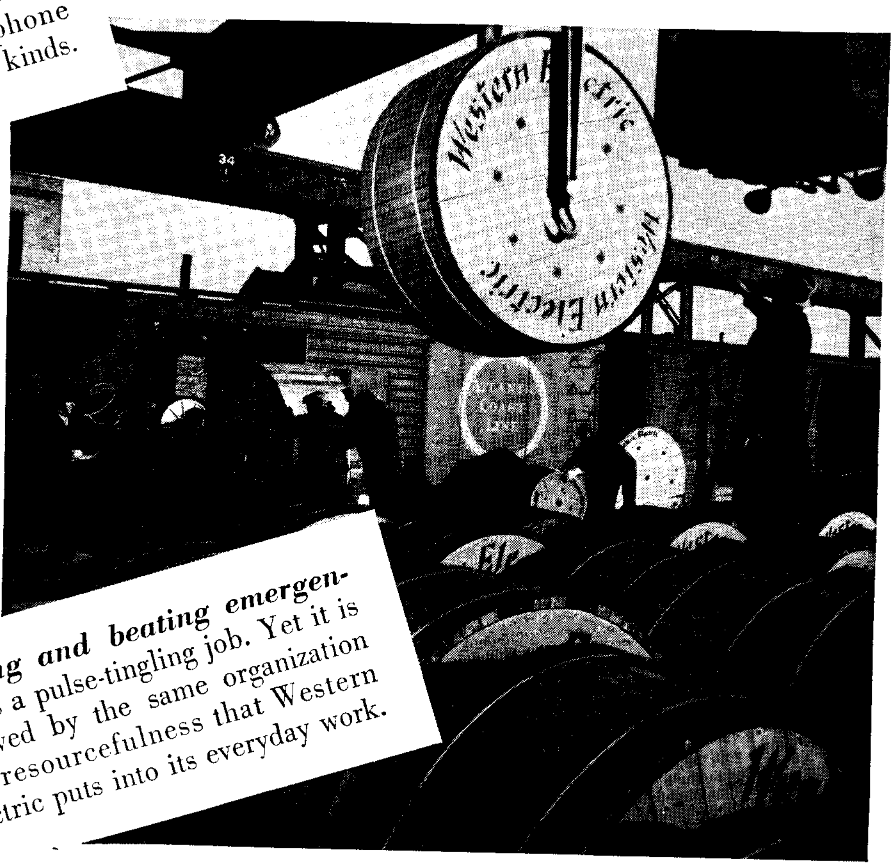
Western Electric rises to the emergency



You remember the disastrous floods in '36 and '37—and how quickly telephone service was restored. Do you know how the telephone companies got the equipment?

The answer is Western Electric. As supply unit of the Bell System, this nation-wide organization is *always* ready to rush telephone apparatus and supplies of all kinds.

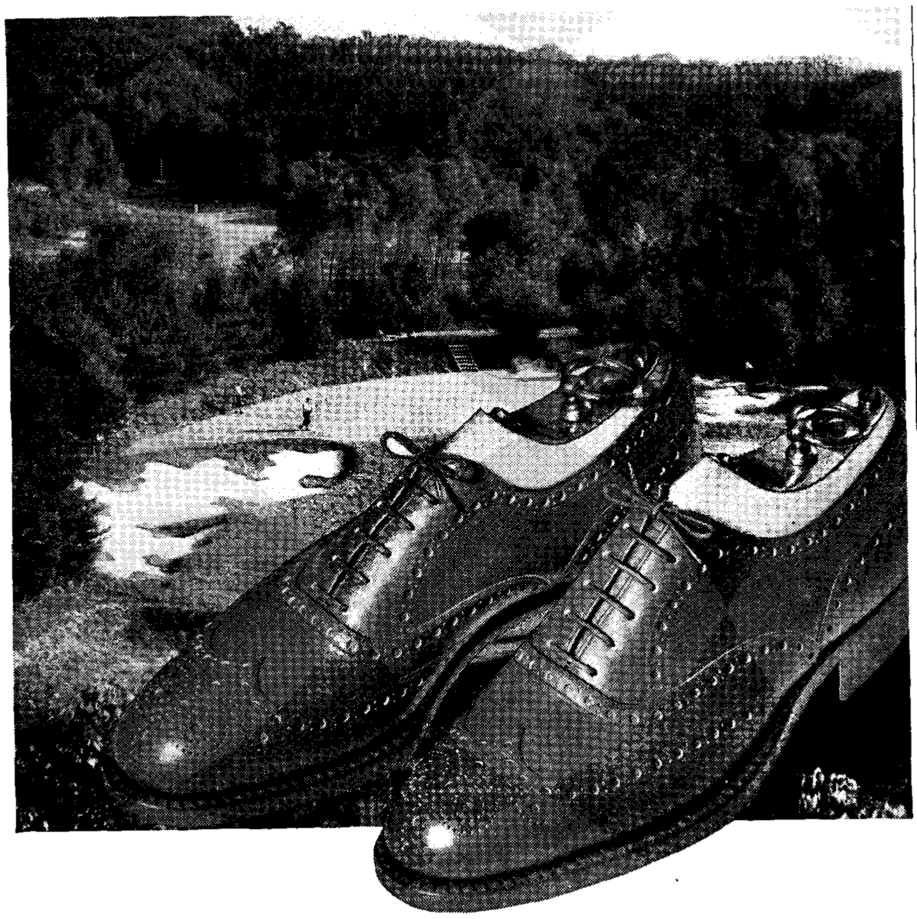




Meeting and beating emergencies is a pulse-tingling job. Yet it is achieved by the same organization and resourcefulness that Western Electric puts into its everyday work.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED ON WESTERN ELECTRIC QUALITY



AGAIN

Florsheim Golf Shoes

ARE ENDORSED BY THE P. G. A.!

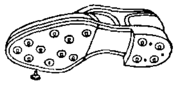
For the second successive year Florsheim golf shoes win golfdom's highest honor . . . the unqualified endorsement of the 1800 members of the Professional Golfers' Association. Like all Florsheims, P. G. A. golf shoes are built to the highest standards of quality . . . over special golf lasts that give a firm, secure stance on tee, fairway or green. Here are golf shoes that will carry the dub or club champion over 36 holes in comfort . . . and will look the leaders they are over many a season of play. *Illustrated*, The Exmore, S-731, *in brown Norwegian calf . . . one of the five Florsheim P. G. A. golfstyles . . . all with removable calks.*

P. G. A. GOLF STYLES $13.50

Most Regular Styles $9.50

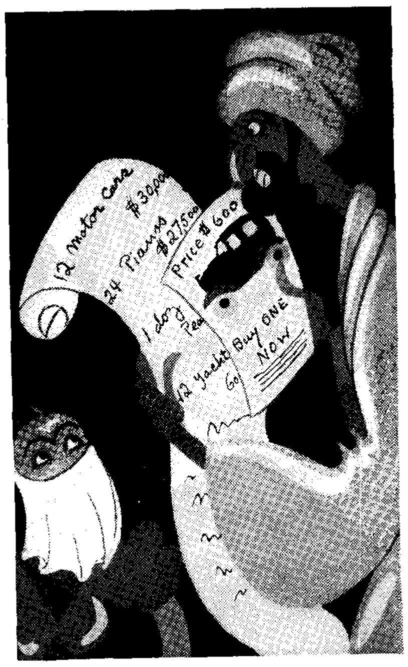
The
FLORSHEIM
Shoe

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



Abdul-Aziz IV, who was Sultan of Morocco from 1894 until he was deposed in 1909 because of his unlimited extravagances, is believed to have been the most gullible monarch of modern times. Several years after his retirement, he learned, much to his amazement, that pianos, motorcars and strings of pearls did not have to be purchased by the dozen.—*By Donald T. Kellett, Freeport, New York.*

The Croats of Yugoslavia are the only Christians who, in their prayers, address the Supreme Being as Mister God.—*By Catherine Kheim, New York City.*

About 150 years ago, a winebibber in Germany, departing for Rome, sent a servant ahead to test the wine in each village and mark "Est" on the taverns in which it was good. On an inn near Montefiascone, the master discovered "Est Est" and, concurring with the servant, drank himself to death. Today the code is on his near-by tombstone, still on the inn and is the name of a well-known Italian wine. —*By S. H. Northcross, Trenton, North Carolina.*

On September 13, 1916, in Erwin, Tennessee, a circus elephant named Mary, having killed three men, was hanged from a railroad derrick. In the first attempt, which required two hours, the steel cable broke and the animal crashed to the ground. The second try, however, was successful and Mary met her "fitting end" before a crowd of 5,000 excited spectators.—*By Mrs. H. F. Lyon, Erwin, Tennessee.*

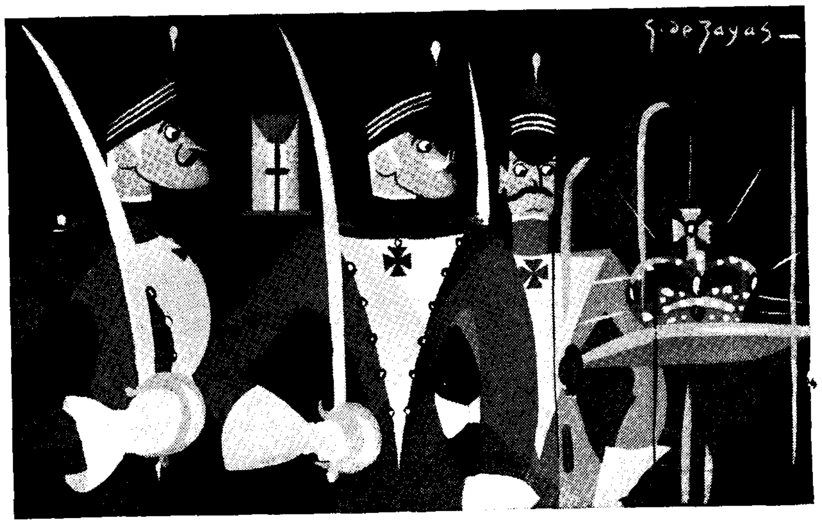
Hungary's royal crown is the world's most carefully guarded jewel. In the palace in Budapest, this crown is in a glass safe of an impregnable vault and in the perpetual presence of armed men who, while on duty, never take their eyes from this treasure.—*By Maria Kiesler, Vienna, Austria.*

The world's largest tomb is the Gol Gunbaz, the private mausoleum of Mohammed Adil Shah in Bijapur, India. Constructed between 1626 and 1656, this building has a floor area of 18,225 square feet and is about 25 stories high, thus having an interior greater than the Pantheon at Rome and one that could hold approximately 200,000 ordinary caskets.

Despite the fact that tipping has been widely abolished in Europe, the unemployment insurance laws in 37 of our states provide for the partial or complete inclusion of tips in wage calculations.

Often genius is not recognized for generations. Spinoza and his philosophy were forgotten for 100 years after his death in 1677. Shakespeare was not considered an exceptional playwright for 150 years after he died in 1616, El Greco (1542-1614) was not acknowledged a genius in oils until a few years ago, while Walther von der Vogelweide was not recognized as a great lyric poet until almost 600 years after his death.

Further evidence that living and nonliving matter are sometimes hard to distinguish from each other is the recent discovery that a number of virus diseases, such as the ring spot virus in tobacco and the Shope papilloma virus in domestic rabbits, are not caused by living organisms but by protein molecules, which possess many of the properties of living bodies.



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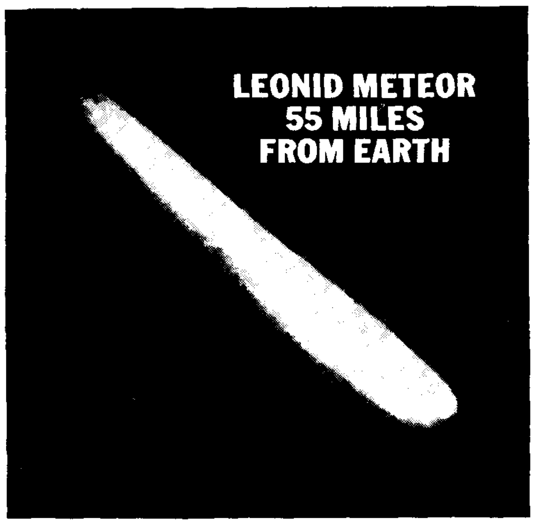
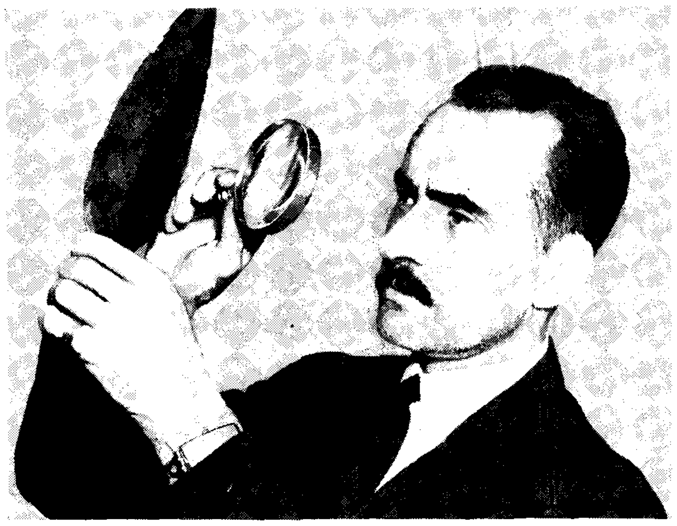
Born in a Meteor's Burst...Story of Metal

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, a savage found a fallen meteor—broke a piece from it—beat it into a crude spearhead. Thus began the Iron Age! Read how Plymouth scientists and engineers treat metals today—to give you the brilliant performance and economy of "the car that stands up best!"

Remember, a new car is an important purchase. Get all the facts before you make the big decision. See, drive and ride in a 1938 Plymouth!

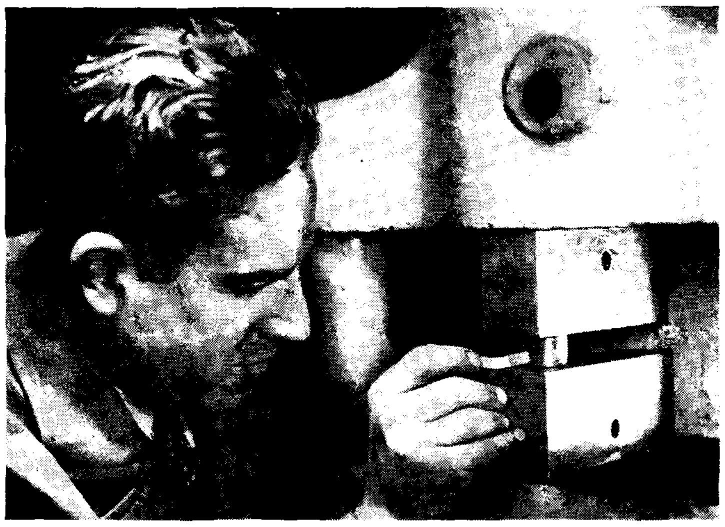


1 **Meteors Carry** metal ores, just like the earth does. Man's discovery of how to use metal was a big step forward. If you're buying a car, read about the better metals that go into Plymouth!



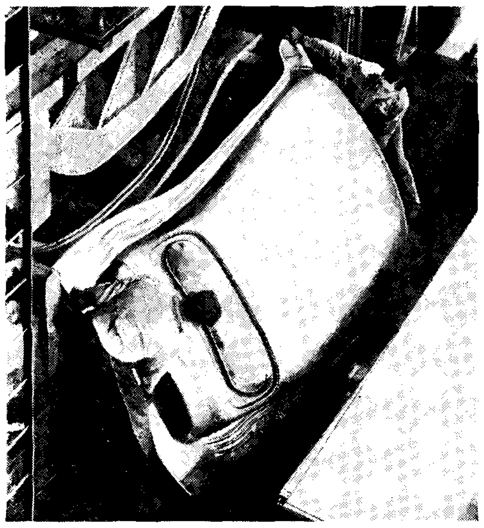
2 **4,000-Year-Old Spearhead** found in Egypt. Early methods were haphazard. Today, Plymouth scientists produce special alloys as precisely as a pharmacist mixes drugs. Example: Plymouth's super-light, super-hard pistons.

3 **"Seeing Thru" Metal.** This electric arc turns metal to vapor—shows all its elements! Plymouth's Amola steel springs, hardened valve-seat inserts resulted from such advanced metallurgy.



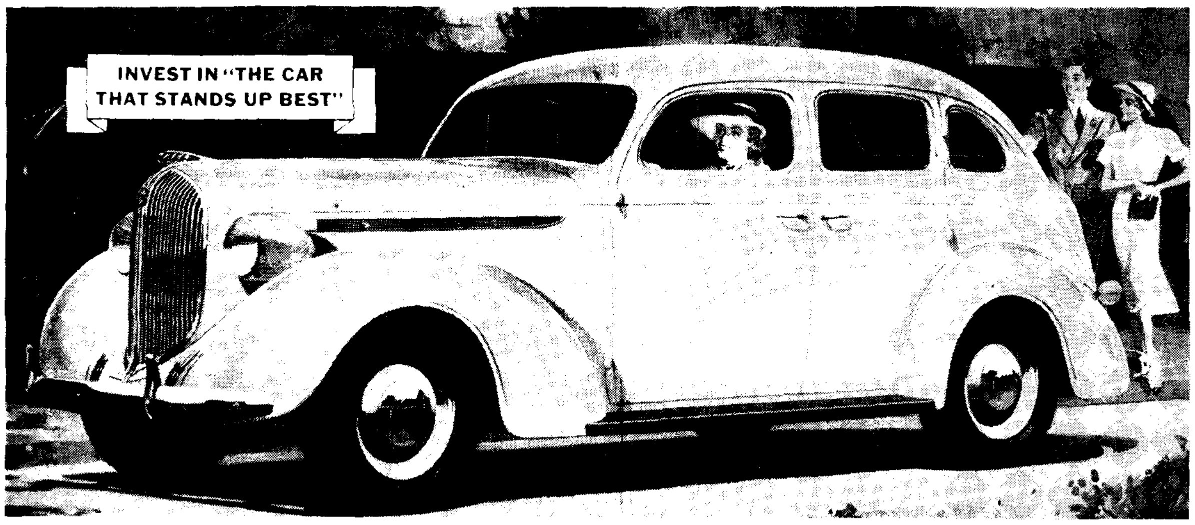
4 **Bronze that's ⅓ Pure Oil!** Here's a Plymouth bushing made of marvelous Oilite. It looks like solid metal...but under pressure, oil oozes out! Oilite bearings are self-lubricating. Plymouth had them first among low-priced cars.

5 **Fine as a King's Sword** is the steel crankshaft this Plymouth worker is forging. It resists strain and vibration...has 4 main bearings instead of the usual 3...helps make Plymouth smoothest.



6 **Cold Steel "Flows"** as Plymouth's all-steel body is formed into beautiful lines under pressure of 3 million pounds. It's safer—quieter—*"stands up best!"*

7 **"Meteor" Heat Makes Safer Bodies.** This worker is welding a joint. The weld is even stronger than the parts it joins! Pioneering in metals made Plymouth one of the first cars with a Safety-Steel body!

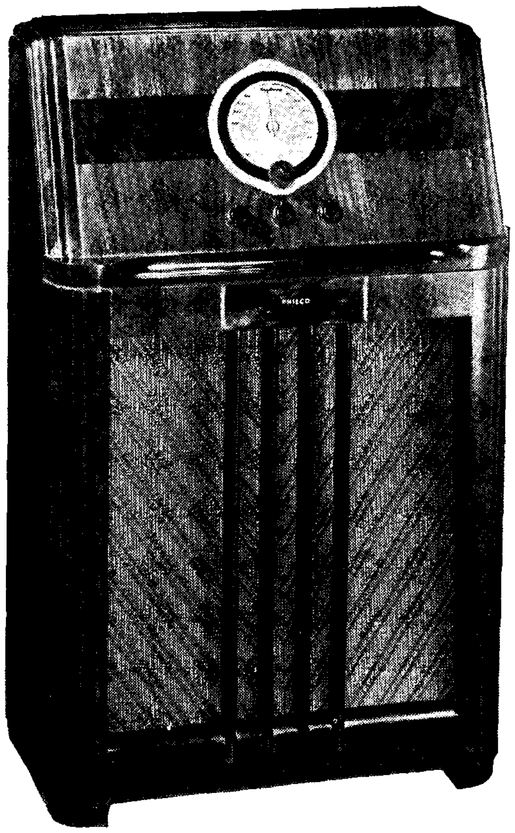


8 **Beautiful 1938 Plymouth**—Model illustrated is the De Luxe 4-Door Sedan with trunk. It delivers in Detroit for $815—other models as low as $645—including Federal taxes. State, local taxes not included. See a Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer—*today!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

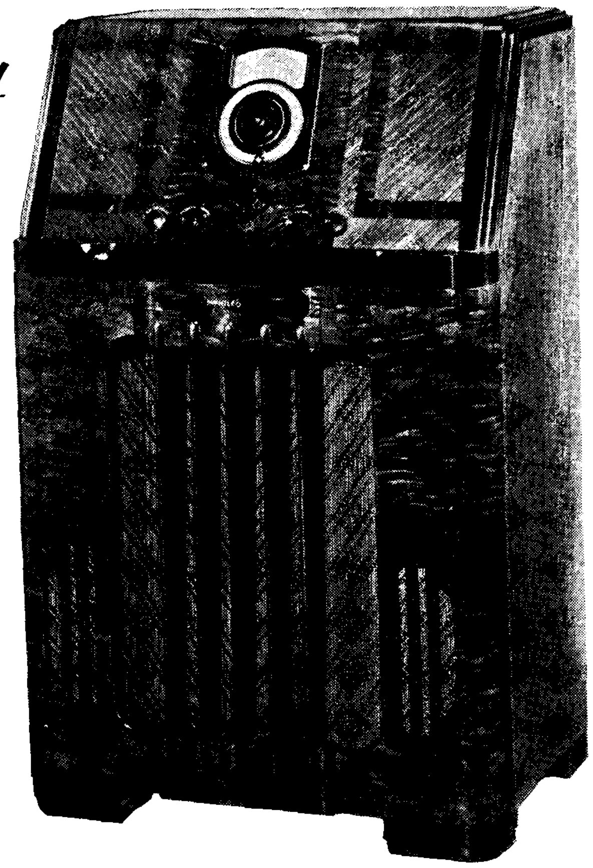
GET MOST FOR LOW PRICE

Plymouth Builds Great Cars

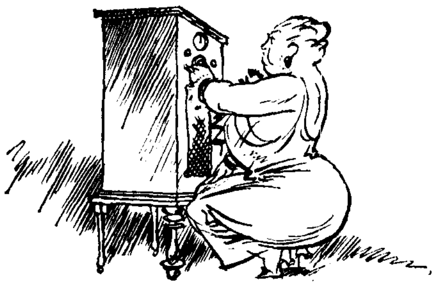


If you're still tuning an old-time Radio ...Remember... with Philco it's

NO SQUAT
NO STOOP
NO SQUINT



PHILCO 7XX *American and Foreign. Inclined Control Panel. Cone-Centric Automatic Tuning of favorite stations. Two Tuning Ranges. Philco Inclined Sounding Board. Concert Grand Speaker. Pentode Audio System. Three-Point Tone Control. Philco Foreign Tuning System. 6 Philco High-Efficiency Tubes. Easy terms—liberal trade-in allowances.*



PHILCO 116XX *Everything you could wish for! American and Foreign reception. Inclined Control Panel. Automatic Tuning. Magnetic Tuning. High-Fidelity Audio System. Inclined Sounding Board. Acoustic Clarifiers. Cathedral Speaker. Philco Foreign Tuning System with 5 Spread-Band Tuning Ranges. 15 Philco High-Efficiency Tubes. Foreign and American short-wave stations named, located and spread six times farther apart. Easy terms—liberal trade-in allowances.*

ANY RADIO is an "old-timer" if it lacks the Inclined Control Panel . . . the Philco development that makes squatting, stooping and squinting a thing of the past. With the Inclined Control Panel, favorite stations are tuned with grace and dignity. The call letters of all the stations you listen to regularly are right before you. A flick of your fingers . . . and you're automatically tuned to the station you want. And with Philco 116 Double-X . . . there's the added thrill of true High-Fidelity reception and complete mastery of the short-wave channels that bring foreign programs into your home, *strongly, clearly, regularly.*

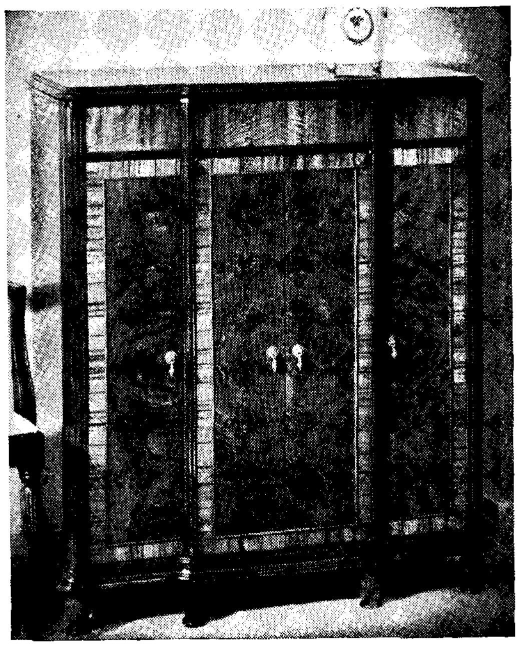
Philco makes a complete line of Automatic Tuning Models with the Inclined Control Panel. Your present radio may be traded in as part payment, or you can buy a Double-X Philco for as little as $7.95 down and about a dollar a week.

Ask your Philco dealer about this Philco-Commercial Credit Company easy payment plan.

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

Phonographs, with Philco, bring new realism to recorded music



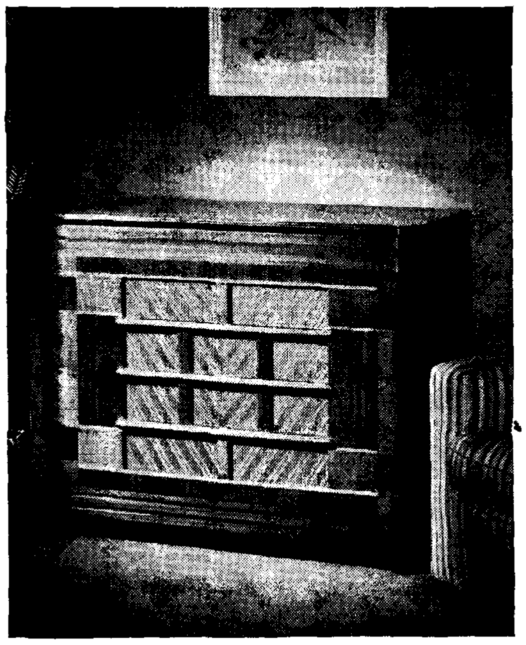
Every modern engineering feature . . . every proved refinement in sound reproduction has been incorporated in the magnificent radio-phonographs which bear the Philco name. Amazing fidelity of tone . . . automatic phonograph record changing by Capehart plus automatic tuning by Philco . . . the latest type of crystal pick-up . . . combined in cabinets with an authenticity of styling and beauty of finish found only in the finest of furniture. Six distinctive models from which to choose . . . priced to suit every budget . . . all available on the easiest of terms at leading musical instrument and radio dealers across the nation.

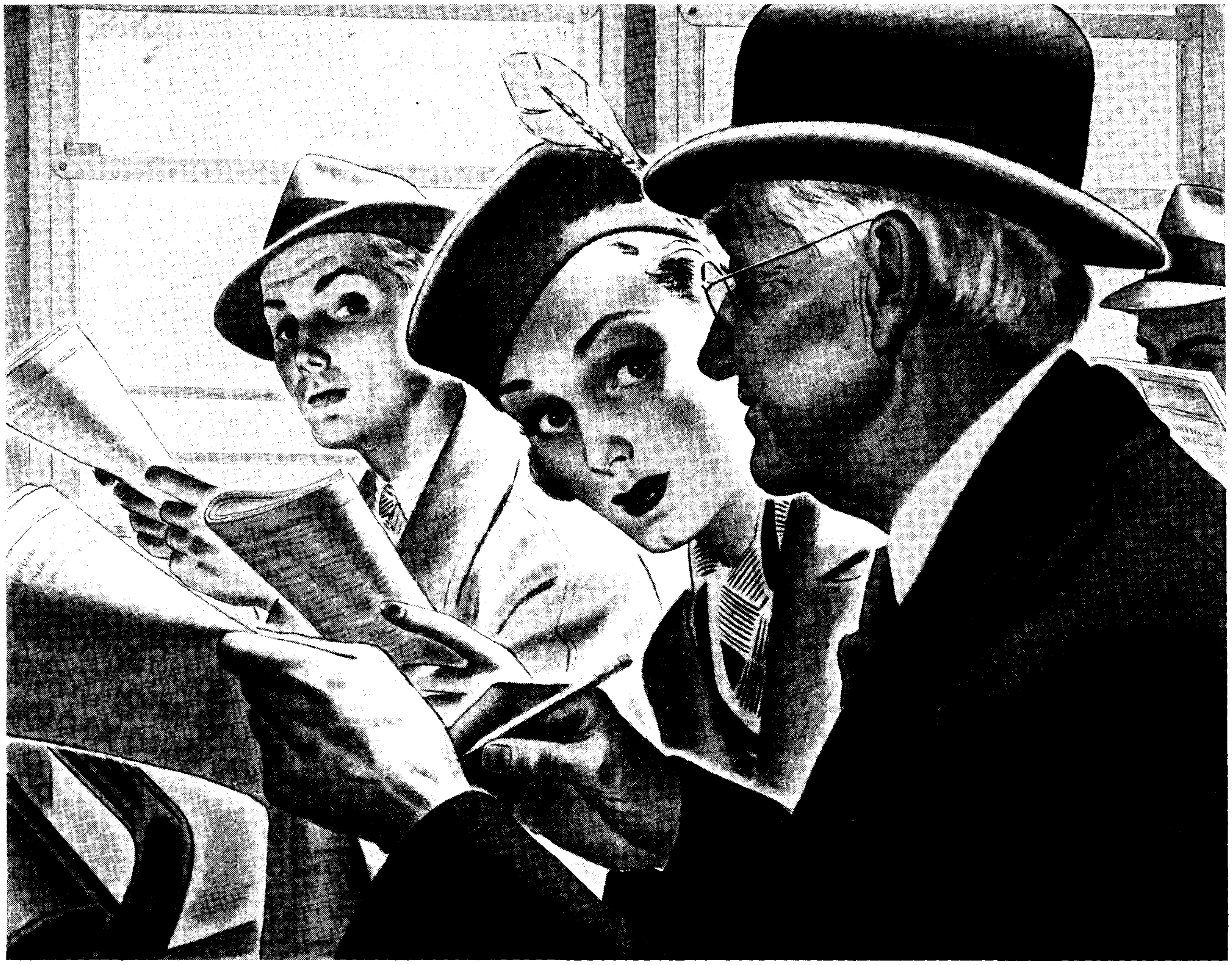
The Georgian

American and Foreign Reception. Philco Automatic Tuning. Philco Foreign Tuning System. Automatic record changing Phonograph unit, manufactured by Capehart. Cabinet of high-figured Oriental Walnut, matched Butt Burl Walnut with Walnut beading inlays. Ample record space.

The Beverly

American and Foreign Reception. Philco Foreign Tuning System. Many famous Philco features. Pentode audio system. Compact electro-dynamic speaker. Illuminated full-vision dial. Electrical motor Phonograph, with automatic stop. Cabinet of gorgeous striped Walnut, Satinwood inlays.





ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

"Seventeen down," he said with authority, and loudly enough for the young man across the aisle to hear, "that's anoa"

The Dreamer

By Martha Ostenso

Concerning the gentle Mr. Bangle, whose eyes were dim but who could understand what they saw

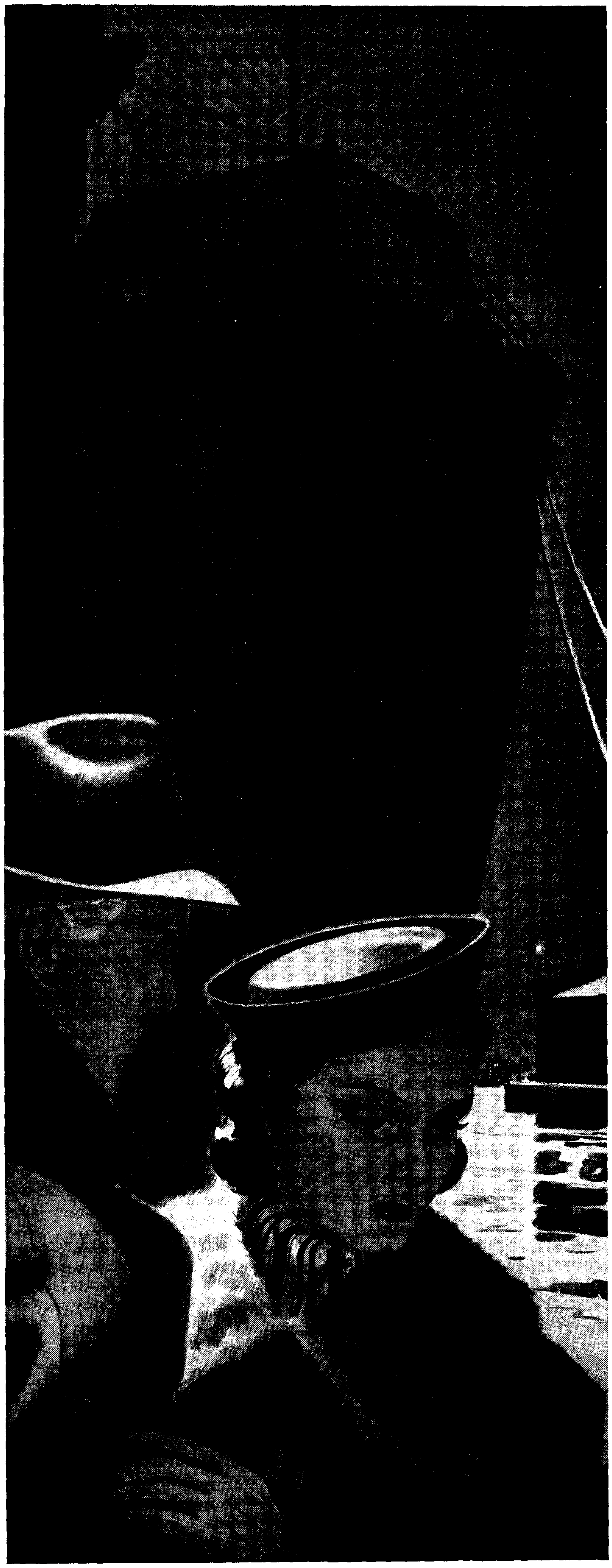
THE bus careened southward through the autumn morning fog in which, like top-heavy ghosts, floated the houses of New Jersey villages. Before nine it would have crossed the ferry, disgorged its passengers, and crept into its mid-town terminal.

Mr. Sheridan Bangle, glancing up from his crossword puzzle, congratulated himself again upon the fact that years ago he had chosen a boardinghouse near Tenafly, instead of one closer to New York.

This bus ride meant a great deal to Mr. Bangle. During it he was something more than the stooped and aging bookkeeper in the establishment of Solomon and Kriss, Greeting Cards de Luxe; something more than the refined and timid old gentleman with the vague cobweb of gray-brown hair who so eagerly passed the salt at Mrs. Oswald's boardinghouse. During it he was at moments almost what he had wanted to be in his youth, because in the sanctuary of the bus and in the pleasant landscape outside there was no reminder of what he really was.

The young man who sat opposite Mr. Bangle was wondering if the girl with the brown eyes and the nonsensical little hat would get on at the corner where he had a two-weeks-old reason for expecting her. Not, he thought bitterly, that he had any right to think of her at all. Or to think of anything except the driving necessity of finding a job, of escaping from that mausoleum that was Uncle Benjamin's house—and from the debt to Uncle Benjamin, which was being rubbed in like the proverbial salt in a wound, day and night.

He was tall and blond and strong-looking, and upon his face was the refusal to be afraid. He put firmly out of his mind the thought of the brown-eyed girl, opened his newspaper and scanned the "Help Wanted" columns, checking an item or two. Uncle Benjamin had spent so much—more every time he mentioned it—to put him through Uncle Benjamin's own little denominational college, and to give him a business course afterward. Yes, Uncle Benjamin had done his Christian duty by his orphaned nephew. Now, at the rate of a quarter of his salary each week—a young man needed the bracing sense of his obligations!—the nephew would commence paying his debt to Uncle Benjamin. Unemployment—tush, tush! No such thing for a young man who was equipped and willing! That a week, two weeks, could have passed without any return of the bread cast upon the waters was an affront to Uncle Benjamin's intelligence. The young man turned in



"Oh," she said. "That's all there is to it, then? There is no—no dream?"

wrathful humiliation to the crossword puzzle page.

And now the dark-eyed girl with the quiet way of dress and manner, and with the smooth, sweet rose of a mouth, entered and sat down beside Mr. Bangle. The young man, the young girl, and Mr. Bangle, through the early morning fog toward New York, were cozily abreast of each other. The girl opened her copy of the same newspaper, glanced at the headlines, then turned to the crossword puzzle on page twenty, pencil in hand. For a minute or two she was unable to bring her wits to bear upon the puzzle. She found herself thinking how thrilling it would be if the bus should meet with an accident in this fog and the sternly aloof but by no means oblivious young man across the aisle should be forced to take her in his arms. It was ridiculous! What she should really be thinking about was how she should approach the advertising agencies in a new way, so that some of them would notice her at last and offer escape from the deadly monotony of the tearoom where as "hostess" she earned eighteen dollars a week.

MR. BANGLE liked to speculate about people in the bus. It was, in a way, his social life, and one that never disappointed him, since his usually kindly appraisal of his fellow passengers was never put to the test of a more intimate acquaintance. For some reason, it occurred to Mr. Bangle now that the girl and the young man had been acutely aware of each other this week, with no hope of the awareness becoming anything more.

The thought troubled him. He had observed the young man's anxious search of the employment columns. Mr. Bangle's glance out of the dewed window at a resplendent copper beech looming through the mist from some rich man's terrace did not reassure him. Still, he could not help this sudden feeling that he was an instrument of fate. These two should meet, *must* meet—through him, Sheridan Bangle, who owed his Christian name to his father's esteem for a great soldier. An electric sensation of omnipotence swept Mr. Bangle as he glanced from the girl's prettily bent profile to the young man's rather stern one.

He saw that the girl was having difficulty with a word in the puzzle, a word with which he himself had been acquainted for years. *Anoa*—the wild ox of the Celebes! Had not the name, the phrase, so fascinated him that he had gone to the library on one of his Saturday afternoons off and found out not only about the wild ox, but about the darkly sung, moon-far and enchanted Celebes? Macassar—the River Sadang! More than that, because of that name, did not a certain dream burn undaunted still in his breast?

Audaciously, Mr. Bangle thrust his folded paper toward the girl and pointed with his pencil.

"Seventeen down," he said with authority, and loudly enough for the young man across the aisle to hear, "that's *anoa—anoa—*" His voice dropped to a hush, a glow of awe and wonder in it. "—the wild ox of the Celebes!"

The girl looked at him with startled, widened eyes. The young man leaned over as though involuntarily and looked at him too. Mr. Bangle beamed affably, conspiratorially, from one to the other. Then they both smiled, or rather the girl smiled and the young man's features underwent, as if in spite of him, a change for the better at least.

"Thank you very much," said the girl, and filled in the spaces.

"Don't mind if I use it, do you?" asked the young man. And he looked, again as if in spite of himself, straight into her eyes. He pointed his pencil, and stretched his long legs into the aisle. "Anoa—" He spoke the word slowly, savoring its recondite, gloomy jungle charm, much to Mr. Bangle's delight. "That—that's a swell word, Mr.—"

"Bangle," said Mr. Bangle promptly. "Sheridan Bangle, of Solomon and Kriss." He rummaged convincingly in his vest pockets for a nonexistent card, then gave a rueful shake of his head. "I seem to have—"

The young man, meanwhile, had been more successful. He extended his card, smiling firmly at the girl and saying, "Pardon me, please," as he reached in front of her. "Edward Fleet, Mr. Bangle, of Fleet, Fleeter, Fleetest!"

The girl, leaning back out of the way, blushed, laughed with an absurd dimple twinkling deeply into her cheek, permitted her dark eyes to dwell briefly on Edward Fleet's hostile, warm ones, then looked demurely down.

"Fleet," said Mr. Bangle thoughtfully, craftily. "Fleet—and Bangle! Fancy that—two such singular names in one small public vehicle like this!" He bent upon the girl an earnest scrutiny. "You, for example, will probably disappoint us by having some such prosaic moniker as 'Smith!' " He felt delightfully wicked.

"Not quite!" she said with spirit. "My name is Linda Summers."

"Linda Summers. Well, well. Very euphonious, indeed! Miss Summers—may I present Mr. Fleet!"

Guilelessly his worn blue eyes embraced them as with sober formality they acknowledged the introduction. Then, glancing in haste at the thick gold watch he slipped from its frayed chamois pocket, he resumed his crossword puzzle.

"My day never starts right if I don't get this finished first," he explained.

Mr. Bangle tried honestly not to listen to the stiffly impersonal conversation between Linda Summers and Edward Fleet. But it did leave him a bit disappointed. He had hoped for something more from these two. He had done his part, anyhow. He was relieved when the bus had crossed the ferry and started down through the phantom towers of the fog-hung city to the terminal. Yet here dreariness and fear scuttled through the early-morning streets, caught up with Mr. Sheridan Bangle again. He sat up briskly. He must not admit such presences while he said goodby to these young people before he set out on foot to his office in the East Thirties.

He smiled benevolently at them, raised his derby hat upon which was a rubbed patina of time, and said, "I shall look forward to meeting you both again. In the meanwhile"—he chuckled—"if you will forgive the pun—*anoa-oe!*"

Linda Summers laughed, not very steadily, and Edward Fleet saluted him gravely. Mr. Bangle was not aware that their eyes followed his shabby, stooping figure as it disappeared through the drizzle toward its unexalted destination.

EDWARD FLEET, jaws set, eyes level and darkened, stood beside Linda Summers and looked at the crowd hurrying through the rain. The girl was slender in her not-warm-enough navy flannel suit and she was not short, but Edward, towering over her, was obliged to hunch down when he spoke to her.

"You're going to get wet."

Linda's lashes caught the rain in an upward glance. "I'm used to it."

After a sharp encounter of their eyes, he looked away, staring straight before him. "Where do you go from here? If it isn't too far, I've got fifty cents for a taxi."

He had to admit that it was lovely, the way her cheeks reddened angrily up into the wet. "Fifty cents for a taxi!" she blazed. "And have you walking all day, from the Bronx to the Battery, looking for a job! I'd sized you up long before Mr. Bangle took it upon himself to introduce us."

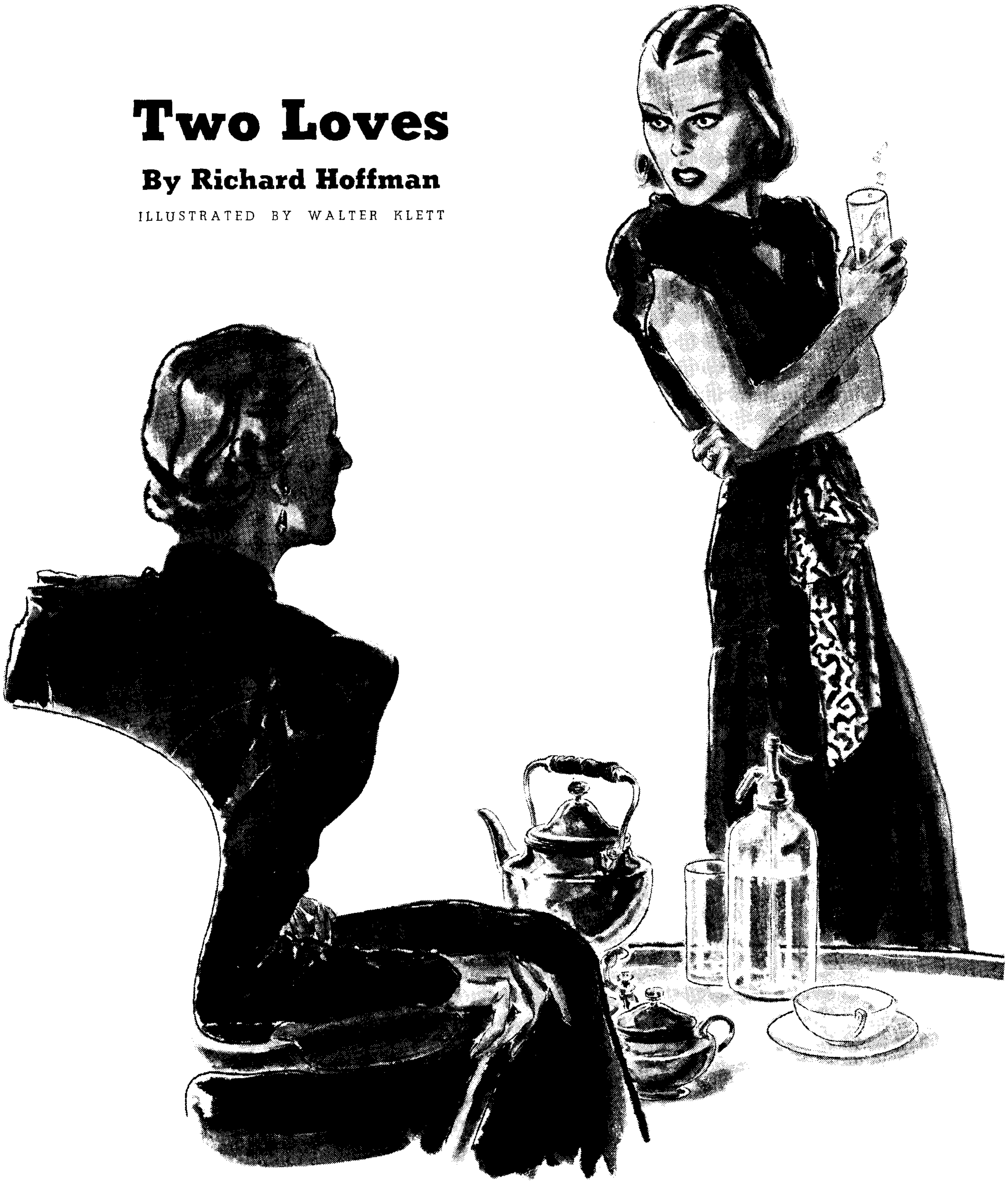
(Continued on page 63)

Two Loves

By Richard Hoffman

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Considering what he was, and what these women were like, Gerald was lucky to be alive



"Have you been unfaithful to my son?" the Signora asked quietly

ALLISON tried to come into her mother-in-law's sitting room as if she were at home there—prayed for the miracle that would make it a refuge in this time of her greatest trouble. But the room was as it had always been: bright and fastidious, without intimate welcome to her. And the "Signora," seated behind the shining tea things, was the same cool, fastidious portrait of a lady she had always been. And the gray, pretty eyes watched Allison come in with all their knowing impersonality.

No, Allison assured herself for the hundredth time, it wasn't that the Signora was shy—would like to unbend and didn't know how, as Phil had so often asserted. It was that she resented Allison, resented Phil's having wanted to marry her, his having been unaccountably happy with her. How triumphant that possessive heart would be now if it could know how close Allison was to the wreck of all she and Phil had made together.

"Good afternoon, Signora," Allison said.

"Hello, my dear," the Signora said, like a schoolmistress, and smiled in constrained welcome. "Tea? Or whisky this afternoon?"

"I'd like whisky," Allison said as promptly and casually as if she didn't know about the Signora's unsurprised disapproval, as if her own tightened nerves weren't crying for any soothing.

"It's there on the table. Will you fix it?"

There was something new in the room, something alive and expectant, and Allison tried to focus it in the Signora so as not to believe that her own sickening suspense brought it in here.

"Thank you," Allison said. She went to the tray on the table, and from there she said, "You wanted to see me?"

"I always want to see you," the Signora said.

And suddenly, without thinking about its effect or its significance, Allison said, "I wish I believed that."

"Do you, my dear?" the Signora inquired idly.

Allison turned to her, her eyes level, and in all directness said, "Yes—I do."

The bright look of the immaculate portrait was upon her—clearly, with polite incision—seeing all the gaps in Allison's character, seeing how accidental it was that she and Phil should be so happy together, perhaps even seeing the rotten shadow of Gerald Bingham, whom she must finally and fearfully confront in another hour. Only of course the Signora could know nothing about Gerald. It was just that she affected you that way, with the feeling she saw all your mind and was privately diverted by the things you were keeping downmost.

"I have something to ask you," the Signora said, and silence pounced softly upon the room and confirmed the suspense hanging in it.

Allison didn't try to conceal how stiff a drink she poured; she watched the soda bubble up in her glass before she faced the bright, wise eyes, steady and discreetly derisive. In brittle bravery Allison said, "What have you to ask?"

"Have you been unfaithful to my son?" the Signora asked quietly.

In that instantaneous blow, Allison wasn't sure of her balance, expected to see the drink slosh and fall from her hand. But then it was all right, and the Signora's waiting eyes had seen nothing new.

"I have *not,*" Allison said, hearing her own anger before she felt it tighten hotly within herself. "How can you ask anything so monstrous?"

"Because of Gerald Bingham," the Signora said with dry absence of triumph.

AND there that was! Dear God in His heaven, send her strength to weather this—somehow to get through it, to keep it from damaging Phil.

"I see," Allison said in utterly insecure steadiness. "So *that* is what you've finally chosen to use against me. I can understand why you should want to strike at me—easily, easily I can. But jealous as you are of Phil, possessive as you are of him, can't you see that if he's content with me, *you* have him too, unhurt—*you* have so much more for yourself than if you destroy—destroy— Oh *tell* me what you're trying to *do.*"

"You knew Gerald Bingham very well once," the Signora said as if Allison hadn't spoken. "You were, I'm told, 'engaged' to him once. Then you married my son. After nearly two years Gerald Bingham came to you again, with all the evil odor that his genius for evil has brought him; and in this last month you've been seeing him. You've been alone with him in his flat. You have an engagement with him this evening. This is all true, isn't it?"

"It is true," Allison said, trying to be hard outside the trembling rage and fear that swarmed within her. "But it is none of your business, Signora—*none!*"

"I've made it my business," the Signora said. Before you married my son, you were a belle, a flirt. Even while you were engaged to my son I've seen your eyes smile to themselves in the first sense of a strange man's admiration. Why shouldn't you revert more and more to an appetite for this sort of thing as the novelty of your marriage rubs away?"

"Because," said Allison in a strained quiet, "I love Phil. I want his love. I don't care if I'm never loved again in the world—by anyone, not even by you—if

(*Continued on page* 31)

The High Price of Applesauce

By John T. Flynn

The eggs in your kitchen, the peas, the apples, the sweet potatoes, have been the subject of government thought. The result is higher prices. That's to help the farmer. But it has other and less desirable consequences. Mr. Flynn traces the patient labors of the Commodity Surplus Corporation and shows how its tamperings with our price system work

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY DRUCKER

DOWN on the eastern shore of old Virginia, Farmer Smith will tell you, first of all, that he's just about *the purest breed of good old-fashioned* American that can be found on this continent; and that in the second place the sweet potato certainly did him a dirty trick last year; and in the third place, if it warn't for the gov'ment in Washington he'd 'a' been in a heap o' trouble and that as it is he jest about pulled out a couple of jumps ahead of the sheriff.

It seems that Farmer Smith has been planting sweet potatoes for many a year and that last year, as he puts it, "whatever happened to the dern'd things they jest went sproutin' like all git-up over Accomac County." The upshot of it was that he and his colleagues in the noble art of raisin' sweet potatoes had more of the treasure in their soil than they could hope to sell. The surplus, he explains, knocked the bottom out of the price and he couldn't sell his crop for the cost of producing it.

Well, just about this time a gentleman from Washington showed up at the Accomac Hotel with his pockets figuratively bulging with government money and he went around buying up potatoes until he had pretty well lifted that sweet-potato surplus. That enabled the farmers of Accomac and the adjoining counties, and various other counties as well, to raise the price of their potatoes.

Farmer Smith will tell you that he thinks the whole thing was a wonderful idea and he hopes the government keeps it up forever. One gathers in Washington, wandering about the vast reaches of that massive temple, the Agricultural Department, that as matters stand the government intends to keep it up forever.

So much for Farmer Smith. Over in Philadelphia is a scrap of flotsam known as the family of Mr. Tony. Mr. Tony is on relief. In spite of the tales of the lush leisure in which the relief people live Tony doesn't get very much money that way. He and the little Tonys are daily on the edge of not having enough. Then one day the relief worker comes around to announce to Mrs. Tony that she can get some good, fresh sweet potatoes. All she has to do is to present her card to *the proper commissary once or twice a* week and she will get her quota. Mrs. Tony got a weekly ration of sweet potatoes that had been raised on Farmer Smith's Accomac acres. She thought they were pretty good. And the relief agent allowed as how he thought that this was a darned sight better than plowing the sweet potatoes back into the sacred soil of Old Virginia.

So much for Farmer Smith and the Tonys. In New York there is another gentleman. His name is George W. Blank. *He is the forgotten man.* Even you may have forgotten him by now. He is the fellow who works more or less regularly but doesn't get much money for what he does. *He is not on relief,* never has been and never will be. Somehow he manages to get along, but not too luxuriously. As a matter of fact there are more George W. Blanks than there are Tonys or even Farmer Smiths. Brother Blank gets a wage that enables him to allocate to Mrs. Blank the large sum of nine dollars a week to buy for themselves and the three small Blanks the rich foods and evening clothes required in city life. On that appropriation Mrs. Blank has discovered that she has to leave fruits and milk and fresh vegetables off her sumptuous table save when *they are quite cheap.*

The truth is that the Blanks are one of those innumerable families that shinny up and down the business cycle, riding the bumps without much help from anyone and, as a matter of fact, with the rest of the world pretty much organized against them.

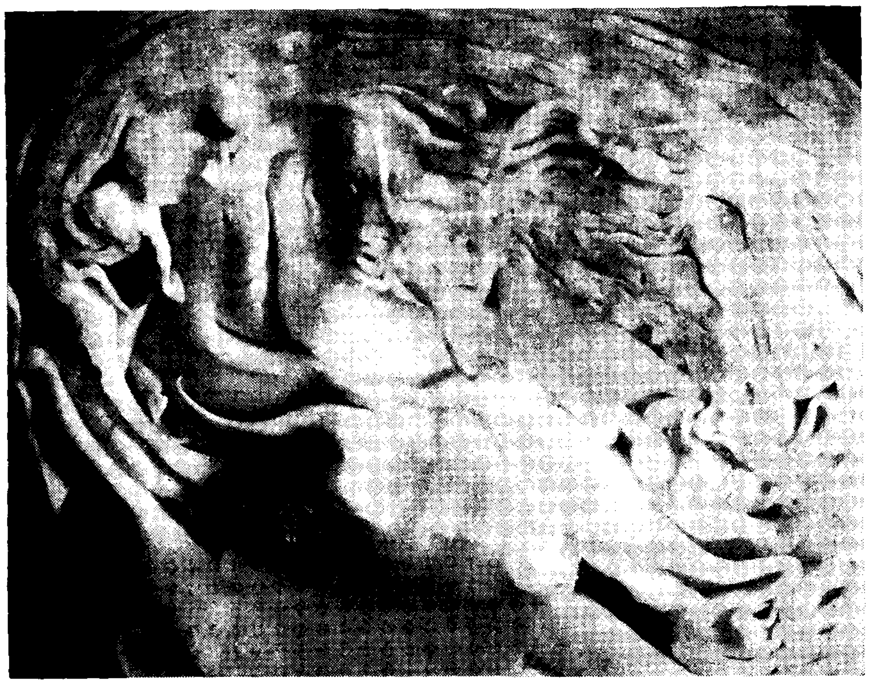
Mrs. Blank Foots the Bill

They live, like the rest of us, in a world that goes around under a dominion of laws known as the price system. Mrs. Blank has a fixed sum to take to the market and grocery each day. When things are cheap she can buy more with her allowance. When things are dear she buys less. She cannot do as her well-to-do neighbors, who when prices go up at the food stores murmur about it but just spend that much more on food and perhaps make some cuts somewhere else or in their savings.

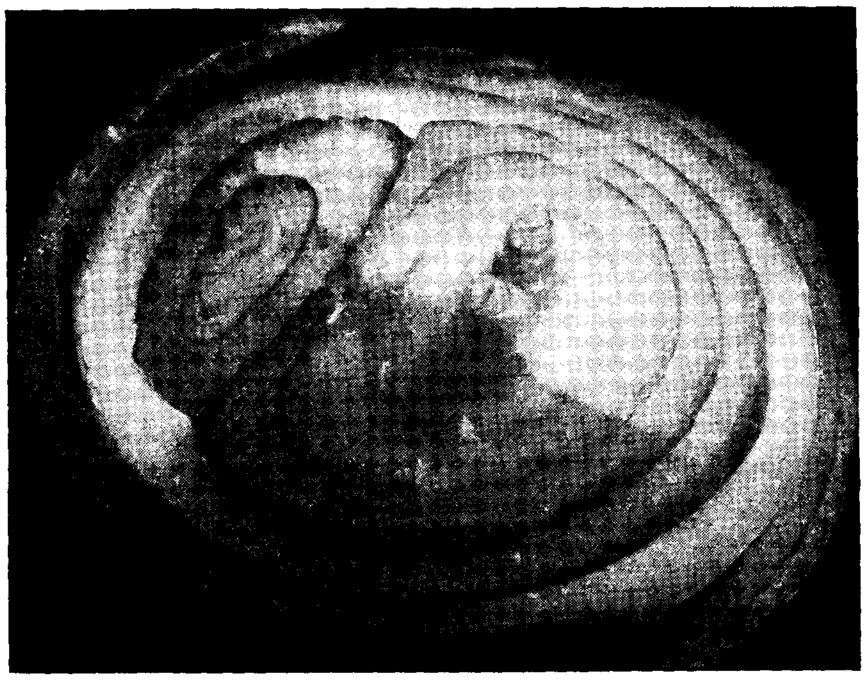
When things are abundant—when the sweet potatoes flourish in Virginia, when the hens lay prosperously in March and when Maine overflows with spuds—then prices are low and she can buy. When the crops are scarce and prices are high she has to buy less. Her one chance is when the crops are good and the prices are low. But—and this is what one asks oneself—if the Blanks are going to be *hooked on one horn of the business cycle* when prices are up, and when prices are down the government steps in and helps push prices up again—when are the Blanks going to get a break? Mr. Blank may very well look up one day and ask if this is not his government as well as the government of Farmer Smith and Mr. Tony.

Of course all this is not simple, and,

Not the beach at Waikiki—a frying egg



Better than it looks—fresh cabbage



Not at all, not at all—a slice of onion

The Big Apple—old-fashioned version

Don't climb it, eat it—a sweet potato

for that matter, few things in the world are simple, and above all things the farm problem. What that agent down in Accomac County did for Farmer Smith he did under authority of a little-known section of the famous AAA law. That law became immortal as the measure under which a billion pounds of little pigs and their mammas were executed in the great pork purge of 1934 and great quantities of corn and wheat and cotton were plowed back into the ground and under which farmers were paid all the way from a few dollars to a million dollars apiece as the reward for not planting various kinds of crops.

That phase of the experiment came to an end with the adverse decision of the Supreme Court holding it unconstitutional. But the law was re-enacted and into the new law was put again a part called Section 32, which permits the AAA to engage in what are called *surplus removal operations.* Under this section the AAA may use 30 cents out *of every dollar collected in customs* receipts for the preceding year to purchase surpluses in various farm crops and to divert the crops purchased to various uses, among them, relief.

Where Did You Get That Egg?

Have you ever wondered where that egg you were eating for breakfast came from? Perhaps you thought it came from some farm out in the open country not far from your city home. Have you ever pondered where it was kidnaped and how it got from the nest of its outraged mother to your frying pan? As a matter of fact, it may be that the Plymouth Rock who laid it may live on a farm in Oregon or Texas or, indeed, anywhere between Mississippi and Maine. It may have been born in Iowa, entombed in a vast refrigerator in Chicago, sold to a handler in New York, only to wind up in your neighborhood grocer's in Pennsylvania. At the very moment *when you are eating in Philadelphia* your egg laid in Kansas, some gentleman in Kansas may be enjoying a scrambled egg that was laid within a stone's throw of your home. Eggs are like this.

Down on New York's West Side, not far from where the B & O ferries plow in from New Jersey, is one of the least visited of the countless neighborhoods of New York. It might be called Egg Town. It covers about ten square blocks—old buildings that belong to the post-Civil War days, the life in which revolves around another ancient building called the Mercantile Exchange. This is one of the innumerable exchanges of New York. It is the little Wall Street of egg, butter and cheese. While one set of brokers are speculating in blue chips over in Wall Street, another set of brokers are going long on eggs and short on cheese here in Harrison Street. And here, in this exchange, in a fierce competitive scramble, the price of all the eggs sold in the East, if not in the country, is fixed daily.

Into these ten square blocks pour millions of eggs every day. The denizens of the district deal only in eggs, cheese and butter. They are wholesalers and commission men and they are the members of the exchange. Every morning, as the exchange opens, the egg market opens. Exchange members who have more eggs than they need or less than they need are there to sell or to buy. That market can be pretty frantic at times.

In January, 1937, contrary to custom, eggs came rolling into the district in unusually large numbers. January is a period of low egg production. But that January was quite mild in many parts of the country and the hen is notoriously an easily deceived bird. Mistaking the time for March, she set about the business of propagating her species.

I am told that a hundred hens can get together at this time of the year and turn out about 22 eggs a day. But that January they stepped up their output to

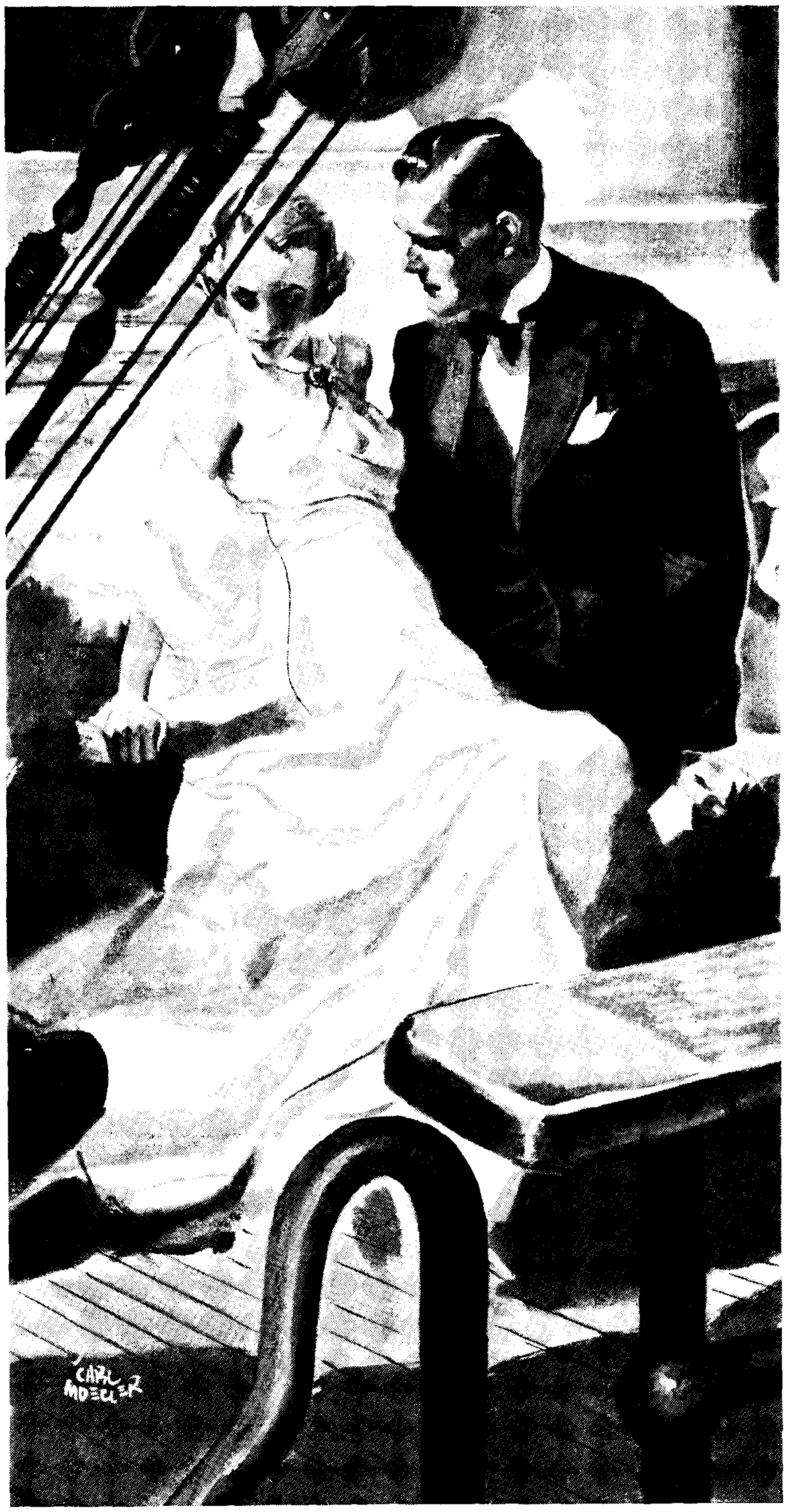
(Continued on page 79)

Hot Money

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Sixty thousand dollars in marked bills isn't easy *to handle. That was why Martin Francis got the* girl to help him. And Malone, who was a smart cop, thought that was all he needed to know



Here I couldn't eat thinking about all that money, and all the Rube cared about was to waste time making love to that potsy

HIS stateroom door gave me the whole story. It wasn't locked, and as soon as I tried it I knew I wasn't going to find what I wanted inside. There were a couple of bags by the bed and a wardrobe trunk and some clothes lying around, and after I closed the door and switched on the lights I took the smallest bag first. It wasn't there, of course, nor in the bigger bag, nor in the trunk—unlocked too. Hiding a thing in the most obvious place—in his own luggage, in an unlocked cabin—might be the smart thing to do in books, but I guess this Martin Francis would have told you that the most obvious place would be about the only place that a cop would think of looking.

Still, I went over his cabin pretty thoroughly. I had an hour to do it in while he was eating in the dining room, and there was no need to worry about his coming back unexpectedly because Rube Malone was watching him there all the time, ready to duck out and give me the nod whenever he seemed ready to leave. But I didn't need the hour; in twenty minutes I'd gone through everything he had. No dice. Sixty thousand dollars in fifties and hundreds take up a fair-sized space; you couldn't just tuck it under a cushion—though I looked there—or inside a hat, though I looked in the three he had with him too, just to be sure. When that was done I was a little sore but not too disappointed, because I had never let myself get too hopeful. Even Rube Malone had said this idea of mine was a long shot all the way.

It took me a little time putting his things back just the way I'd found them, and I did that only because there was no hurry at all. I wouldn't have put up a dime to a dollar that Martin Francis would never notice someone had been at his luggage. Leaving his cabin door open, his trunk unlocked, had been practically an invitation to come on in and get it over with. This Martin Francis wouldn't trust his own brother, and I suppose he'd smelled a rat long ago on one of the boys that had knocked over this bank in the Bronx.

He was smart and tough and always careful, but a little too much of a chiseler at heart. If he'd given the bank robbers a break the Rube and I might have been back in New York then, still groping around for a lead. After the job they had been able to dispose of the small bills all right, but the fifties and hundreds had been another matter. The first time one of them tried to pass a hundred in Grand Central Station intuition or something just did get him away from the ticket window before a cop, two railroad police, and a detective in plain clothes showed up there.

THAT commotion must have made the rest of the boys careful; anyway, they began to shop around for the best deal they could make. Sixty thousand dollars' worth of fifties and hundreds, especially when they're in sequence with the numbers marked, is all right to have but plenty tough to get rid of. It was hot money, very hot, and all Martin Francis offered them for it in clean cash was ten thousand dollars—they could take it or leave it.

I suppose they needed money badly to lay low for a while, and they took it. But it probably made them feel that they weren't getting any kind of a square deal. A day later the sorehead in the mob phoned in this tip to headquarters, without stopping to figure that if we got Martin Francis the whole thing would kick back on his own crowd. Anyway, there's your honor among thieves, and that's how we found out Martin Francis had this hot money now.

Which was a lot different than proving that he had it. Even when a man carries a record like Martin Francis had pinned to him you've got to produce something definite to show a jury. Telephone tips aren't evidence. We hadn't known ourselves whether to believe this one or not, until he took off for Miami and some of the numbered bills began to show up there.

The Rube and I went down after him then, but it's a funny thing how chiselers can always feel the heat coming, even before it catches up with them. And when they feel that nine times out of ten they always do the same thing—double back. Or it may be that Martin Francis had been smart enough to figure that those few bills would keep us down in Florida, checking up things there, while he'd be back in New York passing out the hot money wherever he could. As it was, we got to Florida only in time to take this boat north with him, and tonight, while he was eating, he gave us the first chance we had to look through his things.

WELL, I hadn't turned up anything. After cussing a bit I put out the light and closed the door and went out to the dining room, where the Rube was spooning up soup earnestly at our table. Over near the other end of the room I could see Martin Francis carving chicken—a perfect little gentleman, dressed in a neat dark gray suit, with a linen handkerchief perked up in his breast pocket and an inconspicuous flower in his buttonhole. He had dark flat hair, parted in the middle, soft, almost womanish black eyes that had fooled a lot of people, and a tanned grave face that told you only what he wanted it to.

He didn't look up as I came in—just went on calmly working at his chicken.

"Nothing?" the Rube asked, when I sat down.

"Less than that," I said, "if possible."

"Uh-huh," the Rube nodded. "I expected this, Mac. He wouldn't carry the money around with him unless he's crazy. It would be like putting a twenty-year rap in his pocket and then waiting for one of us to go over and serve it on him. He's not that dumb."

"I didn't think he would be," I said. "But sixty thousand is a lot of money and he's got it some place where he can keep his eye on it every minute. Someplace on this boat."

"He could," the Rube pointed out, "have someone carrying it for him, Mac. One of the passengers. That would be his best bet. Say a friend of his or someone he picked up in Miami and offered a ride north if they'd carry it for him. See that?"

I saw it, but it didn't help us much. We couldn't look through every stateroom on the boat, or search the passengers in dark hallways. All we could do was keep our eyes on Martin Francis and hope something would break there. But I was afraid it wouldn't; one thing he was sure to do was to keep away from his carrier all the way up.

While we ate, the Rube and I chewed the thing over from a couple of angles, but we didn't get anywhere with it. Afterward I went to see the purser, but that drew a blank too. Martin Francis had left nothing there for them to hold. So the rest of the evening I spent sitting around the ballroom and watching Martin Francis, but looking—I hoped—as if I were just enjoying a cigar and listening to the music. The Rube meandered off somewhere by himself; along about ten o'clock he came in from the deck with a blonde.

They had a dance or two together before he introduced her as Miss Johnson. She was a pert little thing with a kind of high voice you could hear over a lot of others, pretty snappy-looking in a fluffy, tight-bodiced black dress, and all the attention she paid to me was to ask me how I was, and call me honey kind of

(Continued on page 45)

Fernand the Great

By Kyle Crichton

About Fernand Gravet, who owns 13,000 uniforms and acts well in all of them

TO PUT the matter plainly, the man is a Walloon. Furthermore, in his more athletic moments, he is a swordsman. Furthermore, Walloons are not only Walloons but proud of being Walloons. This will serve to indicate the proper course of action if you ever meet M. Fernand Gravet and fancy yourself as a wit.

Monsieur Gravet is an actor, aged thirty-one, born in Brussels, and more recently star of The King and the Chorus Girl, which was made last year in Hollywood by Mervyn LeRoy and was last reported as being seen in parts of Indo-China and Arkansas. Not only is Mr. Gravet an actor but he is a personable young man who will talk to anyone, can be kidded in two languages without resentment, has a military bearing and the look of a younger Adolphe Menjou, and a distaste for city life. He stays for three months at a time in his home at St. Cloud outside Paris and never comes into town. What he really wants to do is settle down on his farm at Touraine and after two Hollywood failures, if he should have them, he will get his wish. The King and the Chorus Girl was a great success and he is now venturing before the world in a second Hollywood production known as Food for Scandal.

The Walloons are that section of the Belgian population that speaks French. The other section is made up of the Flemings, who speak Dutch. It will never do to confuse the two because they hate one another with a fine sustained fury, although loyal Belgians both. Mr. Gravet adds to the confusion by speaking an English so perfect as to be obnoxious to gentlemen who suffer slightly from the influences of Brooklyn. This means that he has a definite advantage over most actors in that he can play in one language and then dub in his own picture in a second language. If it is bad in both languages, the idea rather falls down.

The matter of speech was a complicating factor upon Mr. Gravet's advent in Hollywood. Being a very kindly nation, the Americans rather appreciate a trace of accent in their foreign players and a point was reached when it was becoming necessary to coach the gentleman in his mispronunciations.

"Ah, I know what you want," cried Gravet, after some discussion. "You want 'zees for me and zat for you and zees for my pah-pah.' *That* is what you want!"

"I do not!" said Mr. Mervyn LeRoy with some horror and they compromised on a line that has only to be heard to be cherished. In the picture the king is referring to his desire to get away from all formality and have a night out about town like the common mortals.

"And what," cries he, "ees ze zit-oo-a-shun at ze Cas-ee-NO?"

Mr. Gravet acquired his English in circumstances a little strained. As a boy of eight he watched the Germans march into Brussels in 1914. For three days the army of General von Kluck pounded through the streets, never halting, never slacking in pace. It was a great flood of military power, relentless, efficient, ruthless. The Belgians had held the forts at Liége for four days and then had been swept back; the French army under General Lanrezat had only escaped encirclement and destruction because he had disobeyed the orders of Joffre.

"Even the children," says Mr. Gravet, "soon learned to spot the Alsatians among the German troops and understood that they might be a bit sympathetic to the Allied cause because Alsace had once been a part of France. After a while we realized that we were seeing the same men for a second time. Some of the Alsatians confirmed this. 'Don't let it fool you,' they whispered. 'This is the third time we've been through.' "

This seems a bit impossible and is not noted in any of the histories but it was a most marvelous invention, if true.

Gravet is a name taken from our hero's mother; his real name is Martens. His father had been a stage manager in Brussels and his mother, Fernande Gravet Martens, was an actress. His father had taught French in Glasgow and in Berlin and recognized that Brussels was no place for a prosperous career while the Germans were in occupation. After due search he located a member of the German marines who had a brother fighting with the Belgian army. Through this agency he was able to get a passport for the family to leave for Holland.

"I think we signed some sort of paper saying we wouldn't leave Holland," reports Gravet, "but obviously there was nothing for us in a country overrun with refugees and the Dutch were as happy as we were when we took boat for England."

Fernand was placed first in Colet Court School and later in St. Paul's College and ended as a cadet in the British Marine, spending ten months at the training school at Westershire and aboard merchant ships.

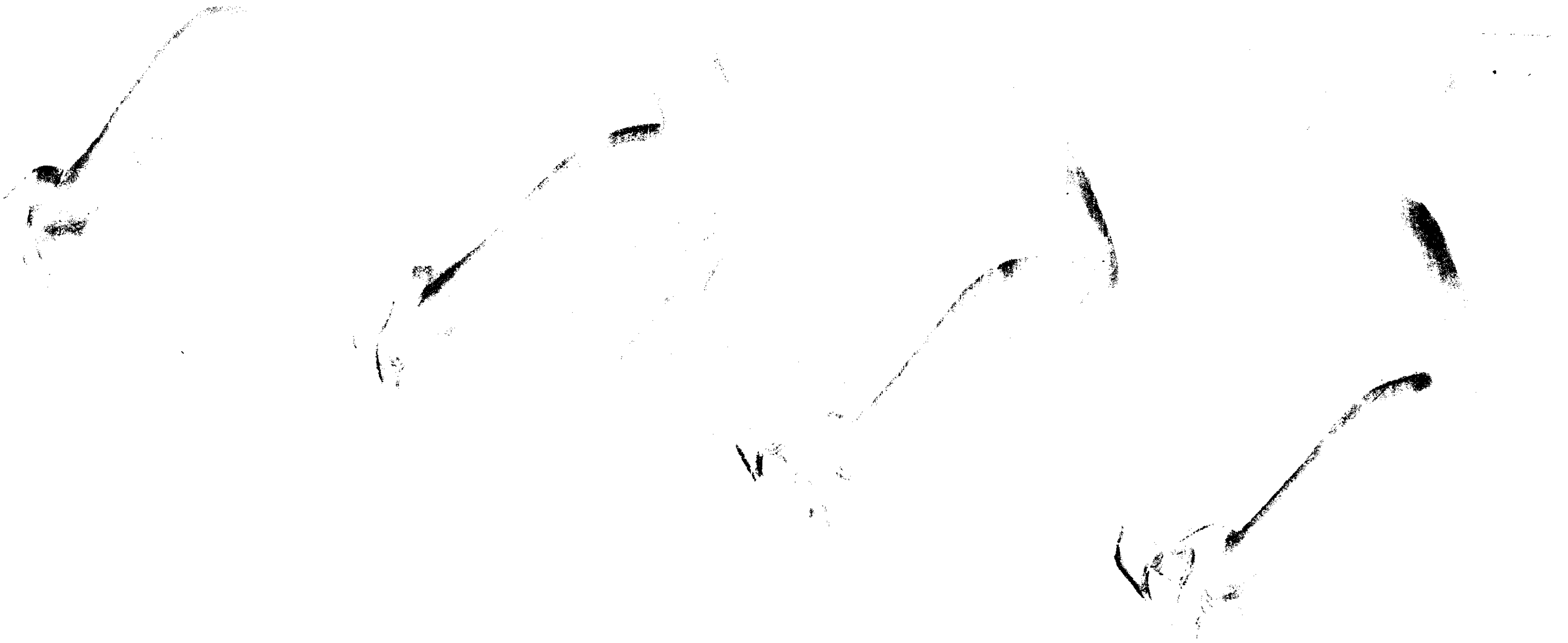
"It was in this period that I learned to ride a horse," says Gravet. "Don't ask me how; I just did it."

When the war was over he returned

(Continued on page 78)

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Fernand Gravet, Belgian star of the Hollywood production, The King and the Chorus Girl, with Toby Wing (left) and Ethel Merman (right)



"But remember," she warned, "you promised you wouldn't print it till day after tomorrow! Remember, now, you—" "I promise," I said again

What Do You Know?

By Jerome Weidman

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Proving that all it takes to run a Broadway column is to know some guys who know some other guys

IT'S a crazy racket. You know everything before everybody else knows it. They know everything before you know it. You get paid for it. They don't. No wonder you count your friends on the fingers of one hand.

I stood on the sidewalk for a moment and looked up at the huge gray building, stretching its forty-six stories upward to the darkening sky. "A tribute to the discriminating newspaper readers of a great metropolis." I drew on my cigarette and laughed. "A tribute to the circulation-building powers of Dave Decker and his Broadway column, Double Decker." That was more like it. I tossed my cigarette into the street. No sense in standing on the sidewalk and patting yourself on the back. That didn't renew your contract for you.

The revolving doors kept whirling steadily, shooting people out into the street. It was five-thirty. Everybody was going home. You were going to work. What a life! I walked into the building and down the hall to the elevator.

"Evening, Mr. Decker," the operator said.

"Hello, Sam," I said.

Lord knows how, but they all knew. They knew it before you did.

"All the way up to your office, Mr. Decker?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, and then, "Well, wait, Sam. Is Mr. Lefferts in?"

"No, sir," he said. "He left quite early today, Mr. Decker."

For all the good a publisher was to a newspaper, he could do better than leave early. He could stay home altogether.

"All right, then, Sam. Right up to my office."

I walked through the city room quickly. They probably knew all about it, too. I didn't want to stop and talk about it. I pushed open the door to my office, stepped inside, and closed it behind me with my foot.

"Hello, Sue," I said.

She looked up from behind her small secretary's desk with a little worried frown. I knew what that meant. "Hello, Mr. Decker," she said.

I hung my coat on the rack and sat down at my desk. I shuffled through the mail for a moment, without seeing anything at all, and then I looked up again. I wasn't kidding Sue. She was watching me. "Any news on the contract, Sue?"

I knew from her look what her answer would be, but I had to ask her.

"No, Mr. Decker," she said.

"They're certainly taking their time about renewing it, aren't they, Sue?" I laughed.

She smiled weakly. She was all right. She was just as worried about the whole thing as I was.

"Ah, well," I said, "in the meantime we've got to bang out the work. We owe the readers of The Record a column of Broadway dope until our contract expires, don't we?"

"Yes, Mr. Decker," she said quietly.

I smiled at her.

I glanced at the calendar on the wall. "We've still got two weeks, haven't we?"

"Ten days, Mr. Decker."

"Ten days?" I said, looking at her quickly. She nodded. "Gosh," I said, "they never let it run that close before, did they?"

"No," she said.

I LOOKED at the calendar for a long time. It was worse than I'd thought.

"Remember the last time they wanted to renew?" I said. "They chased me for days, five months before expiration date, to make sure none of their competitors got me. We were pretty good then, weren't we, Sue?"

"We're still pretty good, Mr. Decker," she said quietly.

"I guess we are," I said, scowling. "I'll tell my wife to tell that to the landlord when the rent is due." I swung my chair to face the typewriter. "Oh, well, I've got half the column to do before I go out. Anything in the mail, Sue?"

"A few items," she said. "I re-typed them. They're next to your typewriter."

"Okay," I said. "Thanks." I took out the notebook with the jottings from the night before and placed it next to her typed list of items that had come in the mail. From these two sources I began to tap out the column.

"Mr. Decker."

I put the four dots in to indicate the end of an item and raised my head. She was staring at me with a faint frown. "What's wrong, Sue?" I asked.

"I was just wondering, Mr. Decker, if you knew any reasons why—"

"I know plenty," I said, "but it doesn't do me any good. If I could only get hold of Lefferts, I'd tell him a couple of things. But when he's in the office, I'm home sleeping. When I come in, he's gone. What's his hurry, these days? A year or so ago, when the paper was shaky, he was here all night. Now, you come in at five-thirty and he's—"

"He's got a lot of family trouble, I hear," she said.

"Wife or something?" I said.

"I don't know," she said. "The kids are acting up a little. Daughter or something, I hear. But that's not what I wanted to tell you, Mr. Decker."

"What's on your mind, Sue?"

"I got in a little early today," she said, "a little before one, and I met Mr. Lefferts' secretary coming in from lunch. We're sort of friendly, you know, and naturally, the first thing I asked her about was what's holding up the new contract."

"It's all right, Sue. You can tell me."

"She said, Mr. Decker, she said she heard Mr. Lefferts say that the column wasn't, well, it wasn't pulling the circulation the way it used to."

I started to grin.

"I'm not laughing," I said. "But it's funny. When I came with Lefferts he was dead on his feet. The paper was under a hundred and fifty thousand. Now that I've been with him for two and a half years, now that I've built the circulation up past three hundred thousand copies and he's got every other evening paper in town scared stiff, he suddenly decides that I'm not pulling the circulation."

"I don't see anything funny in that, Mr. Decker," she said, shaking her head.

"I don't either," I said grimly. "But it is. The reason you don't think it's funny, Sue, is that you don't know that Mr. Lefferts suddenly decided the column wasn't pulling the circulation any more because he's got one of those blue-blooded nephews of his writing a pillar for one of his tank-town papers in Kansas. I've seen some of his stuff and it isn't bad, but the kid's got a vacuum between his ears and a terrific yen to be a Broadway columnist."

"But he wouldn't do that, would he?" she cried.

"Publishers do anything," I said.

"I mean, Mr. Decker, he wouldn't be foolish enough to trust this to—!"

"Vacuum between the ears is a trait in the Lefferts family. The old man's got it, too," I said. "And he hasn't got any memory, either. The paper's on top now, so he's forgotten the hundred-and-ten-thousand days of two years ago."

She shook her head. "It doesn't seem fair, Mr. Decker."

I LAUGHED. That was the first good joke of the evening.

"Now you're the one that's being funny, Sue. What has fairness got to do with columning?" I got up and reached for my coat. "Well, I guess I'll get started."

"So early?" she asked, surprised.

"Got to," I said. "It gets harder to get dope, harder and harder. Not much in the mail, either, these days, is there?"

"No," she said, shaking her head again. "I wonder why?"

"For the same reason that it's hard to get it on the rounds now. They all know about the contract. Even Sam, the elevator man here, knows about it. No sense in slipping the dope to the guy that's on the way out."

"You're not on the way out, Mr. Decker," she said quickly.

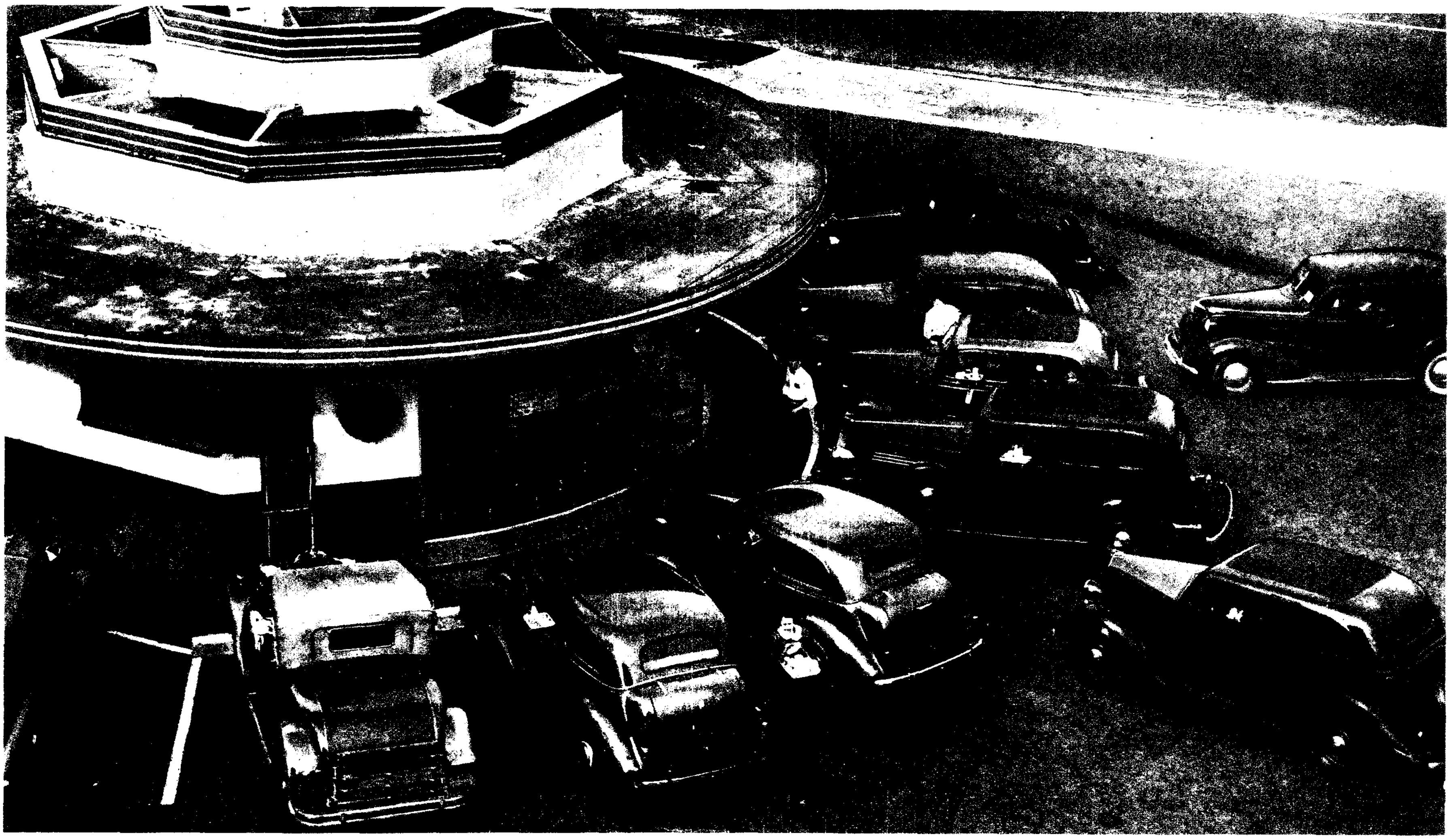
I patted her head as I passed. Sue and I understood each other.

"You bet I'm not," I said very slowly. "But those guys don't know it."

She smiled again. "I think I'll stay at my desk tonight, Mr. Decker," she said.

I stopped on my way to the door.

(Continued on page 66)



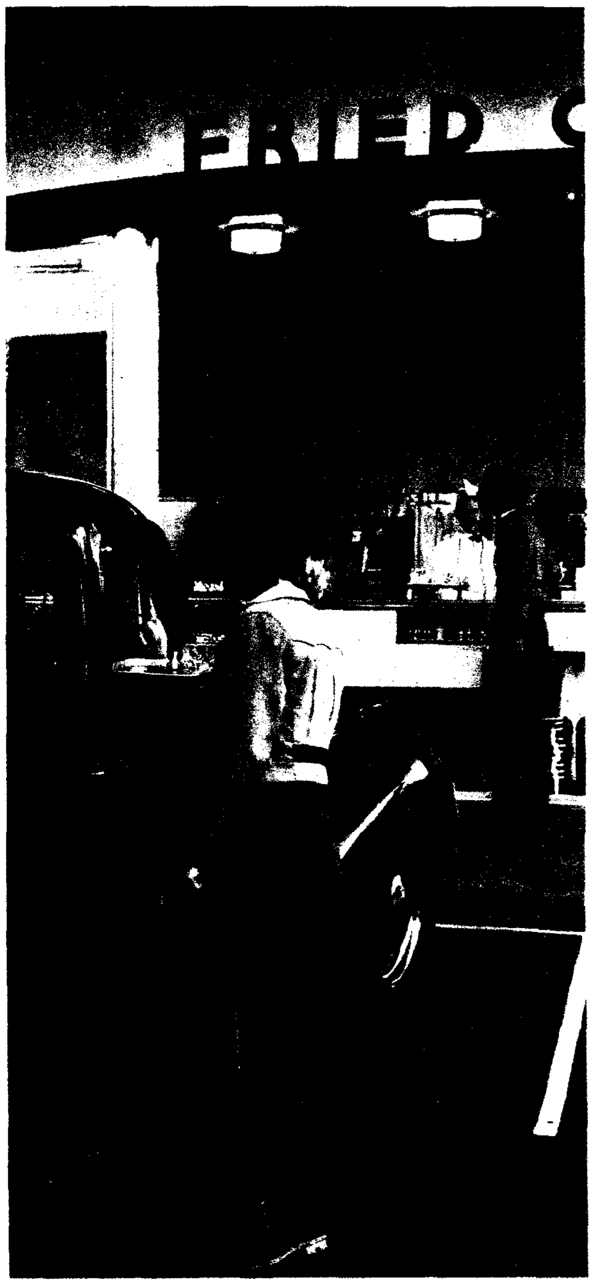
A Los Angeles Drive-In. Here you can get a hamburger or a chicken dinner through your car window

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

Don't Get Out

By Jack Pollexfen

Mr. Pollexfen made a tour of the Drive-In palaces of Los Angeles. Without leaving his car he ate a large dinner, saw a show, lost on the races, got a new hat, two new telephone numbers and caught the fever. Without leaving his car he wrote an article



Curb-hoppers must be pert, alert, efficient

HAMBURGER with onions and two bucks on War Admiral in the seventh." The girl in the pajamas takes the order as the customer sits in the car.

That is drive-in curb service in Hollywood. It all started a few years back when a lunch-stand proprietor decided he could sell hamburgers to people sitting in autos. His idea spread from Los Angeles to Miami—from a corner shack to hundred-thousand-dollar establishments covering a block.

Now you can drive in to full-course meals. Gourmets sit in their cars and are served eight-course dinners, topped off with a brandy at the auto bar. Picture fans settle back in auto seats and watch films in open-air theaters. Curb-service night clubs advertise fan dancers. Merchants drive into a curb-service bank and put on the brakes at the cashier's window—and the bank is ready for drive-in bandits with its electric-eye and tear-gas equipment.

Hollywood does its shopping at a drive-in market, picks up its shirts at a curb-service laundry and, as an example of curb service at its peak, places its bets with a drive-in bookie. Customers can place a bet and order a hamburger—if enough cash is left for the hamburger.

Los Angeles has more frantic horseplayers than any other city in the United States. Like the minister's son, the town had a most respectable upbringing. True, in Spanish and frontier days, it cut its capers high, wide and handsome, but Iowa marched in during the nineties, washed out the community's mouth with soap and raised the town in the straight and narrow path. But like that well-known minister's son—today a huge neon sign blinks out on a main intersection, "Place Your Bets Here." It is the newest Southern California craze, the drive-in bookie.

A bright young man examined the state code a few months ago and found it was legal to take a bet if he wired it to the race track. He rented desk space in a grocery store and put up his sign. The police and district attorney rubbed their eyes in astonishment, and then discovered that nothing could be done. Within a week, open advertising bookies had sprung up all over town. Now they bid against drive-in restaurants and gas stations for choice corners. In turn several drive-in lunch stands have added a bookmaker to their hamburgers.

A pert blonde came running out of one of these combination drive-ins and demanded our order—food or horses. She assured us:

"They say drive-in bookies like this place take in half a million dollars a day. I wouldn't be surprised. The town is daffy over ponies. How long will it last? Well, the people in back of Santa Anita, and that means half the big shots in the state, are moving heaven and earth to shut us up. They figure all the money spent here is just so much less that won't get to the track. But I hope they don't get us closed till the season is over. No, horseplayers are rotten tippers, but believe me, I've got these nags figured out. If this place just stays open until Easter I'll be wearing mink, not worrying about a job hopping curbs. Say, do you want a good tip?"

She looked at a car honking furiously and trotted away. Two grandmotherly old ladies seemed to be afraid they would not get *(Continued on page 52)*

Sunset Voyage

By
Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

P. G. BONNER, a wealthy American silk importer, is accused of being a Japanese agent. He dies, under mysterious circumstances. Whereupon—while the authorities ponder the question: suicide or murder?—his daughter, Dorothy, disappears.

Ten days later, Glen Larkin, a correspondent for the Seven Seas Newspaper Alliance, sails from San Francisco on a Japanese boat, the Kumo-maru. Dorothy Bonner is aboard—Larkin has orders to watch her and, if possible, get her "story" from her.

He keeps her under close surveillance; he meets her; he falls in love with her. And presently he learns that she is on the verge of marrying a fellow passenger—Charles Frayle, an insolent young fellow who makes no effort to conceal his hostility toward Larkin. He learns, furthermore, that his every move is being observed; that various persons around him—notably General Rodriguez, a Peruvian; Jeremy Hood; and a loquacious person named Willowby—seem to regard him with suspicion.

He is not aware of a conversation between Dorothy Bonner and Frayle, shortly after someone almost succeeds in murdering Rodriguez—a conversation in the course of which the girl says: "Rodriguez believes that whoever attacked him stole his Pan-American vanadium contract. Charlie, suppose they found my copy on *you?* You'd better give it to me!" . . .

Dorothy Bonner offers Larkin five thousand dollars if he will take charge of a sealed envelope—containing (so she says) a written agreement between Rodriguez and the Pan-American Vanadium Corporation—and, upon his arrival in Japan, deliver it to the Naval Ministry. Larkin accepts the offer. Then, unable to control himself, he puts his arms about the girl and kisses her.

Later, when he is alone in his stateroom, he opens the envelope. Out slide a number of ordnance plans—full specifications for the construction of a remarkable new antiaircraft gun!

Dorothy Bonner has a brother, Arthur, who, a victim of drugs, is generally regarded as a hopeless weakling. A stowaway on the Kumo-maru, he begs her for a secret interview. She goes to him. He tells her that she *must not* marry Charles Frayle. "But," the girl retorts, "suppose I love him, Arthur?" "Then God help you!" Arthur exclaims—and leaps behind a lifeboat. Someone is approaching with heavy footsteps.

IV

DOROTHY turned away, began walking slowly toward the stern. The footsteps caught up with her.

"Nice brisk evening for a walk about deck, isn't it, Miss Bonner?" boomed a hearty voice, as George Willowby dropped into step beside her.

"Yes," said Dorothy.

"I say, have you seen the ship we're passing?" asked Willowby.

"No," said Dorothy, wishing he would go away and leave her with the smother and turmoil of confused thoughts that were struggling to form orderly patterns in her brain.

"It's right over here," said Willowby. "See?"

He stopped at the rail and pointed. Dorothy stopped, too, and looked at the caterpillar of lights crawling along the dark horizon.

"Always fascinates me, a passing ship," said Willowby, "particularly at night. Brings out the odd isolation of a ship at sea. An isolated universe with only one time dimension. Just the present. No past, no future. When the ship docks, the universe comes to an end. Or blends into the universe with three time dimensions, if you'd rather. But meanwhile it's a proper universe, going full blast. People laughing and crying and making love and scheming. Perhaps even dying. . . . I say, are you cold?"

"No," said Dorothy, "I'm not cold."

"I thought you were shivering."

"No," said Dorothy. "I'm not cold. I was just thinking."

Glen Larkin knocked at the captain's cabin and the door opened almost at once. Captain Fujiwara was wearing a kimono of somber gray *habutae* silk, which clothed him with startling dignity. In his uniform he sometimes resembled a small boy dressed up; in the simple, ample folds of his native garment he was a man of latent power and deep purpose, a true descendant of the clan whose name he bore, the family that for centuries dominated the Mikados.

"Please come in," said the captain.

"It's rather late," said Larkin, "but I heard you come down from the bridge not long ago, so I knew I wouldn't be disturbing your sleep."

"You will have some tea," said the captain, "or I can have some saké warmed. Unless you prefer whisky."

"Nothing, thanks. Except three minutes of your time."

"Please sit down." There was a hard glitter in the commander's tiny eyes.

Larkin perched on the edge of an uncomfortable folding chair. His quick glance took in the cluttered interior of the small cabin: A sextant between two stunted pines in blue-and-white pots; a Usambara violet in a glass terrarium; the silvery tube of a barometer swinging incongruously below a *kamidana*—a miniature shrine on which were memorial tablets of white, unpainted wood, twisted strips of paper, and a scowling figure of Hachiman, god of war. On one wall was a portrait of the bespectacled Emperor, looking three whits less aristocratic than Captain Fujiwara. There was a faint odor of incense in the air.

"I've come to tell you," said Larkin, "that I must have intelligible answers to my two radiograms before morning."

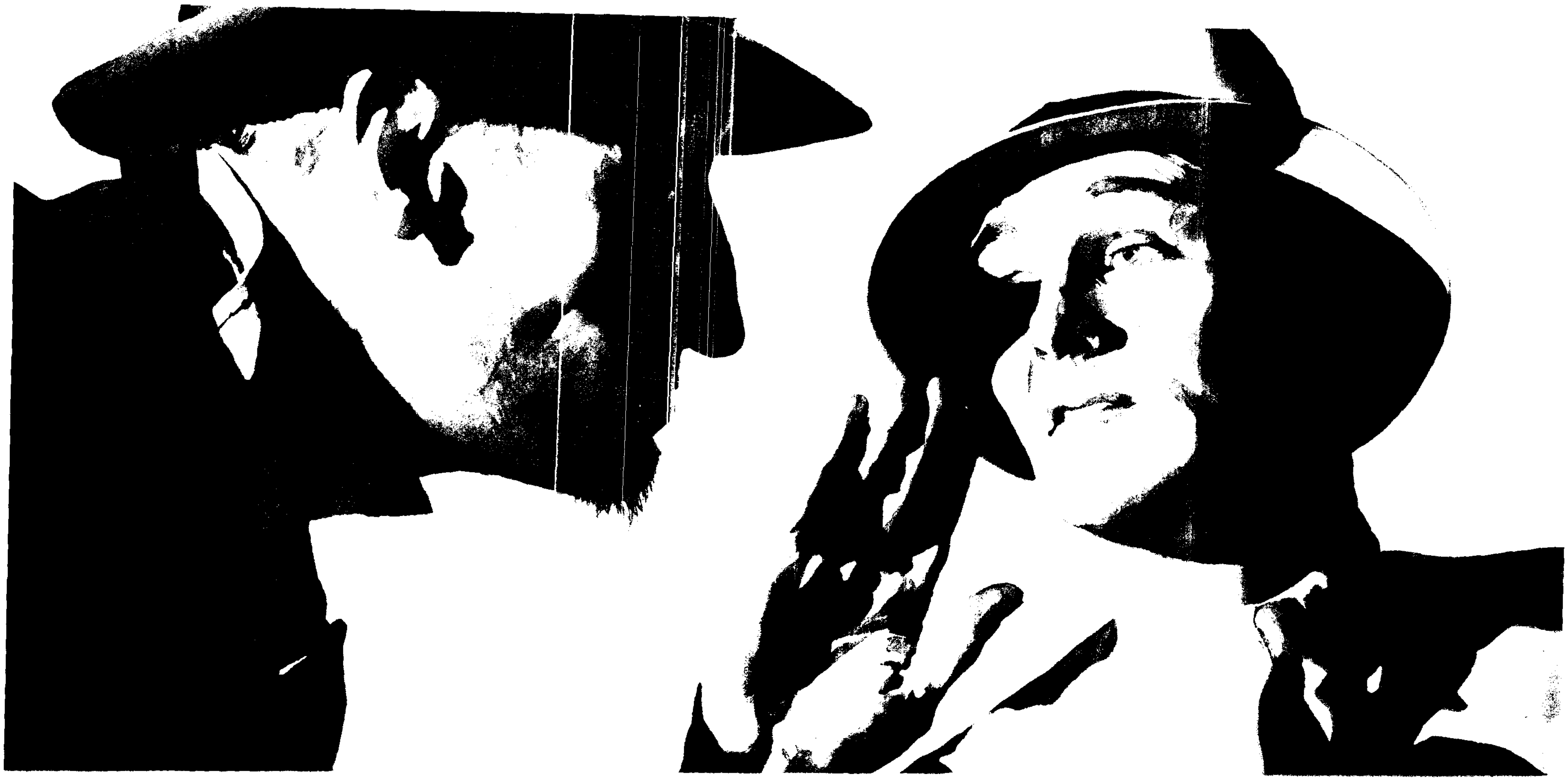
"Ah, so," purred Captain Fujiwara. "I have explained that chief operator—"

"Yes, I knew. The chief operator is ill. But he apparently has healthy moments. Some passengers have no trouble at all communicating with the mainland."

"So?"

"I thought I'd tell you that, *(Continued on page 70)*

She sobbed. Two hesitant tears slid down her cheeks. "All right, pal." Larkin squeezed the girl's hand. "I'll disappear"



Tom Gaffney's voice grew louder. "I'm here, ain't I?" he said. "Go on and step on the gas. I can take what you dish out"

Castle Sinister

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

SEARCHING for a Federalist dining room, which a wealthy New Yorker is eager to acquire, John Thorne, an authority on Americana, goes to the Cape Cod village of Southdown. There, after taking a room at an inn, he prepares to inspect Lord Robert Budge's so-called "palace"—a curious old building erected in the 1790's on lonely Smith Island.

Before he goes to the island, he is warned by a fellow guest at the inn—a "Mr. Jacks"—that he had better keep away from the old house. Wondering who Jacks is, he finds his way to the "palace," where he is met by a girl, Doris Brooke, who orders him to go away. As he attempts to explain the nature of his visit, a number of toughs drive up in a car, leap out. The leader—Tom Gaffney, well known in the underworld—draws an automatic. And John Thorne's greatest adventure begins—an adventure that comes to a minor climax with the arrival of a G-man, who arrests Gaffney. The G-man is—Mr. Jacks! Mr. Jacks is too late, however, to prevent a gun battle near the house, in which "Dutchy" Ziegler, one of Gaffney's killers, is slain.

As Jacks takes Gaffney into custody, Doris Brooke tries to make her escape. Thorne pursues her, catches her. She professes to know nothing about what is transpiring. She says that Gaffney (whom she had met in a speak-easy) had once done her a great favor; and that, in the effort to return that favor, she had bought the old house, moved into it, when he had asked her to do so. By this time, the situation is fairly clear to Thorne: Two rival gangs—Tom Gaffney's and one led by the notorious "Bugs" Tonelli—are on the island; both are composed of dangerous men; both are looking for something (obviously something of great value) hidden somewhere in the old house.

Thorne and the girl must, they agree, leave the island. Together, they find a car that Thorne had parked. Together they drive away. But two men, with automatics, stop them. One of the men is Bugs Tonelli! Thorne tells him of the G-man's arrival. Whereupon, Tonelli orders his companion, "Happy," to go to the house, lure Jacks to some lonely spot—by promising to lead him to Tonelli—and shoot him. He orders Thorne to drive to Southdown and return at once with sketches and plans of the cellar of the old house. He forces Doris Brooke to stay with him, as a hostage—to be killed if Thorne double-crosses him!

Thorne drives to the inn. He speeds back. "We three," Tonelli says, "are going for a ride. You are going to drive."

VI

THE island had seemed deserted, silent, strange and melancholy when John Thorne had seen it first, but now it had an unearthly visionlike quality. He had seen it first just as the fog was coming in, and now the fog was heavy enough to blur all the harshness of outline. That square, three-story house, as it stood out from its cloudlike background, no longer presented the dismal aspect of a ruin; instead, it appeared almost as new as when Lord Robert Budge had built it. The semiobscurity gave the overgrown lawns and terraces a formal, even appearance, as though the grass were clipped and as though the gardens were completely tended. The medallions above the windows all looked new and fresh. The chimneys no longer appeared to be crumbling; the eagle on the cupola looked new and fine through the charitable obscurity of the fog, and it was impossible to see the breaks in the delicate railing around the roof. The leaves of the elm trees around the drive were dripping and motionless with the damp. It was almost possible to believe that Lord Robert Budge was still alive and that one of his black servants might come down to meet them.

The car was approaching the elm-shaded circle in front of the house before Tonelli spoke again.

"Stop," he said. "Shut off the motor, Thorne."

In the silence that followed, they all three sat looking at the house. Tonelli's glance moved studiously over everything while the moisture dripped in uneven splashes from the branches of the trees in front of them.

"Get out," Tonelli said, "on the same side with me. Thorne, you walk first—right up to the house. Lady, you walk ahead of me; I got to have some cover. I got a gun right at her back, Thorne. Stop when I tell you to. Don't you make a move."

For the second time that day John Thorne walked toward the front door. He could not help feeling curious, in spite of his anxiety, about what would happen next, for Tonelli was obviously getting ready for something. Halfway to the door John Thorne glanced back over his shoulder. Doris Brooke was walking about six feet behind him, and Tonelli was just behind her, crouching low and looking at the house. He was as good as his word, using the girl for a shield.

"Stop," Tonelli said. "Don't walk no more."

There was another pause, a sickening sort of silence, when they stopped, and Tonelli raised his voice in a nasal, grating cry.

"Gaffney," he called. "Hey, Gaffney, you better come on out!"

There was no answer; the echo of his voice lingered for a long while in the fog.

"Come out of there," Tonelli called again. "You see, I got your girl. Come out unless you want to see her die."

John Thorne whirled half around.

"Stay still, you," said Tonelli. "Stay still, or else—"

There was a noise from the house. The front door was creaking open and then Mr. Gaffney was standing on the doorstep with his hands in his coat pockets and with his panama hat still shading his eyes. His sallow face was white; his lips moved soundlessly for a moment before he spoke.

"Get away from behind that girl, you rat," Mr. Gaffney said. "Stand still, don't be frightened, Wonderful."

Tonelli's voice responded, monotonous and loud, out of a strange, electric silence.

"Sweet on her, ain't you?" he said. "You know me, Tom. You make a move and I kill her. You know me."

"Take it easy," said Mr. Gaffney; "take it easy, Wonderful. What do you want, Tonelli?"

Tonelli stood tense and venomous, but his answer was dry and matter-of-fact.

"You know what I want," he said, "what I killed Dutchy for. You do what I tell you, or else I kill your girl."

IT WAS a clear statement of fact, and Gaffney must have known it. He was controlling himself with difficulty.

"Do you want a proposition?" he said.

"Skip it," said Tonelli.

"I'll give you fifty grand," said Mr. Gaffney. "A hundred grand."

"Skip it," said Tonelli. "I'll get plenty more than that."

"You don't know where it is." Mr. Gaffney moved cautiously out on the granite doorstep. "Dutchy was the only one who knew."

"I'm going to find it," said Tonelli. "You and this guy Thorne are going to help me find it. Stand still, Gaffney."

Mr. Gaffney stood still with his hands in his pockets.

"There's a government dick on to you," he said. "And you know you're pretty near through, Tonelli."

"Yeah," said Tonelli, "but not as cleaned up as you are. You framed it with him, didn't you? You squealed. He ain't here now, because I pulled him off, and I seen him go. Take that gun out of your right-hand pocket and throw it in them bushes, or else I'll shoot your girl. Go ahead, but bring your hand out slow."

Gaffney's hand came slowly from his coat and he tossed a pistol obediently into the bushes.

"You don't want no proposition then?" Mr. Gaffney asked with that set smile on his thin lips.

"There ain't no proposition, squealer," Tonelli said, "not for you. Now your left hand. Take it out. Now your coat—take it off and drop it. Now toss them guns out of the arm holsters right into the bushes, easy. Now turn around. Thorne, walk up to him easy and feel in his back pocket."

Mr. Gaffney stood facing the house and John Thorne moved toward him gingerly. There was nothing in Gaffney's pocket but a silk handkerchief. His shirt was moist with perspiration and he whispered as John Thorne touched him.

"Take it easy," he whispered. "For God's sake, take it easy."

Tonelli's ears must have been as keen as an animal's.

"YOU'RE wise," he said. "Take it easy. Come on now, we're going in the house. Just walk so I can see you. Come on, Miss, just—"

Tonelli had stopped speaking and his head jerked sideways toward the corner of the house. The reason was clear an instant later. It was Doris Brooke's dog, the heavy-set bull mastiff named Rollo, whose existence John Thorne and perhaps everyone else had forgotten. The dog was moving stiff-legged around the corner of the house, growling.

"Rollo," said Doris Brooke, "down, Rollo. Go back."

When the dog heard her voice he did not go back; instead, he was streaking across the lawn toward the man who stood behind her. Tonelli's head was turned watching; the muzzle of his pistol wavered.

"Sick him, boy," Mr. Gaffney shouted. "Come on, bud!"

Before John Thorne understood rightly what was happening, Gaffney had leaped from the doorstep. There was a report from Tonelli's pistol and the dog bounded in the air as though startled by the sound and fell yelping and struggling in the grass. Tonelli's voice, deliberate and unhurried, rose above that sound of agony.

"Easy, Gaffney, or your girl goes next. Turn around and walk into the house."

The yelping of the dog was still ringing in their ears when they walked into the hall.

"I ain't got time to finish him, lady," Tonelli said. "Pretty soon he'll quiet down. I never did like dogs." Mr. Gaffney turned toward Doris Brooke, his face dead white and shining with perspiration.

"It looks like I got you on a spot, Wonderful," he said. "I didn't mean it. I wouldn't have—"

"Skip it," said Tonelli. "Sweet on her, ain't you? You always was hell with women. Walk inside there. I'm in a hurry." And he nodded toward Lord Robert's study.

Tom Gaffney "skipped it" as they all walked slowly into the small brown-paneled room but he did not bother to conceal his feelings. His versatility and confidence had left him completely; even his self-control was slipping under the preciseness of Bugs Tonelli. He moved toward the wall near the fireplace and the light that filtered through a half-opened shutter of the front window fell cleanly upon him. He must have been standing looking out of that window when he had first heard the car.

"I told Jacks," he said. "I told him it was phony."

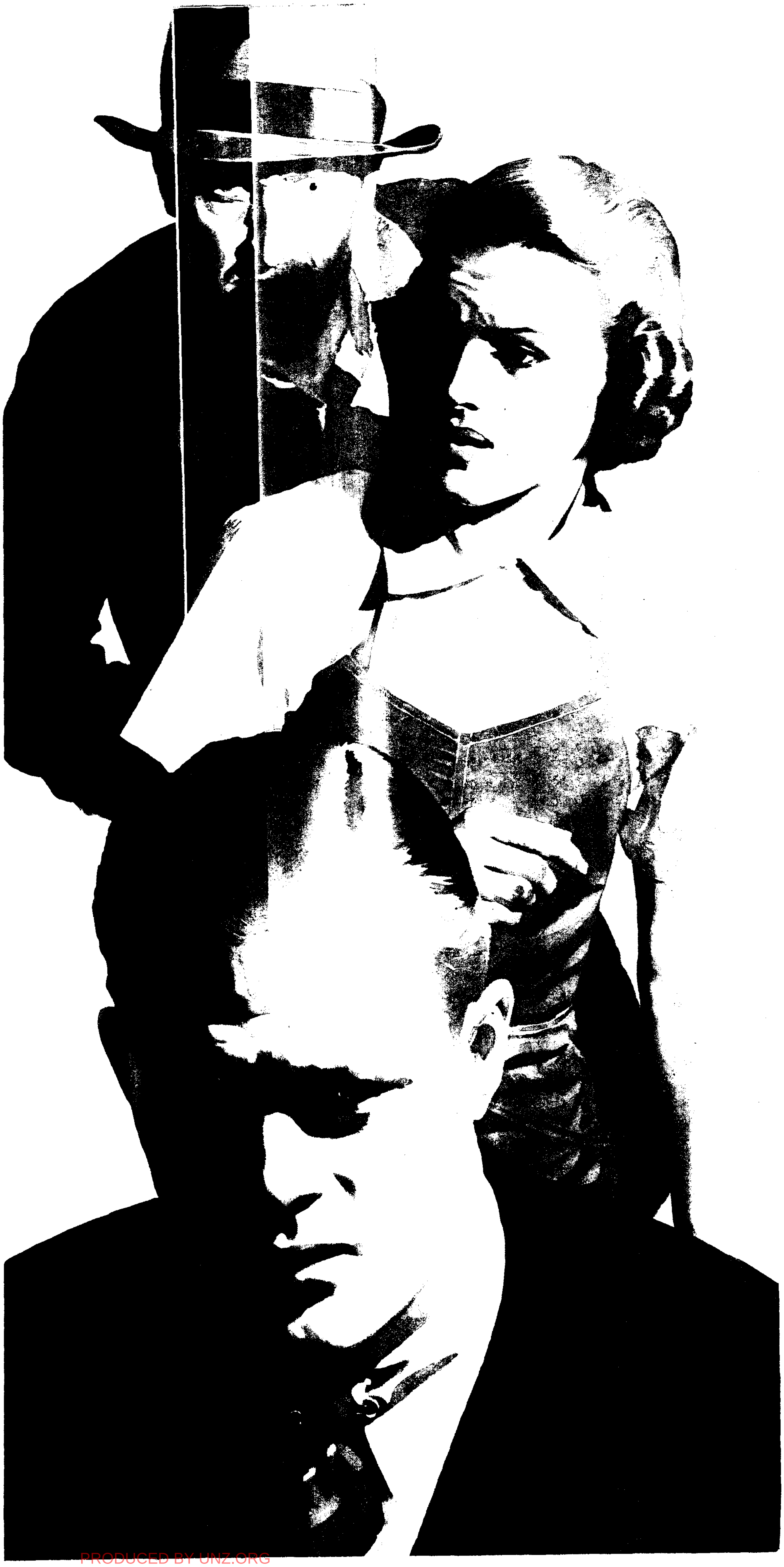
WHEN he reached the wall he turned and leaned his back against it and looked Tonelli square in the face.

"So that was a guy of yours who come here," Tom Gaffney said. "He put on a damned nice act, but I knew it."

Tonelli, still standing behind Doris Brooke, grinned at him.

"Yeah," Tonelli said, "why didn't you do something, if you was so damned wise?"

Tom Gaffney's face contorted itself into ugly twisting lines and he lost his *(Continued on page 55)*



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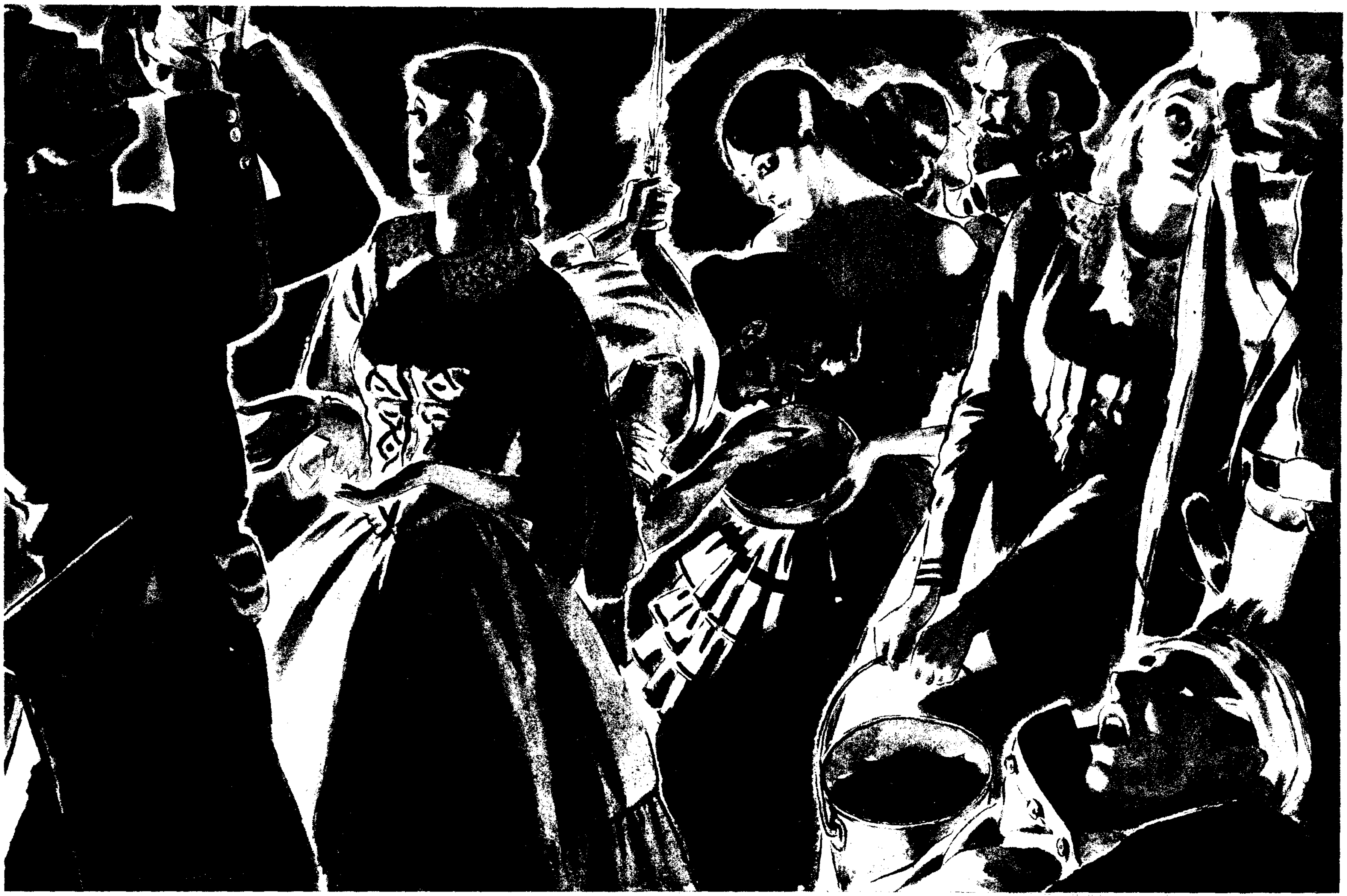


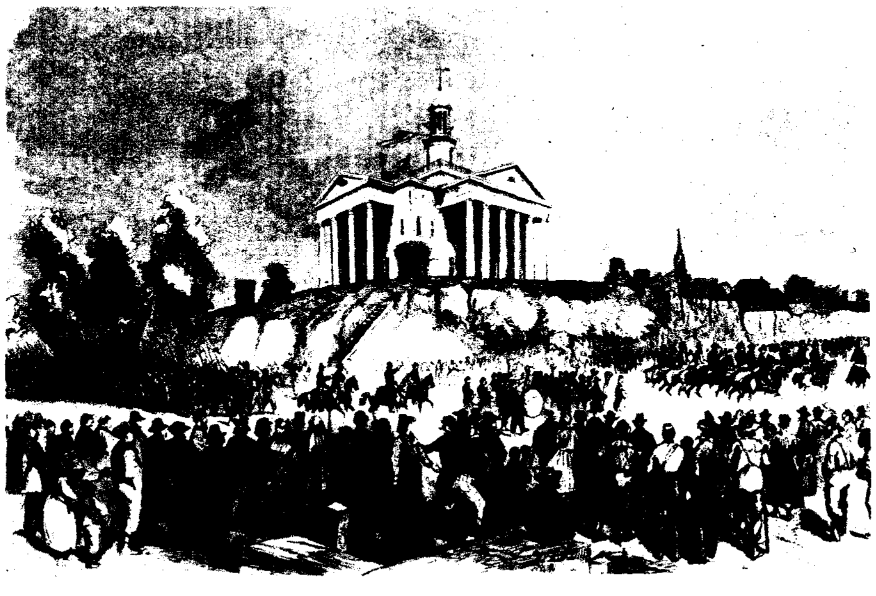
MARIO COOPER

"Water! Water!" the walking wounded screamed. Ladies rushed inside to bring out buckets, pitchers and basins to give drink to the famished men

Marse Jeff Davis

By Harris Dickson

Following the fortunes of Jefferson Davis—as they were seen through the eyes of Aunt Florida, his brother's slave—Mr. Dickson has described how he became President of the Confederacy. Here's life on Brierfield Plantation amid the war



Grant's army entering Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, from a drawing made on the spot

V. WAR ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI

EVERY crossroads community below the Potomac and Ohio rivers sent out gay troops of farm lads, clerks and businessmen taking a few days off to lick the Yankees. However fatuous and misled these volunteers might have been, they proved their mettle as first-class fighters, yet the spring of 1863 opened a third year of indecisive battles. By this time Jefferson Davis at Richmond saw his worst forebodings fall short of the paralyzing facts, for the Confederacy was strangled by a cordon of warships that choked its ports.

His government couldn't sell cotton to buy munitions, or even to secure medical supplies so desperately begged for by overflowing hospitals. Southern women brought out their long-discarded spinning wheels and made rough cloth on hand looms. Planters produced little or no cotton but more and more corn to feed half-rationed troops.

The commonest food brought such excessive prices that even a commanding general had scarcely enough to eat. The families of private soldiers suffered most because their pay in depreciated currency would not keep the babes at home from going hungry. Thousands of farm wives wrote their husbands, "Me an' the chillun is starvin'," so that thousands of husbands sneaked away from the front, went home and planted some corn, then returned to duty. Officers had to wink at their absence and nothing could be done to punish these "crop deserters" who kept the gray ranks thinned.

War now went to Hurricane and Brierfield, war combined with the tremendous flood of 1862, which compelled Joe Davis to send his white family away, stock, cattle and some cotton all being loaded on a scow and ferried across the narrow channel that separated them from the mainland. Mr. Davis would probably have sent the ladies and children to safety even if there had been no flood, because New Orleans had fallen and the river below Vicksburg lay open to Union warships.

Day by day the master kept posted on the course of military events. General Sherman's previous attack on Vicksburg from the north had been repulsed at Chickasaw Bayou but Grant himself was coming now, moving southward along the west bank of the Mississippi River. A few miles above Hurricane he had stopped long enough to dig a canal across the peninsula at Young's Point, hoping that through this artificial cut-off he might run his vessels past the deadly guns of Vicksburg.

That project failed, so Grant resumed his slow march, impeded by rising waters in the bayous and marshes of Louisiana. This maneuver must mean that he would attempt to capture Vicksburg so as to open the Mississippi River and cut the Confederacy in two. With New Orleans in its hands Porter's great fleet could come upstream and Hurricane would lie directly in its path, so the brother of the Confederate President must abandon his property.

Leaving Hurricane to destruction tore out his very heart. Joe Davis was now passing his eightieth milestone and loved this place that represented the toil of a lifetime. His needs were great, not for himself but for a large family connection of nieces, nephews and

(*Continued on page* 32)

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So *little* money buys so much G-E Refrigerator this year that practically everybody can now afford this finest and thriftiest refrigeration service. First choice of millions, the G-E is now popularly priced! See the beautiful new 1938 General Electric models. They are roomier and have more convenience features than ever!

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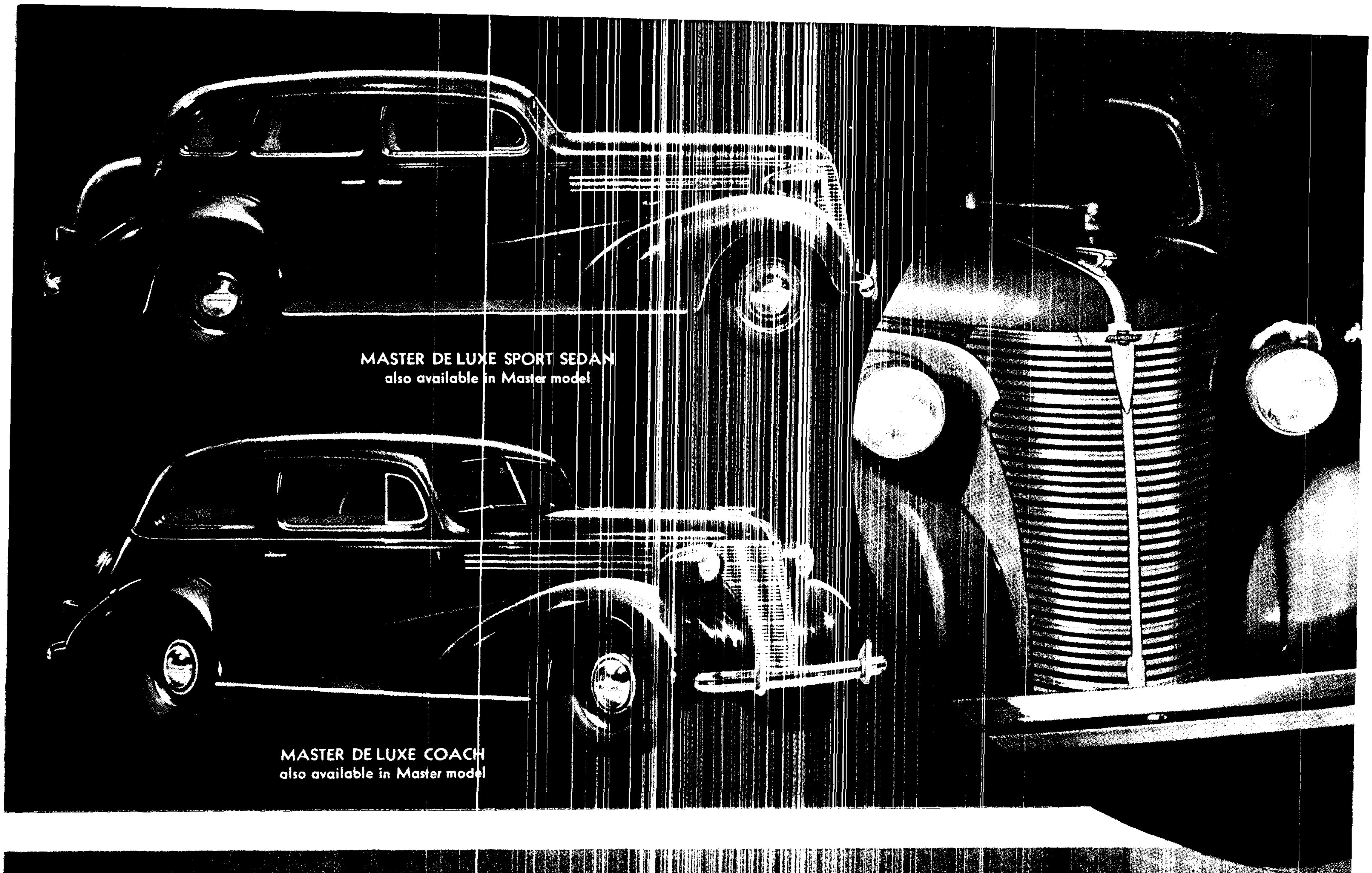

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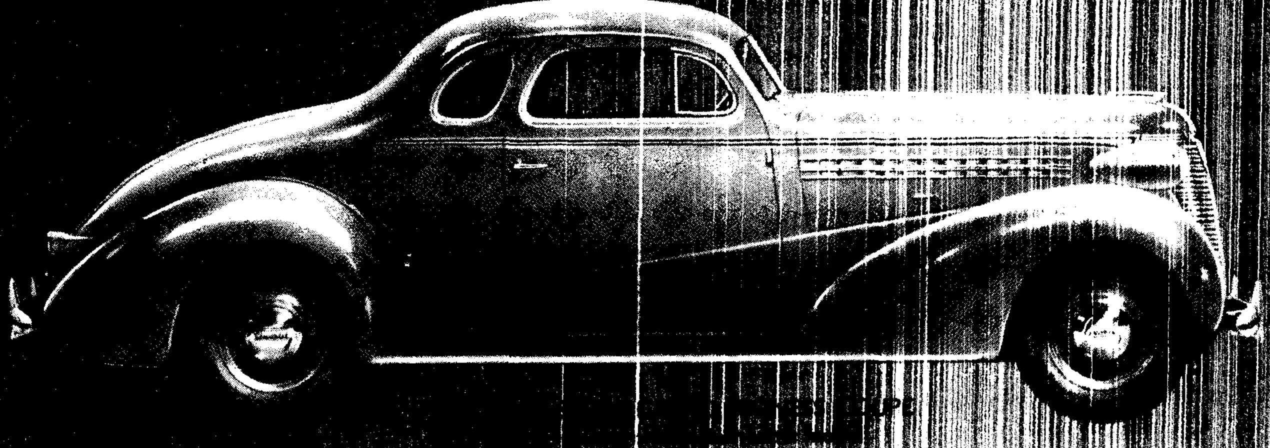

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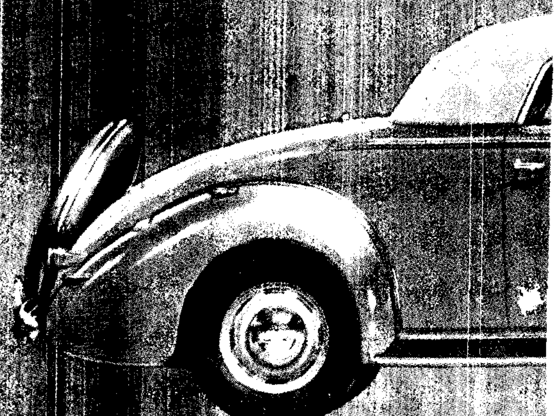

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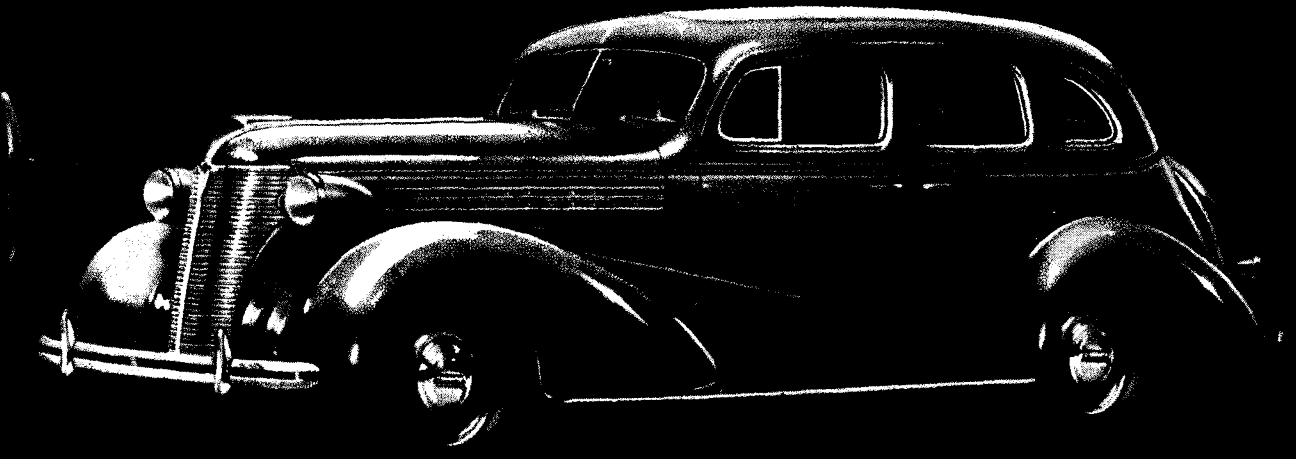

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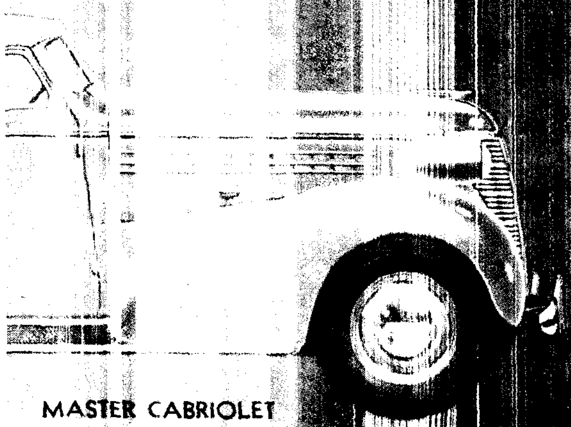

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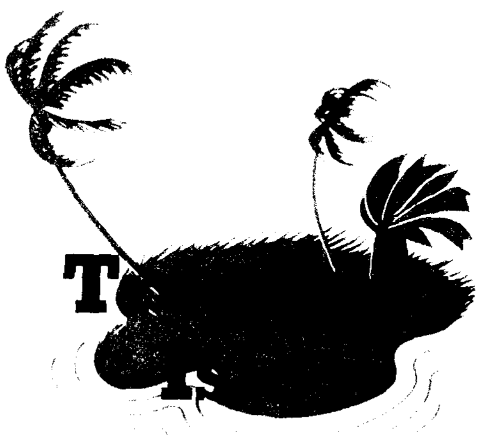
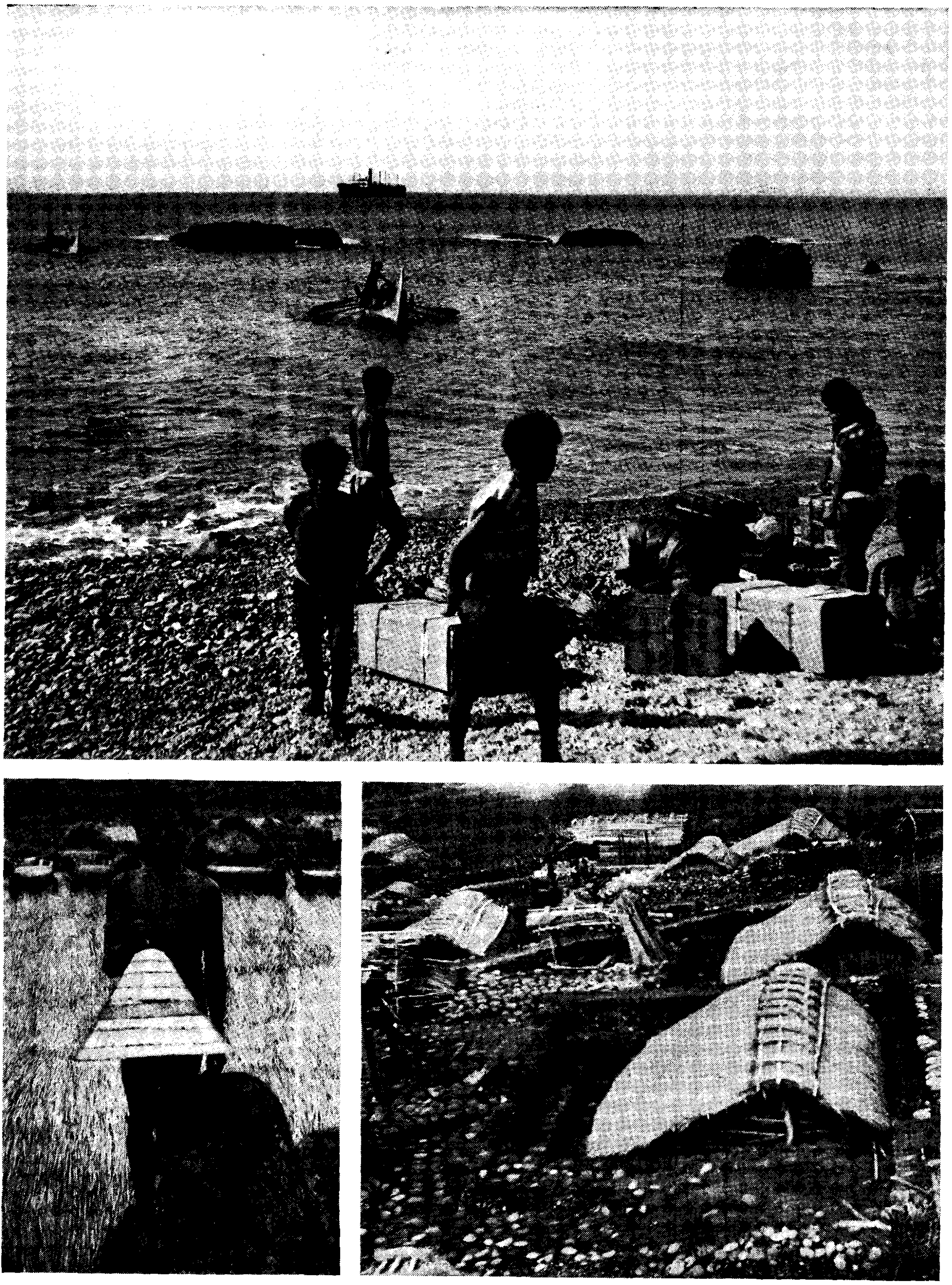


T Is

By Jim Marshall

Here's a people that have outgrown crime, poverty, taxes and government. They're so sensible they take your breath away. Perhaps that's because they've had almost no contact with the world for some three thousand years



Kotosho's only contact with the outside world is a small Japanese freighter. The native Yami have but one use for money: they pound it into strips from which they make hats, one of which Tadiho is holding in the lower left picture. The natives' houses are sunk below ground level to dodge the hurricanes that sweep the island

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLARD TREVOR

HOW'D you like to live on a tropical island where there are no taxes, rent, poverty, crime, jails or depressions?

Don't throw up your job, forget your Social Security number and buy a one-way ticket. There are No Admittance signs all over the place—backed up, if necessary, with Japanese bayonets.

However, if you'll get a map of the Orient and trace down the curving length of Japan, you'll come to Formosa, or Taiwan, as the Chinese call it. The Japs took Formosa away from China in '98 and have been exploiting its wealth ever since. At the southern end of Formosa is Cape Garanbi, farthest south of the Nipponese empire, to date.

Thirty miles due east of Cape Garanbi, on big maps, you'll find a dot. This dot will be named Botel Tobago on some maps; Kotosho on Japanese maps. Kotosho is where we're going and you're going to be good and seasick before you get there. Still, it'll be worth it.

There are only thirty square miles of Kotosho and if you tramp all around it on the beach you'll cover less than twenty-five miles. When they feel like it, the more vigorous of the sophisticated *little democracy's* canoe men paddle right around the island in a day, which is quite a trick because there's always a storm going on somewhere near.

You find out about that soon after your little Japanese freighter puts out from Takao, on the western Formosa coast, swings to port and goes plunging across thirty of the roughest miles in the Western Pacific. It's a fourteen-hour trip from Takao to the island. The ship drops her hook about two in the morning, riding the long swells, heading into the wet monsoon. But if you think you're going to stay in your bunk until morning, you're crazy! The ladder is down and bobbing over the swells comes a long slim canoe.

So grab your grip, say "*Sayonara!*" to the fat little captain, and down the ladder you go. Wait for the canoe to come up on a wave and then jump—fast. If you mistime it, you'll have a long drop. . . . Well, you made it, a bit breathless and sopping wet. The waves beat in over the low gunwales and you crouch under the curve of the high Viking prow that shears through the whitecaps. When you can see through the scud you notice that the little brown men aren't paddling. They're rowing. That's a surprise—nowhere in the Pacific do natives row, except around Kotosho.

The canoe hurls itself on shore and you clamber over the waterworn rocks, up the slope toward the village. *It looks* as if it's half buried, which it is. You clamber down into a rock-walled excavation. In this pit sits a low two-storied house, its eaves level with the ground. Around are a score of similar houses, their thatched roofs bright in the moonlight.

The wind's howling stops as you descend and you realize why each home is built in a sort of cellar. It's to cheat the constant hurricanes.

There are no lights. For tonight, you'll have to bunk on a bare board floor. The Yami have been doing it for centuries, anyway. But better spread your mosquito net, or you'll find out one of the reasons for the Yami's isolation. The island is a plague spot for anyone not immune to the effects of virulent malaria.

Your hosts, the little brown people, *are up at crack of dawn.* Smoke from the stone fireplace fills the room, makes you cough, snaps you out of slumber, sends you outside to the clear spring to freshen up. Soon, there's a mess of poi waiting for you in a pottery bowl, and an egg. You are one of the strange freaks who eat eggs, the Yami have heard. Themselves, they know that eggs

Do you recognize this Story?

"THE sleigh driver halted, watched, terrified and helpless"..."You know what might happen to a guy who talks out of turn in this town"..."In a cold drizzle he started setting off bombs as fast as he could light them"..."A fleshy, feverish old man lay still."

These are not fragments from some tense piece of fiction. They are living bits of a story more dramatic and more important to all of us than any best-selling novel ever written. They concern real people in real places, today—and *they were taken from a recent issue of* TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine.

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are fatal to men, prevent women from having children. . . . But an egg is an egg to them. Yours, you find, was neglected for years before being served. You bow to local superstition and pass it up.

There's only water to drink. Poi and water. That's breakfast. But while it's under way, we may as well find out something about the Yami. The Japanese Foreign Office has sent along a policeman, an incongruous being in a land of no laws and no crime, and an interpreter. And here's the story:

The Yami form the last remnant of a pure Indonesian race that, starting on the Central Asian plateaus, worked down through Burma, Siam and the Malay Peninsula, then eastward through Sumatra, Java and Borneo and then north across the Philippines. Some students say the white race started on the same high plains, but moved west and north, grew tall and blond, finally flowed across the Atlantic to America. Some of them moved across America and over the Pacific—and the races meet again in the Pacific islands—and Kotosho.

Another reason why the Yami haven't been "improved" by civilization is that their island contains nothing to tempt any would-be conqueror. It has no minerals. Its soil is about enough to support the inhabitants. There is simply nothing for any other nation to steal. The Japanese, who own the place, maintain it as a sort of curiosity and make no attempt to exploit the people or to change them, except to give the youngsters a little schooling.

Down on the beach some of the Yami are hacking out planks for a canoe with stone and iron knives. They used stone altogether until thirty-five years ago, cutting down three-foot trees with it. Canoes are owned by families, run from twelve to thirty feet in length, and carry from two to fifteen people. They're built of laboriously carved boards, cut to shape, held together by wooden pegs and rattan thongs.

Watching the Yami canoe builders at work is the lone Japanese cop on Kotosho. Since the Yami never had any laws or any crime—having passed that stage of human development centuries ago—the Japanese couldn't find a man among them willing to wear the chrysanthemum badge or to bark the island equivalent of "Hey, you, pull over to the curb!" So they sent down a cop from Takao, much to the amusement of the Yami, who had been getting on for more than 35,000 moons without one.

No Need for a Head Man

The poor fellow stood around doing nothing for some months. Then one dark night he went down onto the beach and committed hara-kiri from sheer boredom. The Japanese were distressed and thought about passing some laws for the Yami to break, but never did get around to it. The present cop on Kotosho is breaking under the strain and has to ride over to a tough Formosan town once in a while and sop up sake and *sukiyaki* in the Cherry Blossom *kaikan* to restore his intellect.

The Japanese had much the same sort of experience when they asked who was the head man on the island. The Yami said having a head man was a relic of barbarism and they had been doing without one for nine hundred years come Michaelmas. The Japanese said, well, you have to have a chief, anyway. So they picked out a likely oldster and said he was It—but they can't make him work at it. If he ever tried any chiefing, the Yami would banish him to the mountains, which is their idea of terrific punishment.

You tramp along over a trail laid with smooth rocks and come upon another of the Yami's seven villages. The cooking smoke has cleared from the house and you can examine it. Although it has two floors, the ceilings aren't high up and you can't stand upright.

On the rock floor of the lower story are stone fireplaces and pottery utensils. The pottery is made by hand, without wheels. The front of the house is open. There is no furniture of any kind. No lamps, either. Everybody goes to bed with the sun and gets up with it, except on moonlit nights. On those, they all congregate on open-sided platforms, set on stilts, and sing and dance, and couples go wandering off into the shadows in the manner of youngsters everywhere.

The young couple who occupy this house with the fat baby are named Siraran, the wife, and Tadiho, the husband. At least, those are their names now—but the naming system is a headache. One person rates one name, which changes with the birth of the first son. Suppose the father is named Bill. He names his son Dick and thereupon changes his own name to Dick's Father. At the same time, Bill's father, who changed *his* name to Bill's Father when Bill was born, changes it again. He is now Dick's Grandfather. . . . But maybe we'd better not go into this any further.

Siraran wears a woven cloth, about two feet by three, wrapped around her slim waist. She is weaving on a complicated hand loom that had its origin a thousand years ago and a thousand miles away. Fiber from an island plant supplies her with material for her wraparounds, for Tadiho's simple costume of a G-string, and for fish lines and ropes.

Both of them wear necklaces of small polished stones and sea shells. They also possess a blue turquoise bead and are proud of it. There are only a hundred on the island and owning one gives you an edge on the Joneses. Probably they came from a pirate junk, years ago, but no one knows. But, valuable as they are, not one ever has been stolen.

Siraran and Tadiho divide up the work, according to immemorial custom. She tills the taro patch, gathers the bananas and sweet potatoes, and does the cooking. He goes out in the canoe, netting the flying fish, diving for the small octopus that hides among the rocks, and brings in the firewood. Also he does most of the gossiping. Between them, they bring up little Junior quite impartially.

"What happens if Siraran steps out on you, Tadiho?"

"He says," interprets the Japanese guide, "that the other man will have to pay him an indemnity, and then take and support Siraran. The village would not like it and might banish them both to the mountain. It hardly ever happens. . . . He says that husband and wife each keep their own property, married or divorced. If mother and father part, either one takes the children. If neither wishes to, the grandparents are glad to."

"How do you get married, Tadiho?"

"Usually children are betrothed by their parents in childhood. They wed at about twenty. The boys give the girls necklaces, and that is all. Often, a couple will live in a trial marriage for a while. If it does not work out, the girl gives back the necklace and goes home. There is no alimony."

Everyone's His Own Boss

"How about property on the island?"

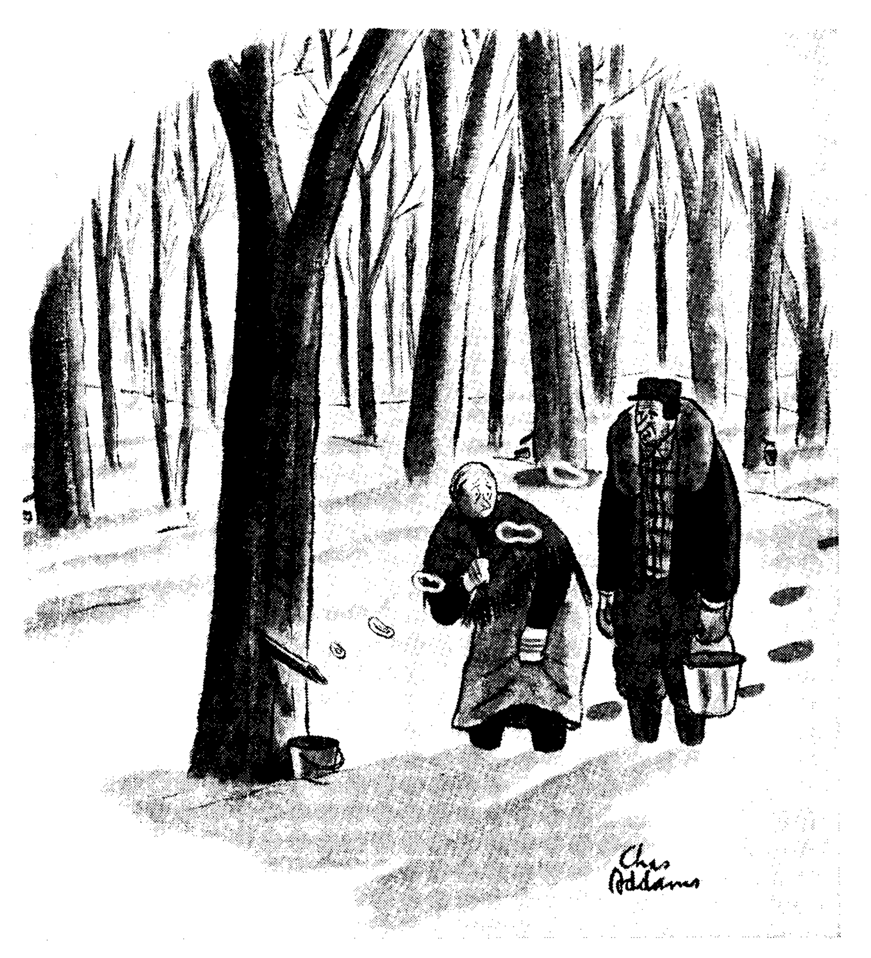
Tadiho jabbers away and the Japanese translates:

Anyone may own all the property he can use, but no more. There is never any dispute, because there is more land than can be used. There is an irrigation system, owned in common. But there are no shops or stores and nobody ever works for anyone else, so there are no profits or wages.

Each family is a self-supporting unit. There can't be any poverty, because there are no crop failures. Everybody turns out for the fishing, but there is no boss, even in a fishing canoe. Each crew man has his job and does it. The catch is divided according to the size of the fisherman's family.

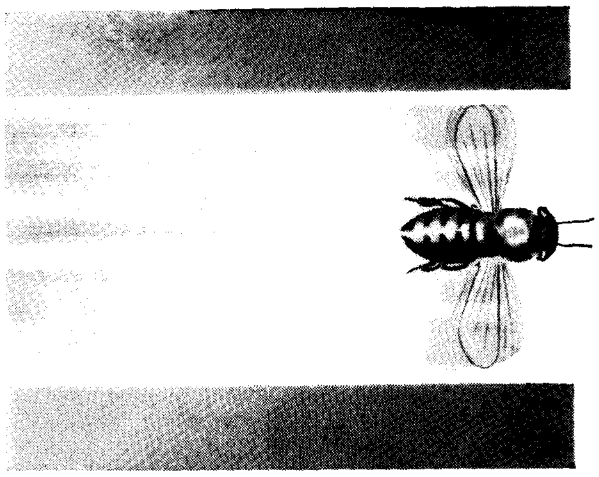
"What do you use for money, Tadiho?"

The little brown fellow looked puz-

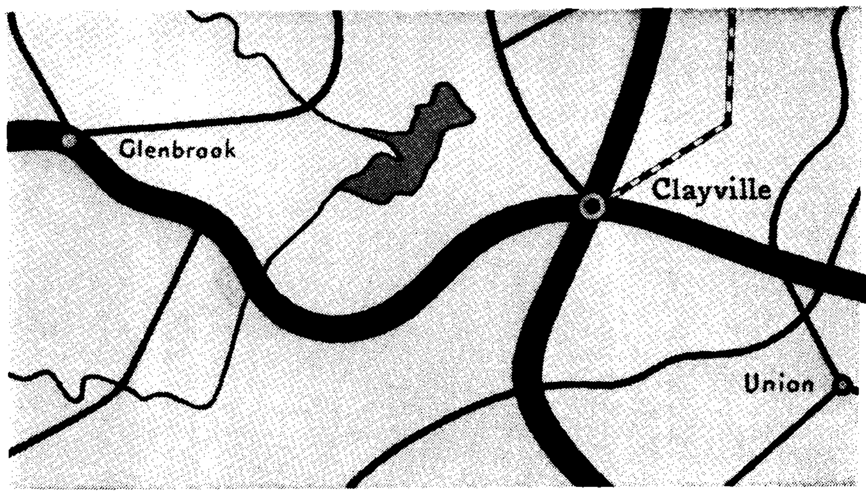


"We'd better call a tree surgeon. All it does is blow smoke rings"

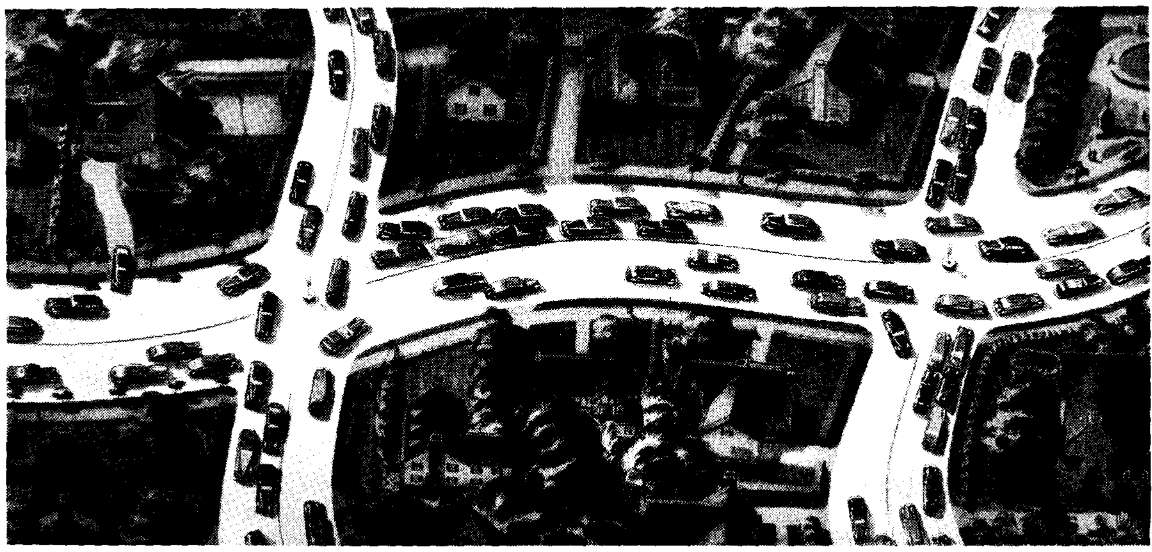
CHAS. ADDAMS



4 miles in a bee-line =



6 miles by road map =



8 miles by STOP-and-GO

A mile on your speedometer may easily be a mile and a half to your engine—when it's stop and go.

HERE'S WHY:

In "low" gear, your engine turns over about twelve times for each turn of the wheels. In "second," it turns about eight, in "high," only about four.

You drive a mile, but how far your engine runs depends on how many times you stop and start—how much of the mile is in low and second gears.

Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you ⅓ of a mile.

To cut this waste and its cost, they found a way to rearrange the chemical structure of gasoline, making every drop of fuel usable to your motor under all driving conditions.

• • •

You can save on the cost of your stop-and-go driving by the regular use of Super-Shell. There's a Shell dealer near you.

SUPER-SHELL SHELL

SAVES ON **STOP** AND **GO**

zled. The smiling Japanese answers: "He does not know what money is—there is no use for it. We brought some silver yen down and the people simply collect them, pound them out into strips and make hats out of them. I will show you. . . ."

He speaks to Tadiho and the little fellow brings out a high-crowned hat of silver, with a long drooping brim. The brim has dropped so far that Tadiho has cut a slot in it so he can see out when he's wearing it.

So you can say goodby to Tadiho and Siraran and fat brown Junior and walk around over some more rock-paved trails to the other villages.

Through the centuries, you discover, the Yami have refined capitalism, communism and democracy to their highest points. They have protected every individual right and, at the same time, made communal effort individually profitable. They have learned what no white race has learned: To govern themselves without authority, without written rules, at no expense whatsoever.

Battles Without Deaths

Disputes between individuals are traditionally settled by a sort of amateur boxing match. When one fighter is hurt by a blow, the thing is over, the dispute settled. Occasionally feuds between villages over water rights are settled by formal battles. Then they go to it on the beach. But the instant one man is hurt the whole thing stops and the decision is accepted. No one, legend says, ever has been killed or badly hurt in a battle.

The Yami have recently been thoroughly investigated by four scientists with the blessing of the Rockefeller Institute. They were Dr. Kilton Stewart of Utah, Miss Nancy Grasby of Sydney, Australia, Edmund Leach of Cambridge University, England, and Willard Trevor of Oregon. The four spent some weeks on Kotosho going into the history, legends and social structure of the islanders.

As far as these investigators could discover, the Yami have no religion whatever, save for a vague belief in *anitos*, or spirits. After a man dies, his *anito* hangs around for awhile and then fades away. The spirits have no power and are looked on rather as friends. At feasts, food and flowers are set out for them, not in any spirit of worship, but merely in good fellowship.

"As you would toast a departed pal," *explains the interpreter.*

Population of the island, the investigators found, has stayed stationary around 1,700 for many years. A baby is born and a man dies. The father of the newborn takes over a little land from the bereaved family. They have one fewer mouth to feed; he has one more. And why own something you cannot use? Ask the wise Yami, wondering at the useless possessions of white folks.

If a baby is born hopelessly deformed, it is quickly killed, lest it grow up into a life of misery, dependent on others. Sometimes, the second of twins is strangled, too, in the belief that it is an *anito* and will be unhappy on earth. But this seems to be the only violence on the island.

In the late afternoons, when the sun slants down, the Yami dive beneath the ocean surface and look at one of the world's loveliest shows. Out there, in the green depths, lurk the cuttlefish. If the one that you spot is small, you get him for a feast. If it's a big one, it's vice versa—and you become an *anito* hovering around in the sunshine. . . .

The little black-sided freighter from Takao is spurting white plumes from her whistle and the monsoon flings the sound against the black hills of Kotosho. So you'll have to wave goodby to Siraran and Tadiho and fat little Junior and the rest of the Yami and go slicing and heaving across the swells, headed for civilization. . . .

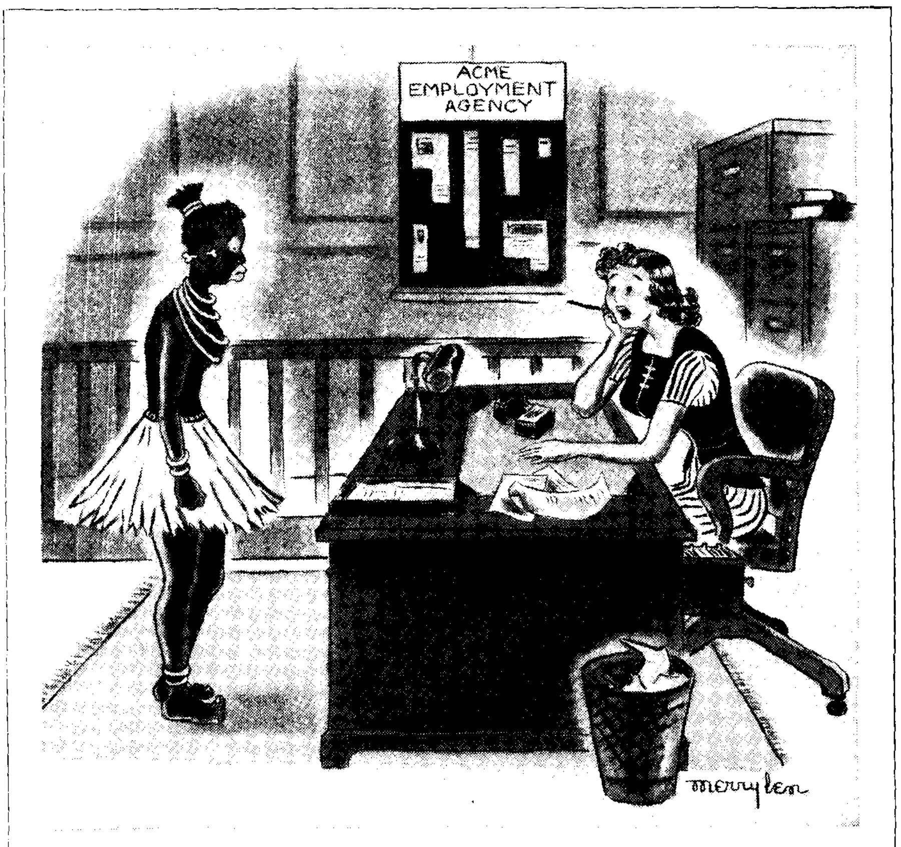
"Very primitive—yes?" says the Japanese interpreter.

"Yes, indeed, Sato!" you agree, as the fat little captain rings her to "Full Speed Ahead" and the island starts to slide by.

Poor primitive little Yami, in their tiny capitalistic democracy, without a debt or a doubt, wars or worries, poverty or poison gas, taxes or crime.

It'll be a relief to get back to a world where two billion people spend more than half their energies in piling up machinery to slaughter each other—a world of jails, asylums, slums, battleships and gas masks for babies, far, far more advanced than the simple little brown people on Kotosho—

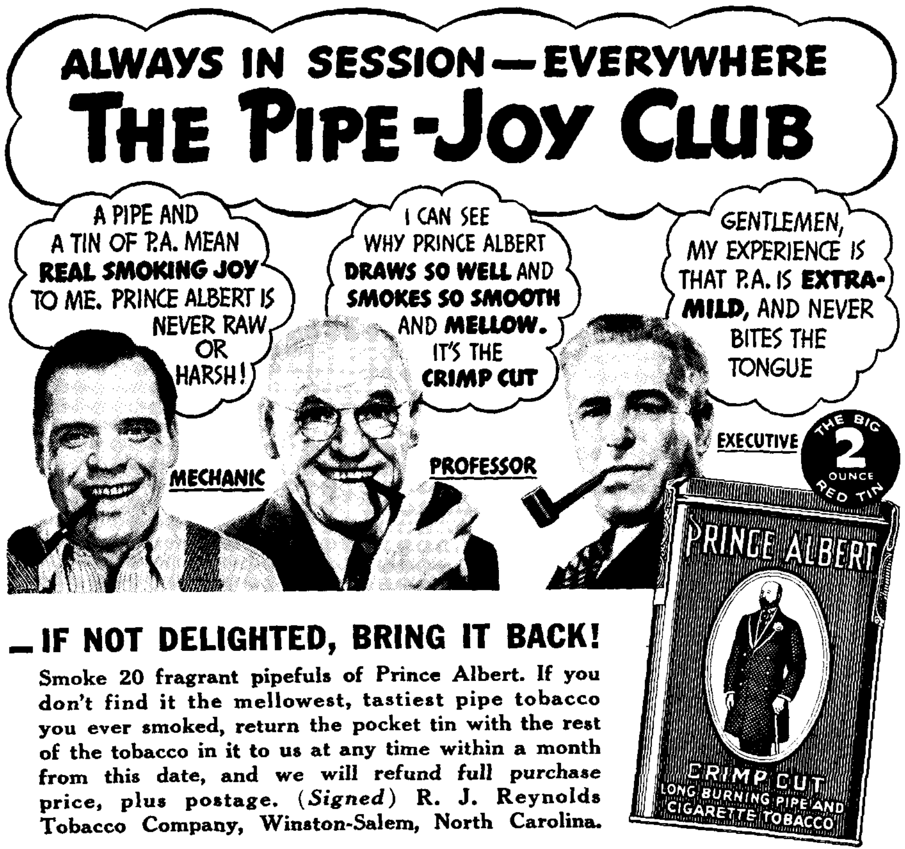
Maybe.


ACME EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
merrylen

"I really don't know just where I could place you"

MERRYLEN

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE HAD A LOOK AT THE RIVER WE'VE BEEN SINGING ABOUT SO MANY YEARS
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
IN FLORIDA AT THE SUWANNEE RIVER...
WELL, THIS IS IT, CHUBBINS—THE S'WANNEE RIVER IMMORTALIZED IN STEPHEN FOSTER'S FAMOUS SONG, 'THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME'
AFTER OUR PICNIC TODAY I MUST SEND A POSTCARD OF THE S'WANNEE RIVER TO MY MUSIC TEACHER BACK HOME
WELL, THERE'S OUR PICNIC CROWD, CHUBBINS. OUR FRIENDS SEEM TO BE APPRECIATING THIS HISTORIC RIVER, TOO
WA-A-Y DOWN UP-ON THE S'WANNEE RIVER ---- FA-AR, FAR --- AWAY---
WELL, JUDGE, OVER THE YEARS THAT SONG PROBABLY HAS BEEN SUNG AS OFTEN AS ANY OTHER ONE WE KNOW
YES, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES OF 'THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME,' WRITTEN IN 1851, WERE SOLD IN THE FIRST EDITION. IT'S STILL POPULAR TODAY
SO ARE MANY OF STEPHEN FOSTER'S OTHER SONGS---SUCH AS 'MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND,' 'MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME,' AND 'OLD BLACK JOE'---
I'VE ENJOYED SOME VERY MELLOW EVENINGS SINGING THOSE OLD SONGS AND SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT
THAT'S A PERFECT COMBINATION FOR ANY PIPE-SMOKER
YES, AND THERE ARE MILLIONS MORE OF US WHO FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT THAT!----GOOD FELLOWSHIP CERTAINLY REACHES THE HEIGHTS WHEN WE PRINCE ALBERT SMOKERS ARE ENJOYING OUR FAVORITE TOBACCO!
PRINCE ALBERT


ALWAYS IN SESSION—EVERYWHERE
THE PIPE-JOY CLUB
A PIPE AND A TIN OF P.A. MEAN REAL SMOKING JOY TO ME. PRINCE ALBERT IS NEVER RAW OR HARSH!
I CAN SEE WHY PRINCE ALBERT DRAWS SO WELL AND SMOKES SO SMOOTH AND MELLOW. IT'S THE CRIMP CUT
GENTLEMEN, MY EXPERIENCE IS THAT P.A. IS EXTRA-MILD, AND NEVER BITES THE TONGUE
MECHANIC
PROFESSOR
EXECUTIVE
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

— IF NOT DELIGHTED, BRING IT BACK!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

ARE YOU MISSING SOMETHING, "MAKIN'S" SMOKERS?—TRY P. A. Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Two Loves

Continued from page 11

I can keep him loving me, and happy in it."

"That's a strong statement," the Signora remarked in courteous interest. Then, after a slight breath, "I saw Gerald Bingham this afternoon—talked to him."

The spurious strength dropped out of Allison to leave her spirit empty, chill and helpless. "Why did you?" she said in dull apprehension.

"Because I hadn't ever seen him. Because I wanted to find out what sort of person you were seeing. He's of a type that can do much as it likes with many women—the fools."

Allison set down her drink and leaned toward the Signora, swallowing back the dreadful loneliness that tried to close her throat. "I was ready to love you once," she said in regretful quiet, "to love you dearly. Why wouldn't you have it? Why have you never trusted me? Do you hate me?"

"I don't hate anyone," the Signora said.

"Do you *love* anyone?" Allison demanded. "Did you ever love anyone so much that the very thought of having him hurt through you frightened you so it made you physically sick? Did you ever love anyone so much that the thought of losing him made your blood stand still and cold in your veins? Did you—ever?"

FOR a bare instant, Allison was aware of the Signora there in three living dimensions—separate and distinct in her dignity before a perspective of the things that had memorably happened to her in faraway years. The Signora said, "Yes, I have." And then the living illusion was gone again.

"I don't know what Gerald Bingham told you this afternoon," Allison said, her voice almost stumbling before the hurry of what she wanted to say. "But please listen to this—whether you can believe it or not. I knew him—Gerald—when I came out. It was before I ever thought there was anyone like Phil in the world. It was before Gerald was known for the rotten things he's done. He was gay and polished and sought after; and I thought I was in love with him. He was sure of that: he—he humiliated me often, and I took it.

"Finally he used me to get out of a rotten mess he was in. He got me—by a trick—to be with him in a room at night, where he knew people were going to break in, to look for some other woman. There was a flashlight picture, and a private detective's report. He's got those now. He wants money for them—a lot: and he says he doesn't care whether he gets it from me, or from Phil, or from you. I've been to him to try to get the things, and give him some money I—I had, and promise him more. He's vile. He arranged it so I'd be seen there by friends of his. He even—even tried—"

"Why don't you tell Philip this?" the Signora asked.

"Because I'm afraid," Allison said at once, almost in defiance. "He'd do something wild and violent: even without that, I'm afraid of what might die in him—about me, for good—something I love, something terribly important to him, and so precious to me that I'll do anything—take any chance—to keep it safe."

The Signora said nothing for a moment. Her cool eyes moved speculatively over Allison's face from their distance, committing themselves to nothing; then with crisp distinctness she said, "Would you kill Bingham?"

The silence that crammed the little room seemed actually to press in upon the hard pounding of Allison's heart. The Signora sat there waiting for a true answer to a serious question. With a slight, wry smile Allison said, "Yes—I'd kill him if I had to."

"Do you own a pistol?" the Signora asked quietly.

"No," said Allison.

"Do you know how to use one?"

"I think so," Allison said steadily, holding the Signora's look, triumphing against it with the release of some new and alien courage in her blood.

"There's one in the middle drawer of the lowboy," the Signora said.

It was crucial—this moment. If she went and got the pistol she was committed before the Signora to something she'd never dreamed she could find the power to perform; and now she knew she had that power. The Signora had given it to her, and Allison let the irony of this play in her eyes for the Signora to see. They were equals, now and for good, and never after this would Allison let her forget it.

Abruptly she rose, walked across to the lowboy, pulled open the drawer and picked up the squat, black little revolver. Then she gasped and dropped the gun as if it had stung her: in the drawer lay a large shiny photograph of a hotel bedroom, with Gerald Bingham pretending to shield her from the camera, her own face frightened and unmistakable beside his arm. A paper clip held some typewritten sheets to the picture.

Turning, Allison surprised the Signora in the first awkward gesture she had ever seen her make. She looked down at her clasped hands, then over at Allison in uncertain apology, and the pretty little black-clad figure was very much in three living dimensions there. Allison went to her knees beside her, clasped one cool hand to her cheek and turned her lips to it as the other hand came to her hair. And all she could think of to say was, "Darling, how did you get them?"

"I—I took the little pistol when I went to see him this afternoon," the Signora explained, still in unpracticed apology. "He seems a very great coward; or perhaps I was just very positive; I can't tell which. I still don't know whether I could have shot him or not. I *think* I could have."

ALLISON looked up at her through the first tears, and the cool hand came tenderly to her cheek. "But why then—why this afternoon, all this business about—"

"I think I'm a stupid old woman," the Signora said, smiling shyly down. "I've gone through a longish life—wanting to believe in a few people, wanting them to be fond of me. I s'pose I was never able to show that to them—except to Phil, and to his father, and perhaps to one or two others; so the rest went away, and sometimes I've been a little lonely, and I've tried to make myself think no one was worth trust, really.

"I couldn't ever make myself think it about *you*. But in my wooden, uncertain, literal way, I wanted to be *shown*. Then you showed me—showed me principally that I needn't have been shown at all. Allison"—the name was for the first time an endearment by itself—"you haven't touched your whisky. Isn't it right?"

Allison laughed up at her richly and said, "Darling Signora, what do you think I want with whisky—except perhaps later, to celebrate?"

LONG LIFE BASED ON SOUND WORKMANSHIP

☆

DELCO BATTERY

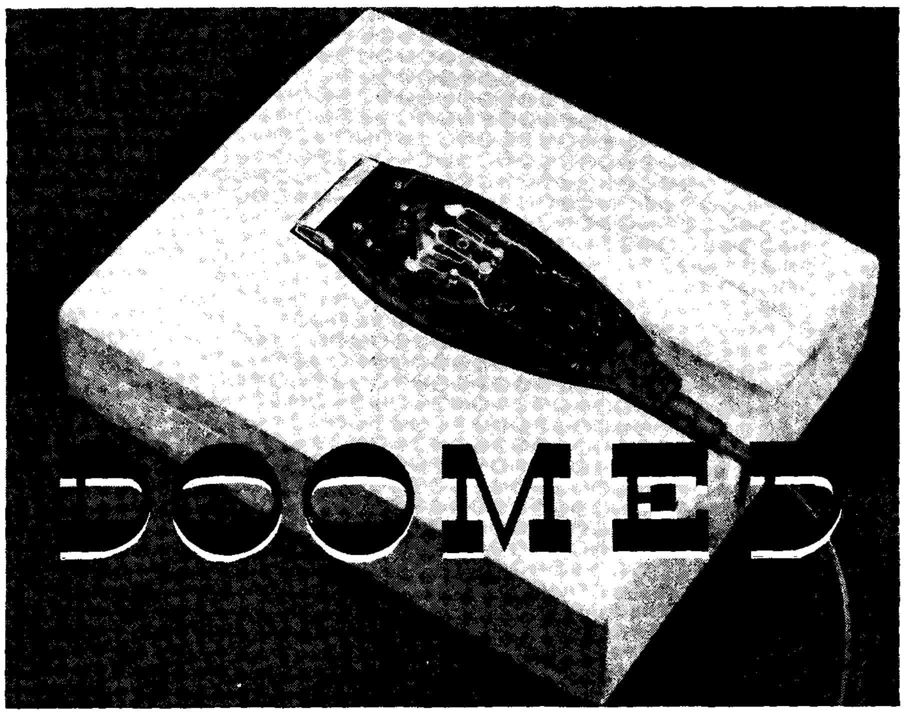
Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION • KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES • AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment



..but still running*

This Schick Shaver was put on the execution block August 19th, 1937, to "run to destruction." Day after day, twenty-four hours a day, it has hummed its merry way to the inevitable end. When this photograph was made on December 17th, the motor was still functioning perfectly though it had run continuously for 2,903 hours.* Allowing ten minutes for a shave (an experienced Schick user takes only five), this gives a total of 17,418 shaves, or 47 years of shaves . . . *and the motor is still running.*

**When this advertisement went to press, the motor was still running—an unfinished total of 3,483 hours*

● Colonel Schick not only invented a shearing head that would shave quickly and closely without blades and lather, he also made the motor to run it. Then he invented and designed machines and methods to produce the cutter and the motor.

His brains and genius are still guiding and perfecting the Schick Shaver, for we are working on *his* ideas, *his* developments and *his* policies.

In the seventh year

For more than six years men have used Schick Shavers. *They know* the joy of painless, comfortable shaves with no thought of cutting or injuring even the tenderest skin.

Schick spent twenty years studying hair, skin and shaving before he put on the market the shaver that is changing the shaving habits of the world.

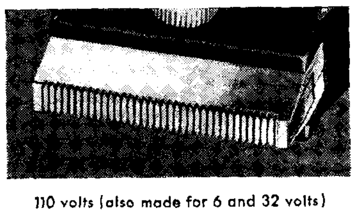
Why Schick?

Use a Schick—not so much because Schick was the inventor of dry shaving, but because we have never seen a dry shaver that shaves as quickly and closely as the Schick Shaver *without injuring the skin.*

We can make a Schick Shaver that will shave any man quickly the first time he uses it, but we prefer to give a man a shaver that for many years will shave him so that not a *vestige of beard stubble is evident—and yet his skin is not hurt in the slightest.*

It may take him a week or two to get his skin back to normal, to restore the damage that blade-shaving has caused, but from then on he will be perfectly satisfied.

Let an authorized Schick dealer show you the marvelous, precision work on the patented, flat shearing head. He will demonstrate how simply you can shave the time-tested Schick way—without blades or lather. Remember that Schick Service Stations throughout the country are ready to give you less than twenty-four hour service on repairs.



110 volts (also made for 6 and 32 volts)

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., Stamford, Conn. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores
Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

SCHICK SHAVER

Marse Jeff Davis

Continued from page 22

adopted daughters. Then there were swarms of friends who must be entertained, simply must. Hurricane provided generously for a secure old age and lavish hospitality.

The home was not a colonnaded mansion like those in Virginia or Natchez, but a rambling conglomeration of rooftops and gables, about sixty available rooms, with ells and outbuildings that made it resemble a huge summer resort hotel. It stood in a grove of noble oaks whose branches were trimmed to give vistas of a shining river. Flowers bloomed gorgeously in its gardens. A green lawn stretched for miles along the river bank, clipped close by herds of sheep and cattle. This lovely park and spacious home must now be left to the mercy of marauders, so the departing master gazed upon Hurricane with much the feeling of that unfortunate Moorish king who turned and wept as he looked back upon his lost Alhambra.

"Marster's fixin' to leave us! Marster's fixin' to leave us!" Negro women screamed and ran about the quarters when Captain William Porterfield came down from Vicksburg on a small steamboat and set the plantation in an uproar. Hostlers drove their last stock to the landing and loaded them aboard, together with some very old slaves and young children. Stronger ones Mr. Davis meant to leave behind, believing that Union troops would not harm them. Sorrowfully those who were being taken off waved goodby to Hurricane as Captain Porterfield carried them up the Big Black River, a tributary of the Mississippi.

Out to Stop Grant

The master had scarcely gone when a roving band of Confederates swooped down on Hurricane, a torch gang sent out by military authorities to burn all cotton that might be seized to feed the famished mills of Massachusetts. The gang arrived in a small boat led by their gruff middle-aged lieutenant, who marched his squad to the office and demanded:

"Who's in charge here?"

"I am, sir," Mr. Barnes, the manager, replied.

"Trot out your cotton. Got orders to destroy every bale on the place."

Torch men with sharp knives cut the ropes so that elastic bales burst open and fluffy lint flared up to the flames. Bewildered black people gathered round as at a funeral pyre, lamenting a destruction that they could not comprehend.

"Ugh! Ugh!" Florida moaned. "Robert, jest think how us nigh broke our backs pickin' all dat cotton."

The torch gang destroyed Hurricane's accumulation and departed. As the master had instructed them, Mr. Barnes and Ben Montgomery went through the quarters calling certain other Negroes from their cabins to be transported by wagons to the railroad at Vicksburg. Florida's name was not on this list but she appeared anyhow with her scant belongings tied in a bundle ready for travel.

"No, Florida." Ben pushed her back. "You stay here and look after things."

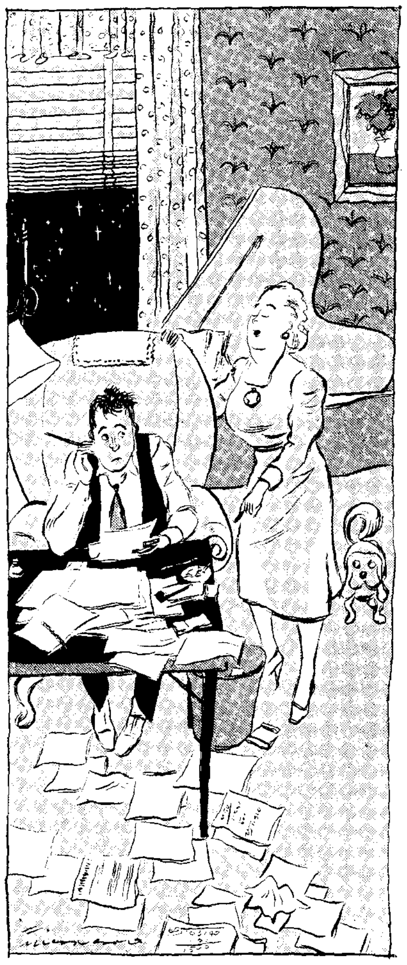
"Stay here yo'self," the slave woman retorted. "I'm goin' wid my white folks." And go she did, whether or no, scrambling into a wagon for the long, jolty ride.

While waiting for their train to leave Vicksburg these ignorant plantation darkies looked around town and did not understand the reason for such a methodical bustle. The Confederate army was marching out to stop Grant. Tramp, tramp, tramp. Florida watched column after column of steady troops move through the streets, companies, regiments, brigades, cavalry, artillery, commissary wagons, each filling its proper place in a vast machine. Smooth-cheeked boys, their skins like well-tanned leather, trod elbow to elbow with bearded veterans. They were called the "Gray Invincibles" and people looked on calmly, for no one could imagine that such troops might be defeated. Gaily dressed ladies lined the sidewalks, fluttering their handkerchiefs at confident young officers who rode at the heads of their commands. The chivalric General Stephen D. Lee passed by, bowing from his saddle. And General Bowen, doomed to die in a few days at Port Gibson.

The Confederate army went out to stop Grant just about the time when Florida's train carried her and the other Negroes some eighteen miles east to Edwards Station, where wagons took them to an isolated plantation on which their master had established himself with his sick wife. Florida doesn't know how long they stayed at the Catchings Place, but it could have been only a short time before Union cavalry raided through the country, pillaging, burning and driving off stock.

With a clank of sabers and stomp of *heavy boots their commanding* major strode into the hallway and notified Mr. Davis that in ten minutes he would fire the house.

"But," the white-haired gentleman protested and pointed to a bedroom, "my wife is lying there, dangerously ill."



"You'll have to do without your silly income tax this year. I need a new fur coat!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

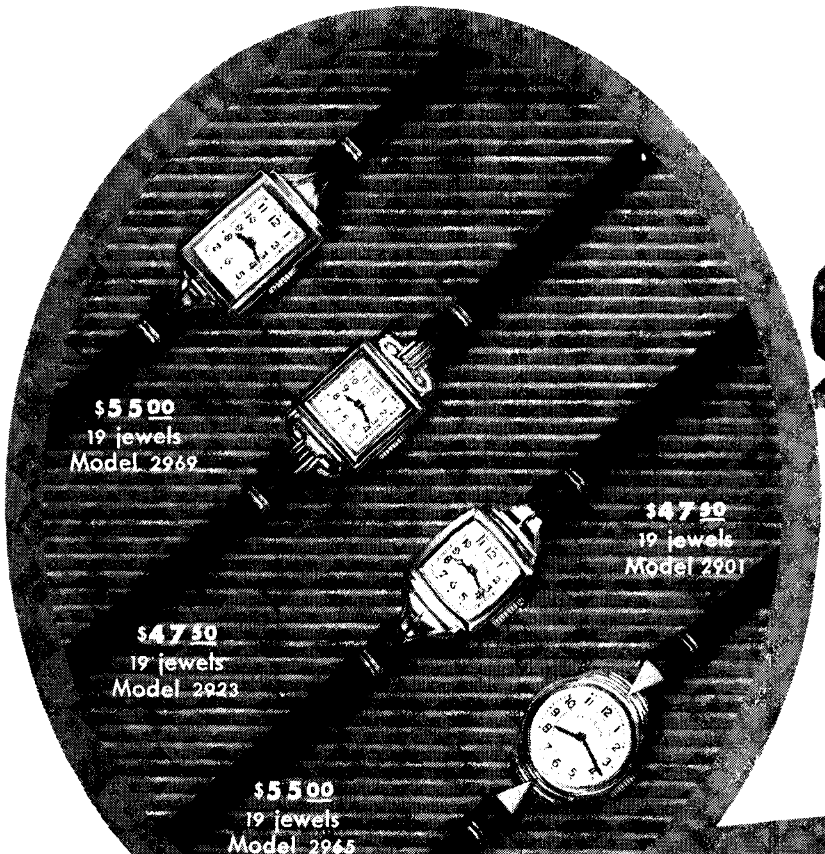
"Triumph OF AMERICAN STYLING"

DECLARES

Elsie de Wolfe

IN PRAISE OF THESE NEWEST ELGINS

★ Elsie de Wolfe, Lady Mendl, originated the profession of interior decorating, and her excellent taste and style judgment have received acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic. Gay, smart, charming —she is famous as an international hostess.



Lord Elgin ⋆ Lady Elgin

give new impetus to the Elgin tradition cherished by three generations of Americans

GREAT STYLE AUTHORITIES . . . leaders in technical design . . . young-thinking Americans of every age . . . they all agree! The new Lord Elgins and Lady Elgins are an exciting achievement.

Outside is custom smartness. Inside lives a movement that offers advantages combined in no other make of watch. The Lady Elgins are the only 19-jeweled timepieces for women created in America. The Lord Elgins are 21-jeweled, and can run 45 hours on one winding.

Jewels are specially set—like gems in the finest jewelry. Parts are completely interchangeable. And each watch is timed directly to the standard of the stars by ELGIN'S own world-famous observatory.

Only ELGIN'S third-generation craftsmen, employing scientific aids heretofore unknown, can produce these timepieces that are years ahead in technical design.

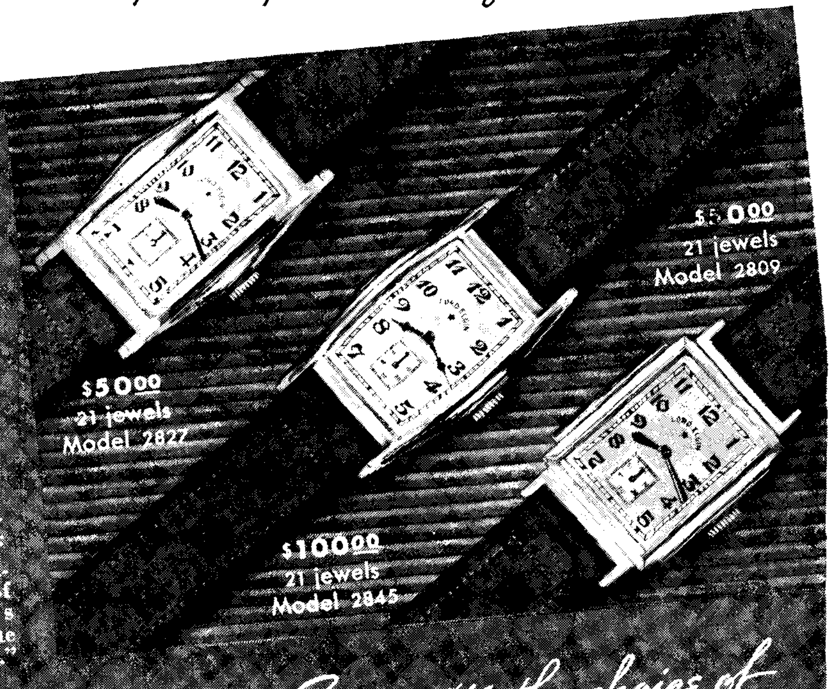
Lord Elgins from $50; Lady Elgins from $47.50. Other ELGINS from $18.50—each model an outstanding value.

MADE BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST FINE-WATCH FACTORY

CAPT. GEORGE E. T. EYSTON

designer of world's fastest motor car, "Thunderbolt" (312.20 m. p. h.):

"I marvel at the precision construction of these newest ELGINS with tiny parts accurate to 2/10,000 of an inch."



★ ELGIN ★ *Since 1865 the choice of distinguished American families*

BENDIX BRINGS STROMBERG *Aero-Type* CARBURETION down to earth, *to better your motor car!*

NINE out of ten American airplanes have Bendix Stromberg Carburetors. So do most makes of motor cars.

Now, Bendix presents *Aero-Type* carburetion for your automobile! It is superior to any other type of carburetion ever developed. It needs no choke-button—the mixture of gasoline and air is *automatically* enriched for cold starting, as well as for fast pick-up and high speeds. Furthermore, while your engine is cold it is *automatically* made to idle faster, preventing stalling.

Without hesitation, Bendix recommends replacing the carburetor now on your car with a new Stromberg. If you now have Stromberg Carburetion of earlier style, have it modernized by your Bendix service man. *You will be money ahead,* because *no car without Stromberg Aero-Type Carburetion is as good a car as it can be.*

There are Bendix Stromberg dealers everywhere, conducting thriving businesses, because Stromberg is the World's Number One Carburetor—on merit.

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Your Bendix Stromberg dealer *knows* carburetors. Always go there for carburetor tune-up, clean-up or renewal of worn or broken parts. His expert work is quicker, hence costs less, and will save you money every mile you drive.

BENDIX

ECLIPSE OUTBOARD MOTORS, ECLIPSE BRAKE LINING, HYDRAULIC STEERING STABILIZER
and many other products

"Take her out. Sorry, but orders are orders and we've got no time to fool around."

Florida was dazed and stupefied as she helped the faithful servants who picked up Ma Eliza's mattress and carried her outside to the shade of a tree from which with tired eyes she watched her shelter go up in flames.

After being burned out, the homeless master led his slaves to Lauderdale Springs, Mississippi, where died the Lady of Hurricane. After her death Joe Davis established the Negroes on a small property that he purchased near Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Meantime, Grant's army had crossed the Mississippi River a few miles below Hurricane and had begun its irresistible advance. In the Battle of Port Gibson they defeated the Confederates and killed General Bowen. A feeble opposition at Raymond was brushed aside, then Grant captured Jackson, the state capital. At Jackson he threw himself between two Confederate armies and hurled General Joseph E. Johnston to the east, then turned on General Pemberton and drove him west toward Vicksburg. On the crest of Champion's Hill the gray host made a stand and were so mercilessly cut to pieces that the Invincibles broke into flying fragments, a raving mob that jammed the Big Black River bridge where Federal guns massacred them from the rear.

Florida Went Home

The veteran Confederates flung away all semblance of discipline. Every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Their once-magnificent army rushed along the road for many frantic miles and poured into Vicksburg. A tangle of horses and men packed the streets. Some cannoneers had brought off their field guns; others merely cut the traces and rode madly on the mules. Herds of driven cattle plunged among the foot soldiers, divisions and regiments inextricably mixed. Buffeted by eighteen days of incessant fighting in which they lost fourteen thousand men, the Gray Invincibles became utterly demoralized.

Paralyzed with terror, the beaten Confederates had but one thought: to reach their trenches at Vicksburg, crowding, jostling, fighting their way through masses of mules that kicked, cattle that lowed, and bleating sheep that were being trampled to death. Hysterical women ran along the sidewalks searching among the rabble for their loved ones, and shouting to comrades who didn't answer. Townsfolk who had so confidently waited at home for news of victory now stood looking on, dumb with agony.

"Water! Water!" the walking wounded screamed. "Water, for God's sake."

Ladies rushed inside again to bring out buckets, pitchers and basins to give drink to famished men who stared at them with haggard eyes, then stumbled on to drop at the first open space and go to sleep. This procession of terror kept passing, passing, like lost souls through hell, passing from noonday until late at night while victorious Federals were crossing Big Black River with their military machine that clicked like a clock.

That night a miracle was wrought in Vicksburg. Frenzied officers roused their men, who lay as dead wherever they had fallen. Companies were hastily slung together and hauled to trenches on a semicircle of rugged hills that surrounded the city. A few hours' rest brought back their nerve, so that by morning these delirious fugitives became once more the Gray Invincibles to pour out such a deadly fire that it drove back their triumphant enemies who stormed the works. Two furious and futile assaults left a terrain dotted with Union dead. Then Grant settled down to a siege and for forty-seven days the Gray Invincibles held their granite lines until starvation forced them to surrender.

We do not know how much of this Florida saw. When her master fled to Alabama he left her helplessly adrift at the Catchings Plantation. All her white folks were gone, the house burned, stock driven off and Negroes scattered. The wretched woman stared at the ruins around her and determined to go home. She had no other place to go and started for Hurricane with nothing to guide her except an animal's sense of direction.

No sane civilian would have attempted such a journey. Battle madness had strewn the land with distorted bodies; the world seemed rocked by prodigious earthquakes, so the bewildered Florida can give only a confused account of what happened. Once she threw herself face downward in a ravine and lay there trembling while shells burst above and bluecoats charged with fierce yells over her.

Hurricane wasn't Hurricane with the Big House so vast and vacant that the returned slave felt her own sickening emptiness. She saw nobody except Negroes and missed many of the old-timers from their doorsteps in the quarters. Not a white face showed anywhere until one day when some ugly boats, not gay and pretty like the packets, dropped anchor at the landing. From her window Florida watched their yawls pull ashore bringing Yankee soldiers, some of whom marched to Hurricane House while another squad came tramping through the dusty quarters toward her cabin.

"Look at 'em," she grumbled. "Whyn't Uncle Ben make dem Yankees git off dis proppity? Fust thing he know dey'll start deir meddlin'."

Angrily the woman turned back to an oven and skillet on her hearth where her husband's dinner was keeping warm. Outside she could hear the bluecoat squad, nearer and nearer until they halted in front of her cabin, then a shadow darkened her doorway and Florida glanced up.

"What you want?"

A tall slim man in blue uniform stood there smiling pleasantly, "Haven't you got something to eat?"

"Dis is my husband's dinner," she snapped. "Y'all git away from here. I don't want to have nothin' to do wid you."

"Same as a Passel o' Mules"

The spare-built Yankee didn't get mad, and Florida saw behind him a pudgy little fat fellow whose comrades called him "Dan Rice," the same one who got drowned that day. But Dan Rice hadn't got drowned, not yet; now he was hungry and pressed forward into the cabin.

"See here. Please cook dinner for us and we'll pay you in good money." The slim leader talked so kind, and Dan Rice kept begging with his baby face, which got on Florida's good side, and she agreed.

"All right. Gimme room. Gimme room."

"Get out, boys," the leader ordered. "We'll eat in relays. Half of you go outside and wait under that tree."

Florida produced a ham and cut thick slices to fry in her skillet, with oven after oven of brown cornpones that vanished down Yankee throats.

"Best dinner I ever ate," the leader bragged. "Now pay her, boys, and don't be stingy."

Every well-stuffed soldier got out his money and Florida had never before seen Yankee greenbacks that came in sheets, whole sheets of money nearly as big as her pillowcases. One of the men picked up her scissors and clipped halves, quarters, dimes until they gave her more than ten dollars. The squad marched away chuckling and pretty soon Florida heard a commotion on the sand bar where they went swimming and Dan Rice got drowned.

They raised such a commotion at the river bank that Florida started running to see about it, but went no farther than Hurricane House where the Yankees were cutting up such didos that she stopped and forgot everything else. Somebody in the music room was blam-blam-blamming on the piano that Miss Orry used to play so softly, and rough feet scuffled on the polished floor while yelling men applauded the dancers.

"Listen to dat," she growled. "Same as a passel o' mules. Yankees ain't got no manners."

The slave woman got fighting mad when she stopped at the front gate and saw a strange Negro in parts of a blue uniform coming out of the hall door with an armful of books. He didn't even take off his hat in the white folks' house but wore a Yankee cap perched on top of his kinky head.

"Drap dem books, you black ape," Florida shouted at him. "Dey belongs to Marse Joe Davis."

"What you got to do wit' it?" the fellow answered. "Cap'n say for us to tote 'em out an' make a fire in de yard."

Choice Pickings for Plunderers

At the heels of the Negro soldier came three white ones, each of them loaded with volumes from the library where Joe Davis and Brother Jeff had sat reading at nights. Florida swelled up bigger'n a toad frog but couldn't hinder them from tearing off the backs of the books and building a bonfire on the lawn.

That wasn't the worst of it. Two more Yankees brought a barrel out of the dining room, a barrel that Florida saw was brimful of glassware, Bohemian vases and fragile goblets no thicker than eggshells. Ma Eliza had never permitted a servant to touch those crystal goblets but washed them with her own hands.

"Look out," Florida warned the men; "you'll break some o' dat."

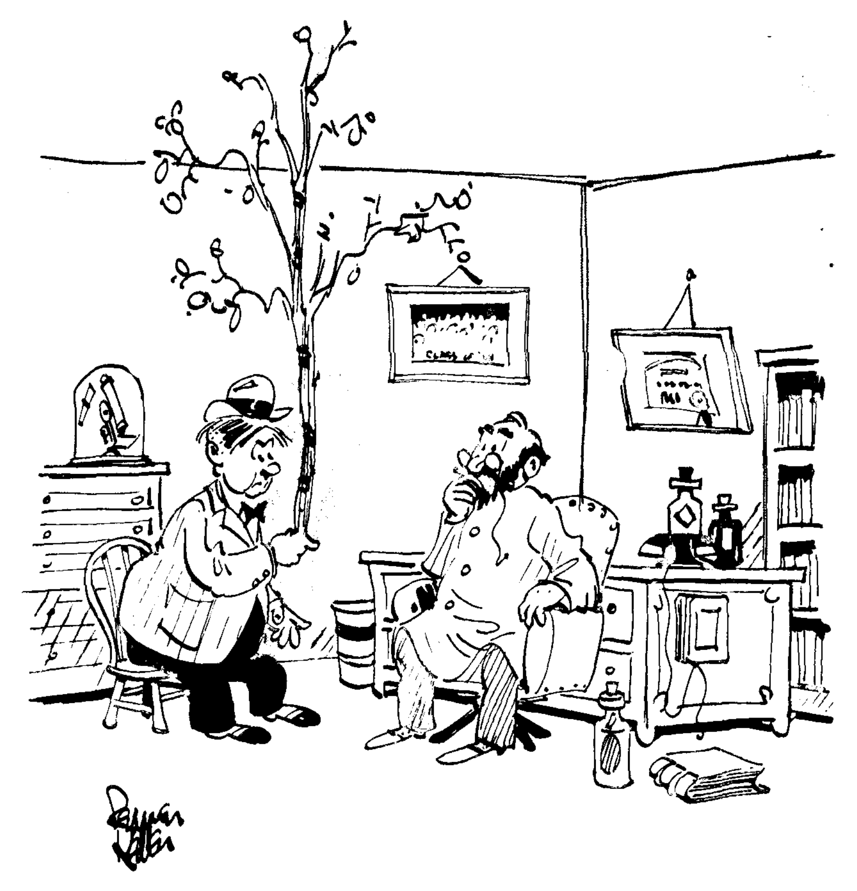
They paid no attention to her but came bumping their barrel down the front steps while Florida scowled blacker than a thundercloud as the soldiers used their musket butts, up and down like churn dashers in the barrel, until they had pulverized every piece of Ma Eliza's glass.

"Dere now," the woman grunted, "I tole Uncle Ben not to let 'em come on dis plantation."

High jinks at Hurricane House where Yankees walked right in as if the place belonged to them. The boss man whom Florida afterward knew as Captain Norton took possession of Miss Amanda's room and changed her furniture around to suit himself. Captain Freeman occupied Miss Mary's room while Captain White took Ma Eliza's. Army boots went clomping through the hallway where soldiers ranged their bunks against the walls and slept at night.

Soon the whole neighborhood swarmed with roaming Negroes, some of whom were captured slaves and others who had run away from their masters to follow the Yankees. Where so many Negroes came from or how they got here Florida couldn't imagine. She thought that the sky must rain down Negroes every night, for in the morning she'd see a few hundred more. The Federals established a colored garrison, and turned Hurricane into a concentration camp, some four thousand black vagabonds being massed at what to this day is called "the corral."

Brierfield House was also occupied as a barracks by officers and men. Being the property of the arch traitor, it offered choice pickings to the plunderers. Priceless marble mantels imported from Italy were beaten into bits with hammers. One large, ornate mantelpiece they carried off and a magazine picture of it was afterward recognized by Mrs. Davis as adorning the villa of a wealthy family in the North. Exquisite mahogany doors, sixteen feet high, were chopped up and burned for kindling, while artistic furniture went the same way. Books were the most valued souvenirs and the entire library vanished. Within the past year some contrite soul returned to Mr. Jefferson Hayes-Davis at Colorado Springs a volume bearing the inscrip-



"It started with a splinter about three months ago, Doc"

REAMER KELLER

ART GILMORE · CBS ANNOUNCER

Personality Plus!

When you hear, over the air, the pleasing voice of Art Gilmore, announcer for the current radio drama "DR. CHRISTIAN," just imagine a chap six feet two, built to the specifications of a real athlete . . . college bred, trained in music and diction . . . already one of the outstanding personalities of the air waves. And picture him the ideal, handsome, young American type . . . with a head of vigorous, well-groomed hair.

But let Art announce for himself: "Sure I use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly. I find it great for keeping the scalp clean and healthy, the hair in place. It's an absolute necessity in looking my best."

Thousands agree with Art Gilmore . . . There's nothing better than 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to keep the scalp in the pink of condition. Use it regularly before every shampoo to correct dryness, help to combat dandruff. Use a few drops daily to keep the hair neat.

Tune in next Sunday to "DR. CHRISTIAN," with the famous Hollywood star, Jean Hersholt, as the small town doctor of River's End . . . Columbia coast-to-coast. 2:30 E.T. . . 1:30 C.T. . . 3:30 M.T. . . 2:30 P.T.

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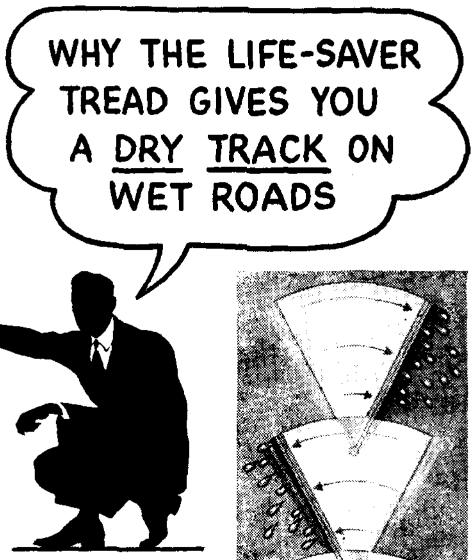
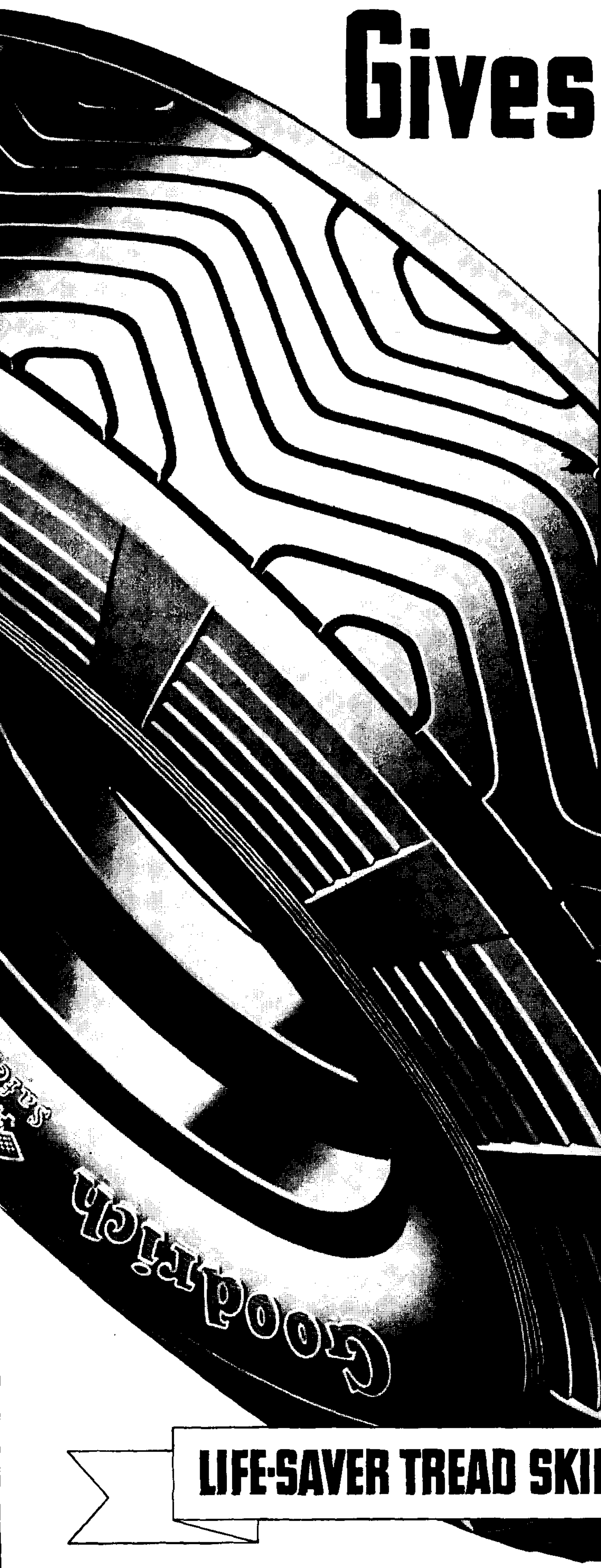
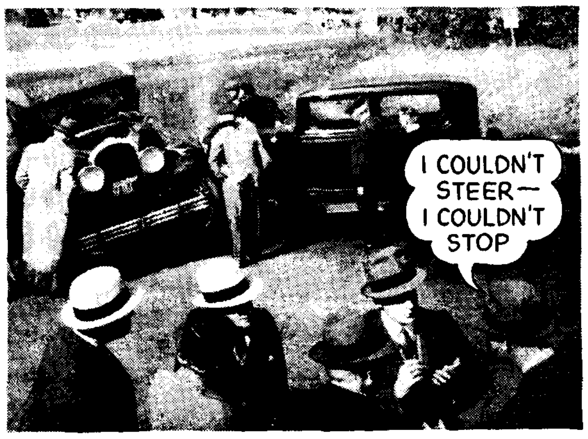

WHY THE LIFE-SAVER TREAD GIVES YOU A DRY TRACK ON WET ROADS

Its never-ending spiral bars, like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep the water right and left—force it out through deep grooves—make a *dry track* for the rubber to grip.

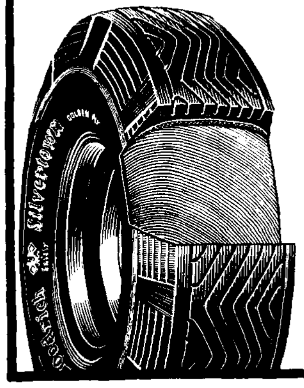

GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION

AVOID BLOW-OUTS LIKE THIS!


I COULDN'T STEER—I COULDN'T STOP

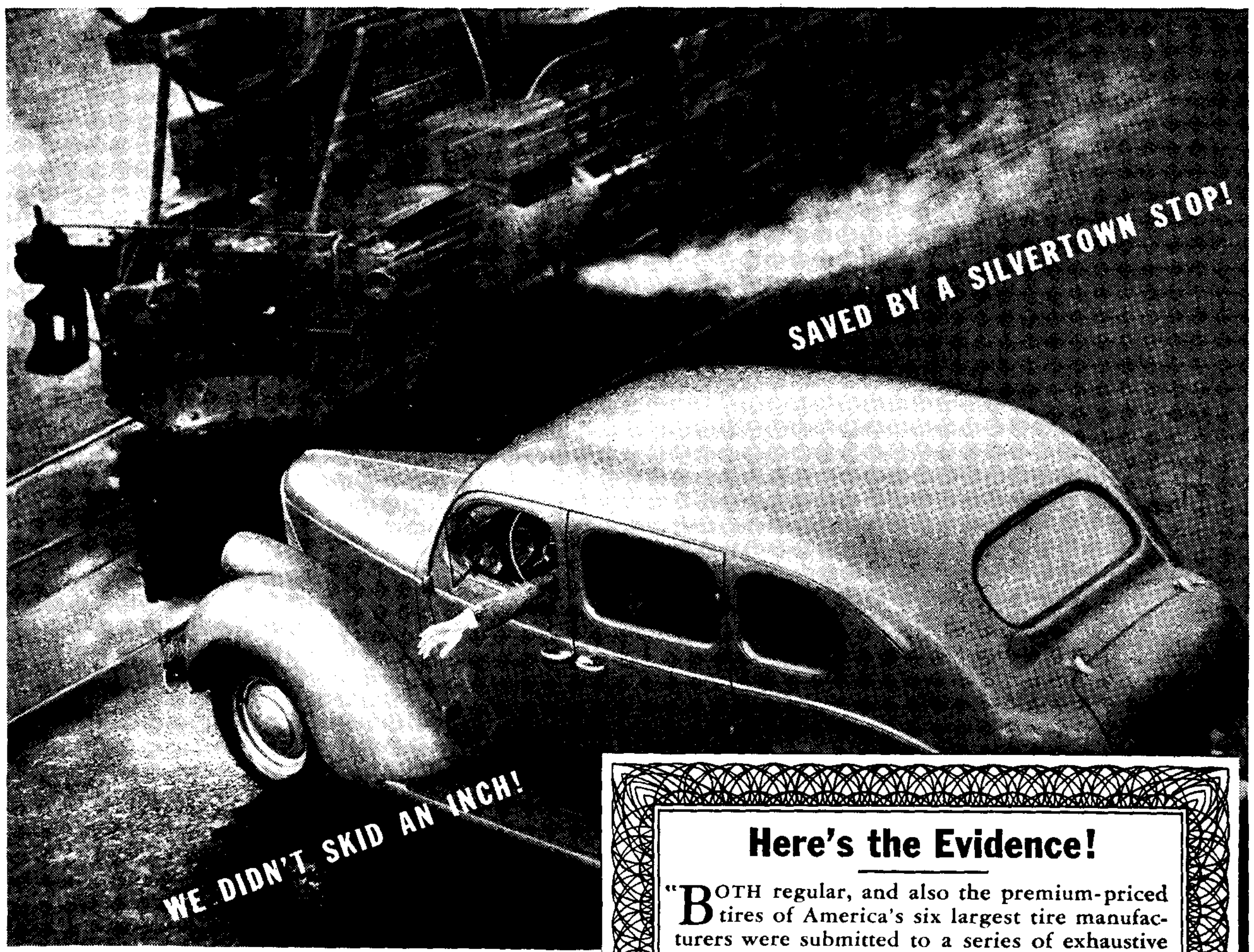
How Golden Ply Protects You Against High-Speed Blow-Outs!


Goodrich Silvertown

Every New Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire is built with the now famous Golden Ply. This Goodrich invention is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply gives you *real* protection against high-speed blow-outs. For safety's sake ride on Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. Stop at any Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store for a set of these long-mileage, life-saving tires.

NEW KIND OF TIRE

Non-Skid Stops You've Ever Seen!



Wins Hands Down in Thrilling Competitive Road Tests Conducted by Famous Testing Laboratory

AGAIN Goodrich makes tire history! Meeting the demands of millions of motorists for greater protection against skidding, Goodrich engineers have perfected a remarkable new kind of tire that conquers wet road skid dangers in a sensational way.

In exhaustive road tests by the impartial Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, largest independent testing laboratory in the country, against regular and premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, *no tire tested,* regardless of price, came up to this new tire in non-skid action. These severe tests, made over a three months' period, also proved that the Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

What It Is

The new Goodrich Silvertown is really two great tires combined in one! For *inside* the carcass is the famous Goodrich Golden Ply protection against high-speed blow-outs. And *outside* is the amazing new Life-Saver Tread which positively takes care of the skid problem as it's never been taken care of before . . . gives you a new kind of protection against what scientists now call the "hazard zone" of motoring, where a slippery film of water makes complete command of your car almost impossible.

Don't confuse this new Goodrich Silvertown with any other tire you've ever seen. For it's so entirely different that it even *looks* different. At first sight you'll know that you've never seen a tread like it. And when you first test its *grip* on a wet, slippery pavement, you'll realize that never before have you felt such a glorious feeling of security! . . . Such a blessed defense against skids!

How It Works

The new Goodrich Life-Saver Tread has a truly amazing action on wet, slippery pavements. It does to the rain-drenched road what your windshield wiper does to the windshield: Its never-ending spiral bars, acting like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep the water from under the tire, force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves. Thus you *constantly* have a dryer, safer road surface for the rubber to grip—in all directions.

It's actually a *road dryer!* That's the secret in a nutshell. Every motorist knows that if a car could be given a *dry* track on a wet road, it would solve the skid problem.

Goodrich engineers worked for years to perfect a truly road-drying tread. And now, thanks to this new Goodrich Life-Saver Tread, motorists can have a *road-drying* tire that *really works.* A pavement-gripping tread that will stop you quicker, safer on wet, slippery roads than you've ever stopped before! A tire that will give you and your loved ones a new sense of driving safety such as you never dreamed was possible!

No Extra Cost

As soon as possible go to your Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store for a *free* demonstration that will give you one of the greatest motoring thrills you've ever had. Don't miss it because you'll never know what the word STOP really means until you've felt the grip of this new Safety Silvertown on a wet, slippery road.

Remember, this new skid-protected Goodrich Silvertown also has the famous Golden Ply protection against blow-outs. So you get *two* great life-saving features—AT NO EXTRA COST!—to say nothing of an average of 19.1% greater non-skid tire mileage—which means you get EVERY 6TH MILE FREE!

Here's the Evidence!

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us, to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including those tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

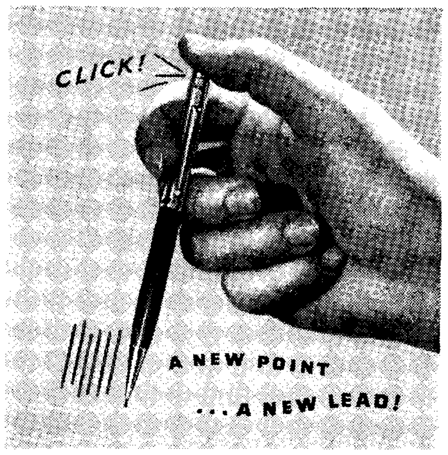
"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out, or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."

PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

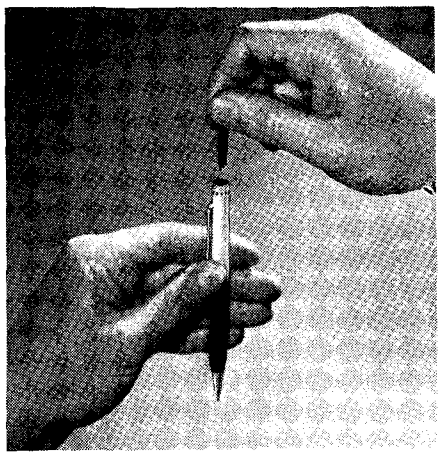
Established 1881, A. R. Ellis, President

the new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

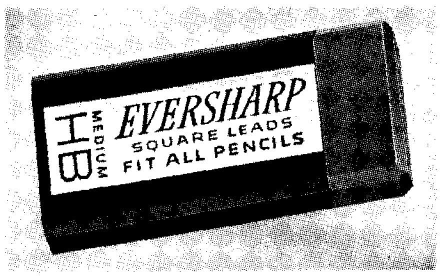
New! THE PENCIL YOU CAN SHARPEN WITH YOUR THUMB!



Sharpening this new Eversharp Repeating Pencil is just a matter of pressing your thumb. Press the top—and *click!* A new point appears! When one lead is used, press the top again and a new lead takes its place! Feeds lead continuously!



This new Eversharp Repeating Pencil holds so many leads that the average writer need refill it only twice a year. Just lift the top and drop in a six months' supply!



WARNING! This pencil operates only with Eversharp Square Lead—the lead that fits *any* mechanical pencil better, snugger—that can't slip or twist. Ask for it in the "Red Top" package. See this new Eversharp Repeating Pencil at your dealer's. Six beautiful models—$2 to $6.

THE NEW

WAHL-EVERSHARP

REPEATING PENCIL

Made by the makers of the famous Wahl-Eversharp Pen —the only pen with the "Self-Fitting" Point

tion: "This book taken from the library of Jefferson Davis and carried by me as a memento of my stay in his home." Faithful Negroes contrived to bury some of the silverware and one gold watch, which they restored to the Davis family after the war.

Bluecoats made themselves most comfortable at Brierfield.

Great oaks shaded the porches, and flower gardens at the rear still showed a remnant of their former beauty when a grizzled sergeant lay out front on the grass listening to the distant thunder of siege guns, which told him that Vicksburg was stubbornly holding to her hills.

The veteran rested flat on his back, gazing upward through the foliage at a patch of blue sky as his captain strolled down the steps.

"Quare, ain't it, cap?" the old sergeant sat up and remarked. "That's the house that Jeff built an' it seems almighty curious for two damn' Yanks like me an' you to be livin' in it so peaceable."

"Yes, Griggs," the captain nodded. "I had just thought the same thing and was writing home to a young lady about being in Jeff Davis' house."

"Well, sir, here's somethin' else you mought tell her." Griggs chuckled and shifted his quid. "Thar's Jeff Davis still holdin' Richmond whilst Ole Abe is fightin' him like hell from Washington. Howsomever, I remembers seein' them two young chaps side an' side long before either one of 'em ever considered bein' a President."

"What?" The captain's interest quickened. "You have seen Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis together?"

"Sartin. Seen 'em with my own two eyes. Onderstan', Cap, that was forty-one years ago when Black Hawk took the warpath. Orders come for us to stop that Injun buck but we didn't have nigh enough men an' called for volunteers. Jeff Davis hadn't been long j'ined us from West P'int, stiffer'n Dan Boone's ramrod, but I'll say this much for him, he was a damn' hard rider an' good officer.

"We needed men, needed 'em bad, an' some backwoods bullies in Illinois raised a company an' offered their services. So Lieutenant Davis, Lieutenant Anderson an' me was detailed to go down there an' muster 'em in at Dixon, Illinois. Bein' from that neck o' th' woods yourself, Cap, you can imagine how that company looked, farmhands, hunters an' sech like wearin' whatever outfit they could scare up.

"Anyhow we ranged them in line to front Lieutenant Davis, neat an' spry as if he'd jest stepped out of a bandbox. Cap, even in his young days Old Abe warn't nobody's pretty boy. An' you never seen sech an onery cuss as the tall lank railsplitter who shuffled forward with loose-hung j'ints that appeared nigh ready to fall apart. There he stood in blue jeans clothes an' claimin' to be the captain. Lieutenant Davis made him hold up his hand to Almighty God an' swear that he'd support the Constitution of the United States. Then that slab-sides critter signed 'A. Lincoln' on the muster roll."

Holocaust at Hurricane

"Do you mean to say that Jefferson Davis administered his first oath of allegiance to Abraham Lincoln?"

"He done so fer a fack. An' t'other young lieutenant, the bashful one, turnt out to be that same Major Anderson who helt Fort Sumter when the rebels fired on him."

"Well, well, well," the captain mused, "I'll go back inside and write the young lady about it."

Freedom, from her mountain height, smiled down upon a jumble of happy blacks who were herded in their corral beside the river. Didn't have to work between meals. Never touch a plow or a hoe, or sweat in the hot sun, just sprawl around all day in the shade and twang a banjo while Yankee mess sergeants filled the plates. Lord, Lord, what a cinch. No wonder Freedom smiled.

To feed all these blackbirds that flocked in the wake of their army and couldn't be allowed to starve was a steady drain upon the Union commissary. Any Southern housewife who superintends the inactivities of her yard boy will realize how Federal officers worried over four thousand newly freed slaves. Northerners didn't know how to handle Negroes and in sheer desperation turned to Ben Montgomery, an intelligent man who understood his own people. So it wasn't long before Florida would see Uncle Ben busy as a bumblebee at the warehouse that Marse Joe had built to store his cotton, which was now bursting with Yankee rations. Large quantities of supplies passed through Ben's hands and possibly he was allowed a profit, but not enough to account for what afterward occurred. Ben and the Union officials put their heads together in a scheme to get some work out of their vagabonds by making them cultivate the confiscated acres of the Davis brothers under Ben Montgomery as manager of both plantations. Slaves became free tenants and parts of the properties were operated.

Twenty-seven miles upriver, the siege went on through long, long days of misery while this little group of Union officers lay snug at Hurricane. The Negroes exasperated them, yet they were living easy until the terrorizing cry of "Fire! Fire!" broke the stillness of a tepid midnight. Blacks burst from their corral like yelling imps out of hell and joined the plantation Negroes who ran shrieking to the Big House. Flames already came out of windows and went roaring through the hallway where soldiers had tumbled from their cots and rushed to safety. A yellow glare lighted the confused mass of Negroes who milled about. Officers shouted their orders but could do nothing, for the great wooden structure burned like dry prairie grass. Heavy timbers crashed down, the roof fell and blazing fragments flew upward to the sky, scorching the tree tops and hurling a fiercer brilliance along the river. Everything was destroyed except a detached brick library, and when the sun arose only the stark black chimneys stood like tombstones to mark the spot.

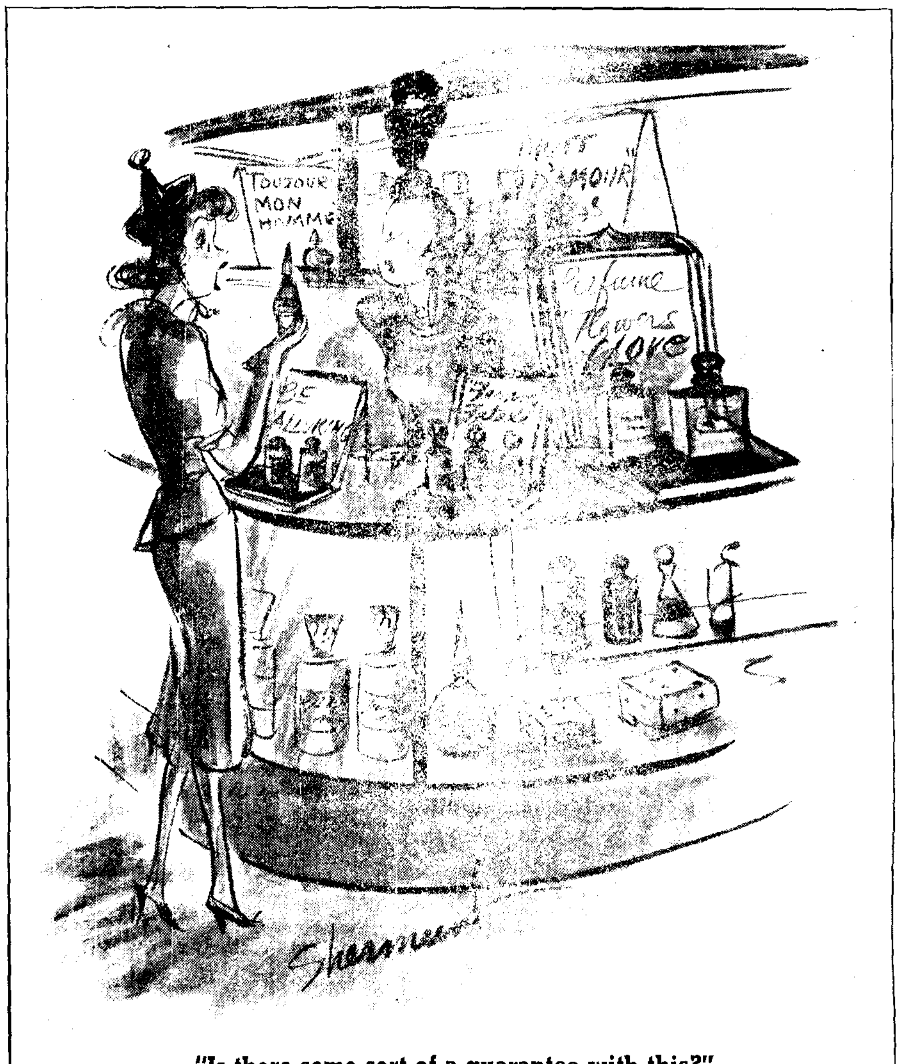
"Dere now," Florida wailed. "Marse Joe won't never come back again, never come back."

Many Southerners, without inquiry, have accepted it as a fact that this burning was an act of pure malignancy, but old Florida says no. Among the Negroes who had "violated deirselves" was a pot-bellied fellow named Ben Scott, who had come with the bluecoats as a soldier, a wagoner, or just a hanger-on for rations. Rations were his long suit and Ben Scott craved plenty. He had the run of Hurricane House and at all hours would be cooking for himself. On the night of the conflagration Ben got up about twelve o'clock and built a huge wood fire on the hearth to prepare his midnight snack. He stuffed himself, then lay down like a gorged snake to sleep. Sparks popped out and the room was aflame when Ben escaped, half awake, to the yard.

The Fall of Vicksburg

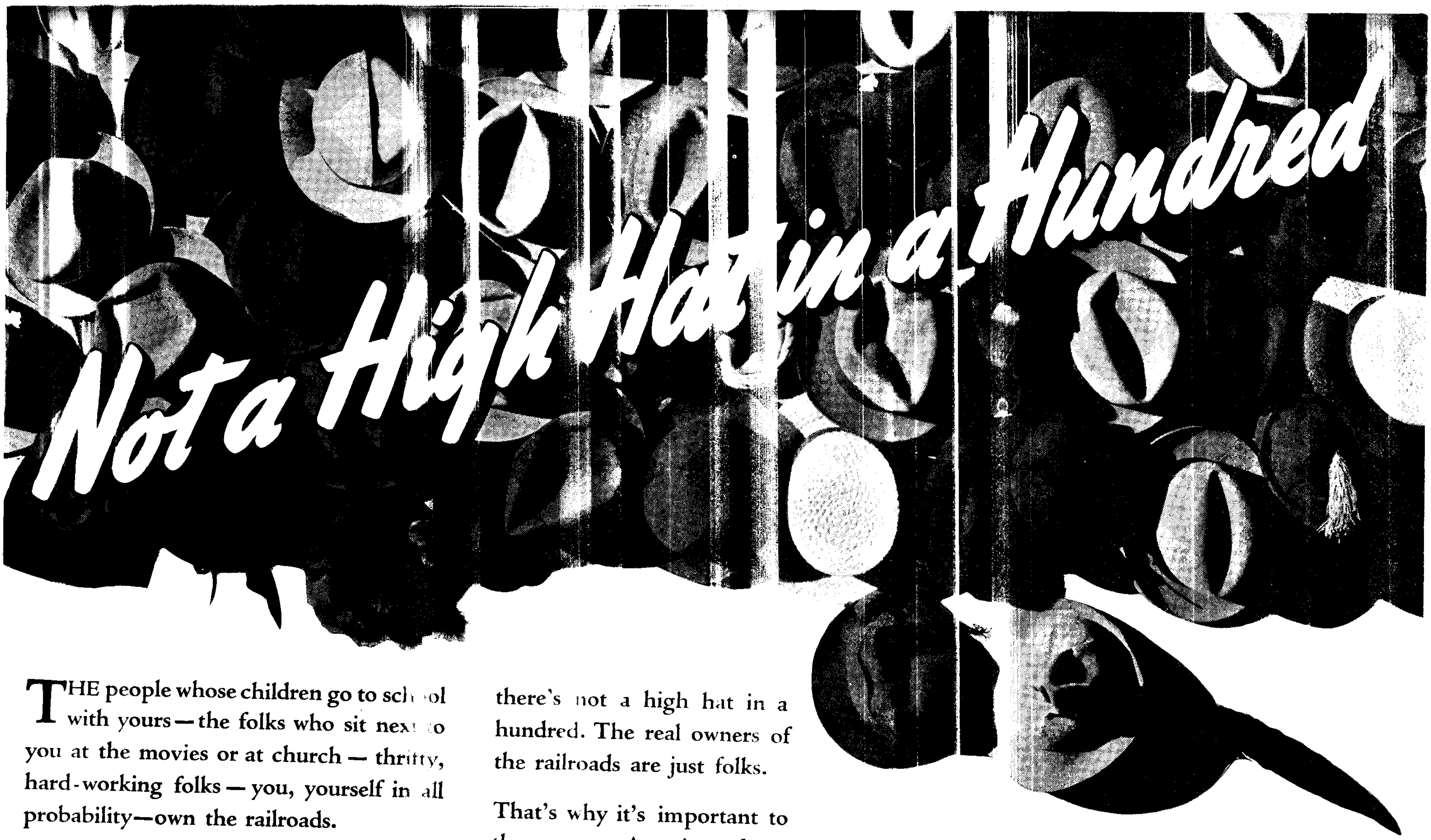
Another version given by members of the Davis family is that a camp follower from the corral, hilarious over his new freedom and a bottle of whisky, playfully tossed a flaming picket through a window. Either account is easier to believe than that snug soldiers should fire the roof above their heads, at midnight, lose part of their equipment and go to live in tents. Possibly they intended to burn it when they left, as was attempted at Brierfield.

Florida never kept track of dates and didn't know it was the glorious Fourth of



"Is there some sort of a guarantee with this?" B. SHERMUND

Not a High Hat in a Hundred



THE people whose children go to school with yours—the folks who sit next to you at the movies or at church—thrifty, hard-working folks—you, yourself in all probability—own the railroads.

For the railroads belong to 855,000 separate owners of railroad stocks—the majority of individual owners have somewhere between 10 and 100 shares—and to the hundreds of thousands who own railroad bonds.

But this is only a starting point. Half the total population has life insurance and all of these people have an indirect ownership in the railroads—because insurance companies own railroad securities.

Or to take another group—anyone who has a little money in a savings account has an indirect ownership in the railroads, because savings banks also own railroad securities.

Look them all over and it's easy to see there's not a high hat in a hundred. The real owners of the railroads are just folks.

That's why it's important to the average American for the railroads to prosper. Only when they take in more than they pay out for materials, supplies, taxes, labor, can they have something left over to pay for the use of the money which these people have invested.

With this fact always in mind, the railroads, in the face of lean earnings, have developed mass transportation with all of its efficiency and economy—more powerful locomotives, longer trains, greater dependability.

They have also worked steadily for improved service as a means of winning business—both passenger and freight. The speed of freight trains, for instance, has been stepped up 50 per cent. And everyone knows the progress made in air-conditioning—the popularity and economy of streamline trains—and the railroad safety record.

Anyone who looks at the total record must be impressed with the enterprising spirit of the railroads—and with the need for rates which will not only give their myriad owners some hope of income from the money invested, but will attract new capital which will enable the railroads to continue to supply America with the finest transportation in the world.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"HERE'S TO THE BIG APPLE"

THE big apple's mighty popular on the dance floor—but not perched on a manly neck.

Baldness is mighty funny—except to Baldy.

So why don't you sneak a look at your left shoulder right now?

Is dandruff speckling your coat—and do hairs shed from your head? If they do, it's high time for Kreml—and too, too late when all the hair is gone.

For even Kreml can't grow hair on a bald head. But it can—and does—stop excessive falling hair and remove dandruff. Thousands of letters from Kreml users prove *that.* So get one of those square bottles of Kreml at once—at its thrifty reduced price. And even if your hair is not thinning, use Kreml—it's the best hair dressing you've ever used, keeps the hair in place but is never sticky or greasy.

Ask your barber to give you a refreshing Kreml Treatment.

And you ladies, tell your beauty shop to use it, too. Besides helping make your hair soft and lustrous, it's just about the best wave set you could use.

Get the Kreml Shampoo habit, too. Kreml Shampoo is made from an 80% olive oil base and leaves your hair soft and silky, yet easy to keep in place.

KREML

Tested and Approved ★ Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

July when she heard the Yankees set up a sudden whoop and hoorah. From her cabin door she could see them at the warehouse, bustling like ants, as they celebrated the fall of Vicksburg and sang:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree."

"Huh!" the slave woman muttered. "Dat's how come we hates dem Yankees." She turned into the house, trying not to hear, when Robert came in, so excited he could hardly talk. "Lissen, Florida, lissen. I kin make a heap o' money now by sellin' my watermelons."

"Wharbouts?"

"In Vicksburg."

"You can't git to Vicksburg."

"Sho kin," the husband answered cockily, " 'cause Major Bennett tole me I could take my melons 'long wid de soljers on his boat. Onderstan', Florida, de whole Yankee army is marchin' into Vicksburg, an' ev'y one of 'em will crave a nice juicy melon. I'll get rich."

"What you say? Yankees marchin' into Vicksburg?"

"Done already marched 'cause de rebels is s'rendered."

"Shet up, Robert, an' don't never say rebels 'round me. You's been mixin' too much wid dese Yankees."

He Lost the Watermelons

For several weeks Robert had industriously curried favor with Union officers so as to save a two-acre patch of watermelons that were now ripe at the rear of his cabin. Flattery and judicious contributions had secured military protection from depredators at the corral.

The bluecoat garrison was going to Vicksburg on a boat named the Polly Jones, and with the help of friends Robert had carried his melons aboard.

The Polly Jones lay in deep water, so close in that a plank gangway reached from the shore to her deck and bluecoats were filing singly across it. Steam was up and dense smoke poured from her chimneys. The men had stacked arms, pulled in the gangplank, and crowded against the rail to yell back, "We got Vicksburg. Next stop, Richmond."

Florida could see her husband sentineling his melons that would make him rich when a high-pitched voice shrilled out:

"Jump off! Jump off! Boat's afire!"

A swift calamity. Tongues of flame licked out from the hatches and stampeded soldiers rushed to the rails.

"Jump, men, jump!" Major Bennett kept shouting and pushing them overboard while yawls darted from shore to pick up those who could not swim. Once Florida turned aside for less than half a second to watch Uncle Romeo, who struggled in the water, and when she looked back again Robert was gone. Gone. Fire had reached their stacked arms and rifles began to explode. Bullets whistled in every direction and frightened Negroes cowered behind trees. The frantic wife didn't think of hiding but ran up and down the bank calling, "Robert! Robert!" until she stumbled over him where he lay face downward in a thicket. His clothes were scorched, his hair singed, cheeks pitted with powder.

"Good Lord, Florida, good Lord, I done lost all my watermelons."

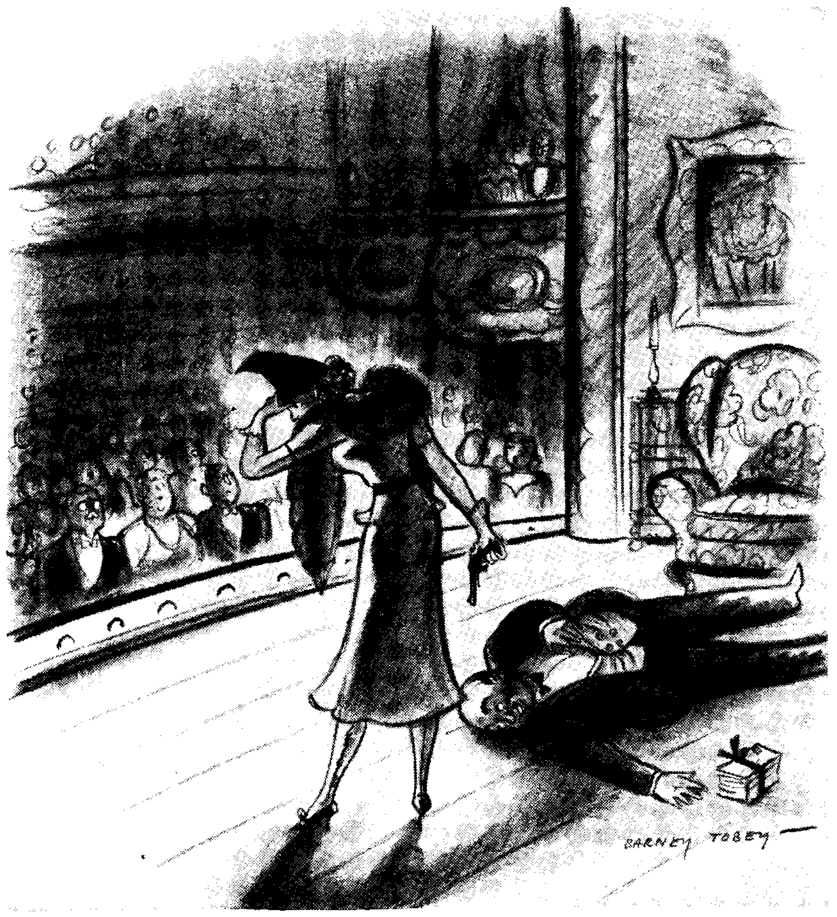
"Hush, fool! Lemme git you home an' pick dat powder outen yo' face."

The Polly Jones burned to the water's edge and her sunken hulk still lies there at the landing.

Even while its calm roof sheltered them the bluecoats had gradually and thoroughly gutted Brierfield Mansion; then as smallpox developed among the Negroes they converted it into a pesthouse. When Vicksburg fell the invaders withdrew, applied the torch and marched away. But the departing squad had scarcely turned their backs before plantation hands rushed to the house and by frenzied efforts saved it.

Aunt Florida had seen the first Yankees come, now she saw the last ones go, leaving a heartbroken slave woman to mourn over the ashes of Hurricane.

The concluding article of this series will appear next week



"Your slip's showing"

BARNEY TOBEY

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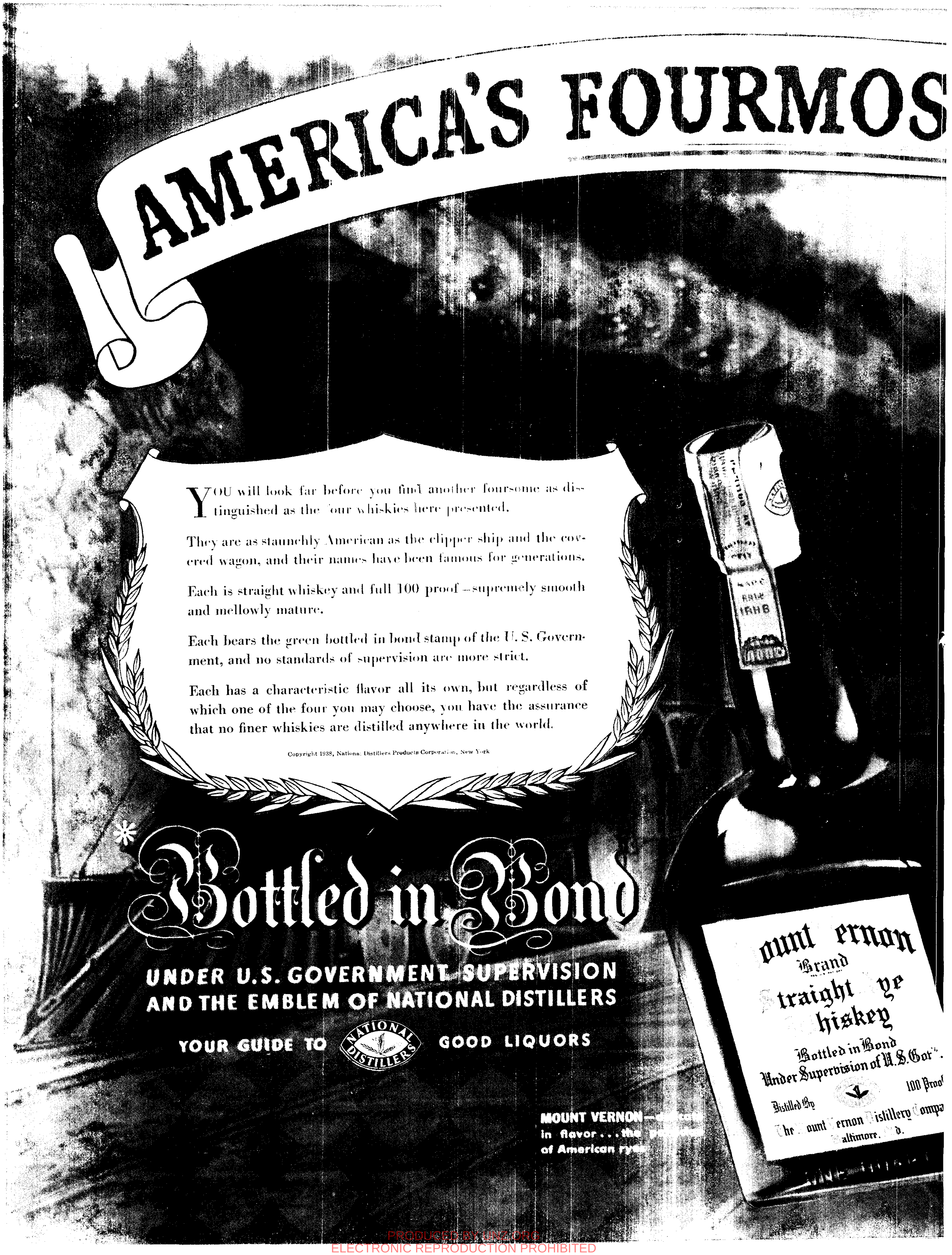
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They are as staunchly American as the clipper ship and the covered wagon, and their names have been famous for generations.

Each is straight whiskey and full 100 proof—supremely smooth and mellowly mature.

Each bears the green bottled in bond stamp of the U. S. Government, and no standards of supervision are more strict.

Each has a characteristic flavor all its own, but regardless of which one of the four you may choose, you have the assurance that no finer whiskies are distilled anywhere in the world.

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*Bottled in Bond

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AND THE EMBLEM OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS**

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS **GOOD LIQUORS**

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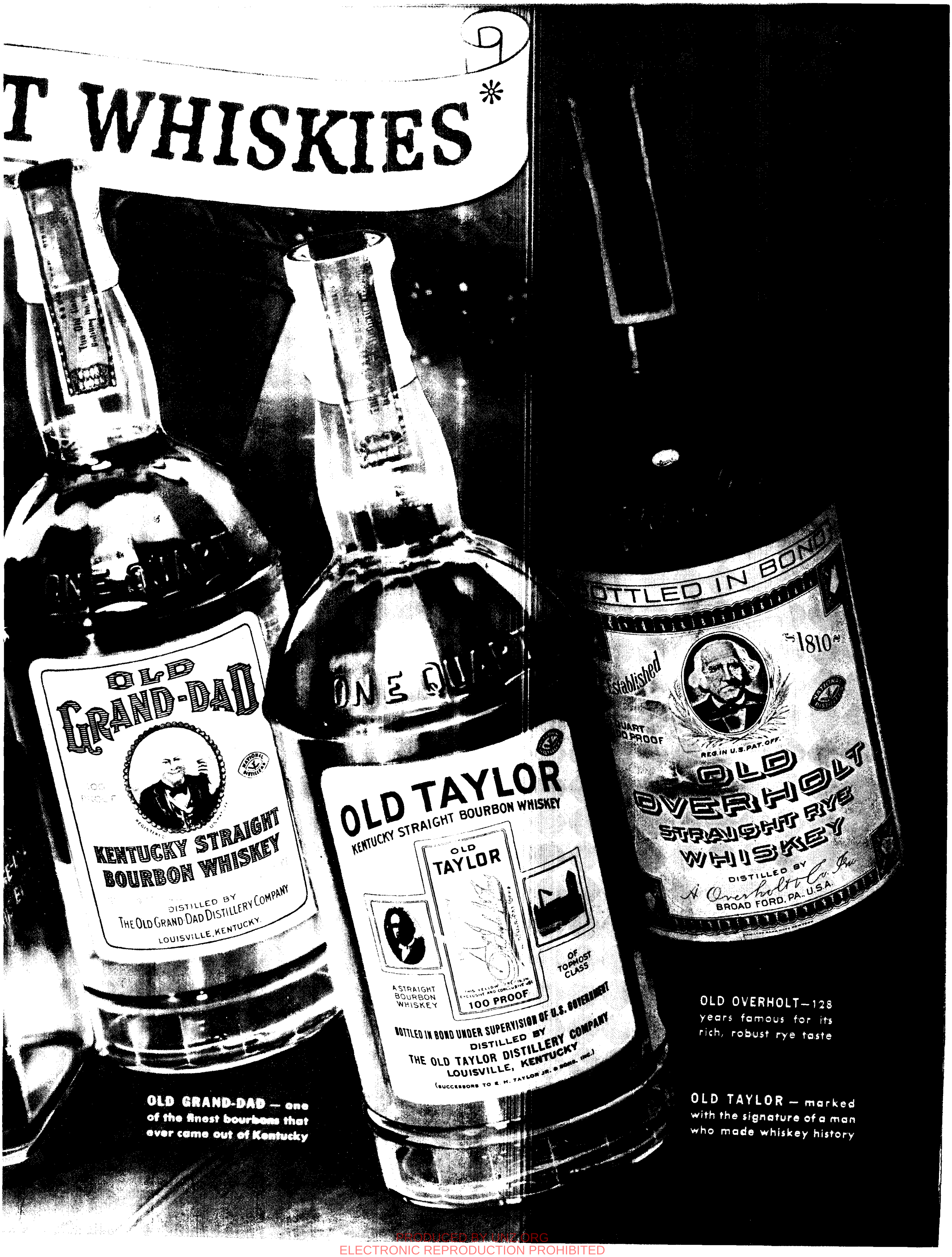
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The Little Woman

By Jay Wilson

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

QUESTION. You admit, Mr. Adams, that you struck your wife? Answer. Yes.

Q. You deliberately blacked your wife's eye?

A. I would have blacked her other eye if the officer hadn't jumped on me so quick.

Q. Mr. Adams, you astonish me! The court, I am sure, was disposed to be lenient out of consideration for the public service you rendered in capturing Willie the Weasel, a hardened and dangerous criminal. But it is difficult to reconcile this courageous behavior with your subsequent act and your present attitude.

A. It wasn't heroic. I was scared stiff. And Claudine had it coming to her.

Q. Do you mean to tell the court that your bride deserved such brutal treatment? Why, look at her sitting there. Even now there is no malice toward you in her unclosed eye. Could any man ask for a more loving wife?

A. Then what's all the fuss about? Claudine is satisfied. We kissed and made up and she promised not to drive from the back seat any more.

Q. The fuss, Mr. Adams, is that in this community we frown upon wife-beating. We will not permit an innocent little woman to be cuffed about any time it pleases her husband.

A. I don't cuff her about. I love her. I never hit anyone before in my life. I am a mild, even-tempered man. But there are limits.

Q. You are right, Mr. Adams. There *are* limits. And you have exceeded them. And unless you can convince the court that you had sufficient reason for your conduct it will be my duty to demand that an example be made of you.

A. Well, Claudine has lots of good points and I love her very much. But she is a little dumb. Only she didn't know it. She does now . . . and we get along great.

Q. You knew of this . . . uh . . . mental deficiency before you married her?

A. Sure. But no woman has everything. . . . And I liked what Claudine had. I didn't care what she didn't have.

Q. But your wife did not recognize her . . . ah . . . naïveté—?

A. Does any woman? They all think they're mental giants. They get on committees and run bazaars and bridge parties and things, and wind up by thinking they're great little organizers.

Q. Don't you think it requires intelligence to run a successful bazaar?

A. Not when the cash customers are husbands dragged in by the ears.

Q. H'mm. But what was your attitude toward all this?

A. Oh, it was all right with me. It was harmless and gave her something to do. I didn't realize, you see, what a good opinion she was building up of herself.

Q. What happened then?

A. She started to do a lot of backseat driving around the place.

Q. Mr. Adams, I begin to understand. Was it your wife who first heard Willie the Weasel moving around in your house the night of the fourteenth?

A. Yes. She woke me up. I listened and, sure enough, there was a burglar downstairs. There is a telephone beside my bed upstairs and I wanted to call the police and let them handle it.

Q. But Mrs. Adams did not let you?

A. She had a better idea. She got quietly out of bed and got a pistol out of my dresser. She handed it to me and said, "Horace, you go downstairs and point this at him. I will telephone for the police."

Q. What did you do?

A. I told her that I valued my hide more than I did our silverware, and that I was hanged if I was going down.

Q. And she said?

A. She said, "Don't be ridiculous, Horace. A burglar will not attack an armed man."

Q. What did you do then?

A. Well, I knew if I didn't humor her she'd sulk for weeks. Sniffs, sighs and dirty looks, if you know what I mean. So I thought that if I went downstairs I could sort of accidentally stumble and make a noise. The burglar would hear me and get out before there was any danger.

Q. Is that what you did?

A. It's what I would have done if Claudine hadn't stuck her nose into it just as I was halfway down the stairs and about to go into my stumble.

Q. What did she do?

A. She turned on the downstairs light from the switch upstairs and said, "Don't you know better than to go after a burglar in the dark?"

Q. Did that frighten the burglar?

A. Maybe it would have . . . if this Willie the Weasel hadn't been right below me there in the hall. I darn' near died right then.

Q. What did he do?

A. Nothing. My pistol happened to be pointing at him.

Q. What did you do?

A. What could I do? I went the rest of the way down the stairs and kept him covered while Claudine telephoned the police.

Q. But you had a gun. There wasn't any real danger.

A. Wasn't there? Listen, I was so scared I couldn't hold the blame thing steady and I could see that Willie was trying to make up his mind whether to make a dive at me.

Q. I'm surprised he didn't. Willie the Weasel is said to do desperate things when he is cornered.

A. I could see that in his eyes. They were mean and close-set. And he was big enough to break my neck with one hand if he ever got close enough. He said, "Buddy, if you know what's good for you, you'll let me outta here."

Q. But you didn't let him go. By that time you were determined to bring this enemy of society to justice?

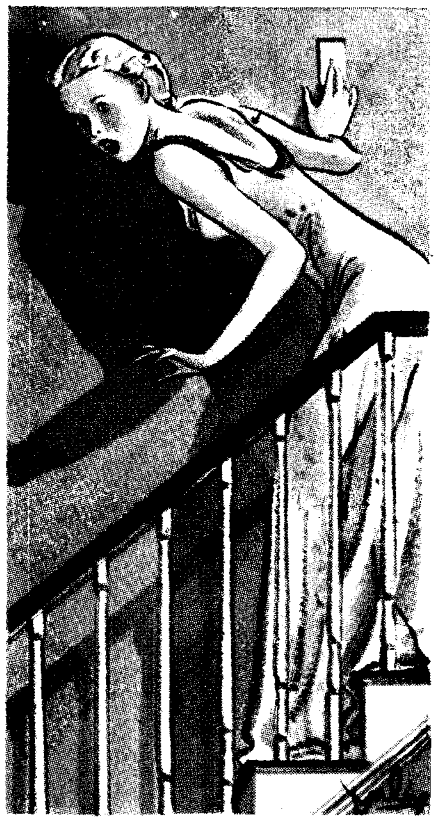
A. Like hell! If Claudine hadn't been there on the stairs he could have gone, taking the piano with him for all of me. That man was dangerous, I'm telling you. He was a killer. I'd never fired a gun in my life. How did I know I could hit him?

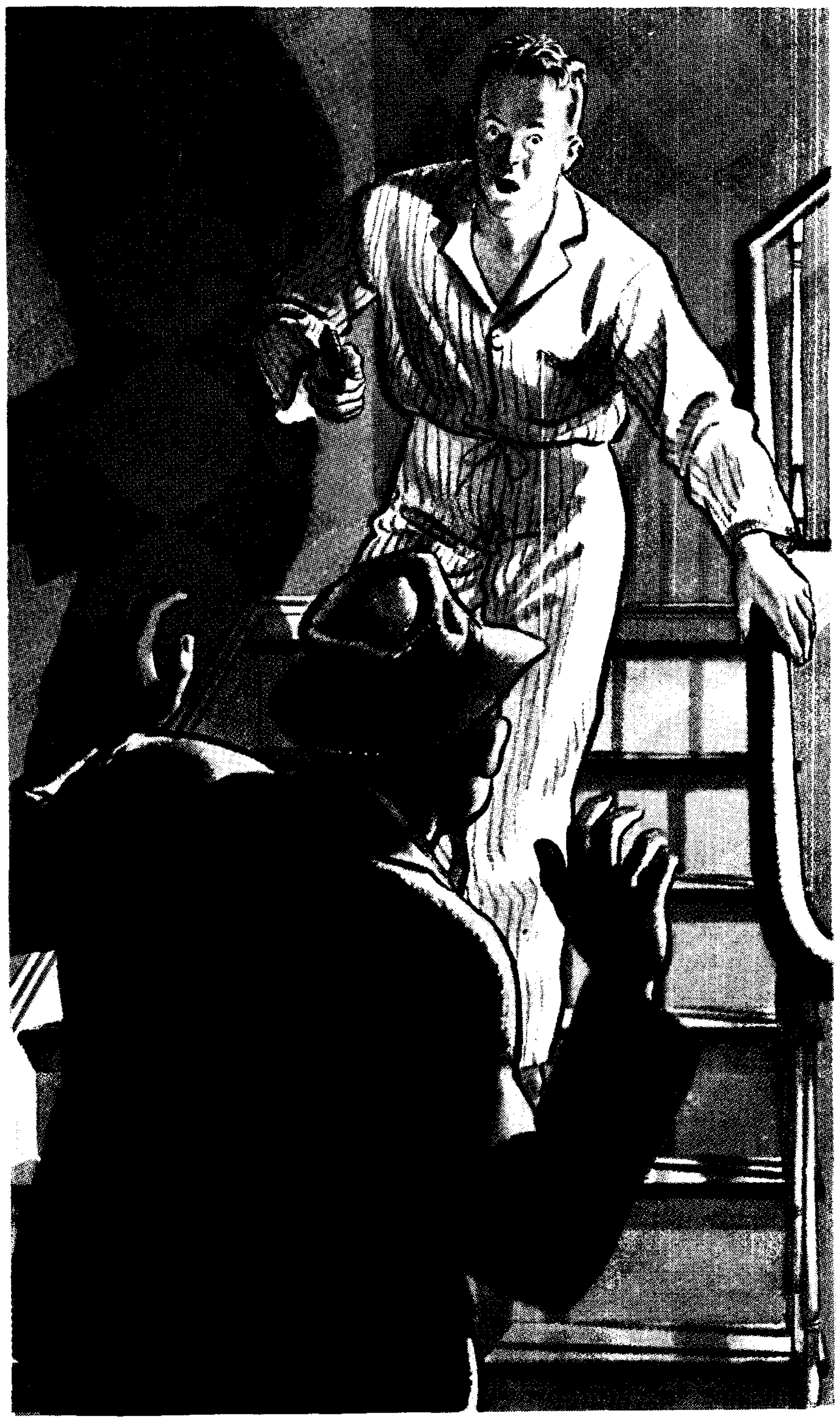
Q. But Willie the Weasel didn't know you didn't know how to shoot.

A. No? Well, he was getting ready to find out whether I could or not. He sort of hunched his shoulders and put one foot behind him the way you do when you're going to jump. If the police hadn't got there at exactly that instant there would have been a dead man in the hall. Even the officer who put the cuffs on him said it was lucky nobody had been killed.

Q. Well, Mr. Adams, there is no doubt that you had a trying experience. But you have not yet shown what can be called sufficient reason for your subsequent assault upon Mrs. Adams.

A. Haven't I? Well, it was right after the officer had said how lucky it was that nobody had been killed that Claudine said, "How silly! There wasn't the slightest danger of anyone being killed. I took the bullets out of the gun before I gave it to Horace!" And that was when I clipped her.





She turned on the downstairs light, and said, "Don't you know better than to go after a burglar in the dark?"

Hot Money

Continued from page 14

casually. A smart little girl that knew all the answers—I suppose she pegged the Rube for an umpchay as soon as she saw him.

Everyone did that. He was a big fellow, blond and well-built, with honest-looking gray eyes set deep in a face that appeared perpetually surprised—a full-moon face that looked simple and credulous and kind. A plain-clothes man with a face like that is invaluable; set the Rube on any street in New York and before he'd gone two blocks someone was sure to stop him and offer to sell him a diamond ring for a dollar, or a genuine Hudson Seal coat for ten. It's a fact that one day a guy caught him standing around Penn Station and offered him a concession on the subway turnstiles during rush hour for fifty dollars a week.

BUT underneath all that, he was a good cop, and a smart one. I liked to work with him because he never bothered with women much, and I can't stand anybody that fusses over women. Seeing him with this Miss Johnson kind of surprised me; it was the first time anything like that had happened. They danced a lot together and seemed to be having a fine time. Whenever the music stopped you could hear her high voice chattering at him. I was disgusted. You know, you could take one look at her and put down her history pretty accurately. A little too much make-up, a little too much figure—and smart, plenty smart, all the way.

Down in our stateroom, after Martin Francis had checked in for the night and I'd fixed it with his steward to let me know if he left it again, or if anyone called on him there, the Rube began to talk about her.

"She's a dancer," he told me. "In shows. Janie—that's a nice name. You like her, Mac?"

"Sure," I said. "I lost my heart right off. A bimbo like that would never take you for a dollar more than you owned."

The Rube grinned and dropped a shoe on the floor. "What did a woman ever do to you anyway, Mac?"

"Nothing," I said, "because I never gave any of them a chance."

He looked up at me with that serious way he had, so that you could never be quite sure whether he was kidding or not.

"She's a nice girl, Mac. A lot of fun. Besides, if I'm with her I can hang around Martin Francis and it won't look so suspicious."

"Oh, that," I said. I was relieved. For a second he'd had me worried.

Next day I watched Martin Francis stroll around the deck, and play games, and talk to some of the girls aboard, and have his meals. You wouldn't think it would be so tough a job watching a man enjoy himself, but I was worried every minute. The boat docked in New York the next day and we weren't any farther along than when we started. After all, you couldn't hang over his shoulder and listen to what he said to everyone he spoke to; but none of the conversations looked serious. And nothing else came up to give us a lead.

THAT night after dinner when he went to his cabin I was almost relieved. This thing of watching and waiting and feeling every second that he was going to put one over on me got on my nerves. When I was sure he was in for the evening, and had the steward promise to keep an eye on his door, I went up on deck for a smoke and some quiet thought.

It was quiet up there at first—a nice night, with a breeze off the sea to make it pleasant, and a pumpkin slice of moon pinned halfway up the sky. A night for lovers, or petting, or just to get some fresh air, though what with thinking about Martin Francis I didn't enjoy my cigar very much. I just smoked it.

Pretty soon, too, I noticed it wasn't so deserted as it seemed. I almost fell over one or two couples in the shadowy parts of the deck, and that irritated me. All that stuff makes me sick because I can't understand how a full-grown man can be stupid enough to get hooked by it. Now I began to bump into them wherever I went. Even when I found a spot far forward, where the breeze came in sharp across the bows, there were two of them sitting out in deck chairs, in the thin moonlight.

The Rube and Janie. Tie that. They were holding hands and staring out over the sea, with her head tucked in against his shoulder. While I watched him that pert little face of hers lifted up to him, and the Rube, after looking down at it a second as if he wasn't quite sure what to do, kissed it. Then they snuggled up together and went back to watching the sea and holding hands.

I went down to our stateroom boiling. Something like that got me all stirred up. Here I couldn't even eat my meals thinking about that money, and all the Rube cared about his job was to waste the little time we had making love to that potsy. I tell you I was sore. It was an hour later before he came in, but I still wasn't asleep.

"Nice moon," I said, switching on the light. "Where was Martin Francis up there? Sitting between you?"

"Huh?" He blinked at the bulb. "I thought you were asleep. Listen, Mac—"

SOMEONE rapped at the door then. It was Martin Francis' steward. He told me that Francis had left his cabin ten minutes ago and gone up on deck, and talked to somebody there. But they'd been standing in a dark corner and this smart steward hadn't been able to see who the girl was—he didn't even have brains enough to follow her instead of Francis when she went below.

I banged the door on him without giving him a nickel. I was so mad I kicked my shoe all the way across the cabin and almost fractured my big toe. While I was still describing that steward the Rube looked queerly at me over a cigarette he'd lit. He said: "Don't get het up, Mac. I know who the girl was. Miss Johnson."

Some fellows are born that way. Here he hardly bothered his head about Francis all the way up, and yet when the break came it was dumped right into his lap. He'd left her on deck when she hinted it was getting pretty late and started down for the stateroom. Hers was on the other side of the boat and she started out as if she were going to bed, too. Then the Rube discovered he had left his cigarettes on the deck beside his chair and went back to get them. Janie and Martin Francis were talking together just where the Rube had left her.

"They didn't see you?"

"No. I stopped when I saw who they were, Mac. They must have talked there five minutes."

"There's your contact," I said, and I felt so good I decided to give that steward fifty cents, anyway, in the morning. "She's his carrier, and she got rid of you when it came time for him to show. Who'd she see them that late on deck?"

"Yeh," the Rube said, without much life. "You going to pick the two of them up before we dock?"

"I know you'll taste the difference"

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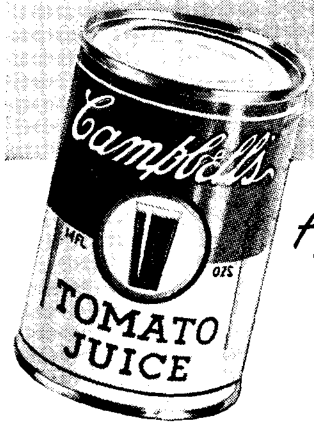

I PAY THE CHECK—AND TOM TAKES HER HOME!
AND THAT MAKES ME A PRIZE SAP! BUT I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW WHAT MADE HAZEL DO IT!
WELL, THE TRUTH IS, PHIL—YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO OUGHT TO TALK TO A DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!
PHIL, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
DANCE, HAZEL?
THANKS, TOM--BUT I'M NOT DANCING WITH ANYONE BUT PHIL TONIGHT!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
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"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

"Hell, no. He won't touch the money until he's ashore and everything looks all right. And without that money in his hands we won't have a thing on him. All we got to do now is watch this Janie. When they're ashore he'll hook up with her again. There's our time."

"I guess so," the Rube said. He undressed slowly, looking at me a couple times before he went on. "You think she knows what she's doing, Mac?"

"That girl?" I said. "Don't be dopey. No one ever caught her off base in her life."

"I guess," the Rube said again. "She seemed kind of a funny kid. High-spirited. I liked her. I suppose she was never brought up in a convent, but that isn't her fault. She's had a pretty tough time, Mac, by what she told me. You know I feel sorry for her."

All this time I hadn't been sure that he wasn't kidding, with that serious, peculiar humor of his.

"Now look," I said. "The boys call you Rube and you act it up to the hilt, but don't try to tell me you've gone over the jumps for something like that. Not for little Janie."

After a pause the Rube said quietly: "You don't think I'm a sucker? You don't think that, do you?"

He got up and moved around with a lot of swing and vigor as he hung his clothes up—too much vigor. It was overdone. When I caught his eyes there was something wrong with them. A great light broke on me.

"Look," I said. "Did you ever go out with any other girl, Rube?"

"Me?" He laughed as if that were a great joke. "Why, I could tell you more about—"

"Some other time," I said. "You take a listen now. Women come in two grades—some are pests and the rest are poison. This Janie's poison."

"All right," the Rube said, with a white edge to his jaw. "Lay off the sermon, Mac. I don't want to hear any more about it. Pipe down."

With that he knocked off the light and climbed into the bunk above me. But I knew he didn't sleep right away because I could hear him tossing there. You know it was hard to believe anyone like the Rube, who had knocked around as much as he had, and met up with the types he did, tripping up on something like this blonde. Me, now, I found out so much about women that they never bother me any more. The only one I can watch even in the movies is Patsy Kelly.

And the Rube was a type of guy you don't meet up with often. That kid's face of his wasn't altogether a front. I saw that now.

I gave him a lot of good advice before I went to sleep but he never said a word.

WE DOCKED next day about noon, and there were a couple of boys there from headquarters to see how things went. I put one of them on the girl and another on Martin Francis. They stopped at different places but of course that was in the cards too. He'd be very careful now until he was sure that everything was fine.

About two that afternoon, when she was downstairs having lunch, I went over to her hotel and had the clerk pass the Rube and me into her room. We'd thought out everything so that it all fitted together, but it was just thinking at that; there was a chance we were wrong. The only way to make sure was to find that money; I was so worked up by then that I couldn't hold off any longer.

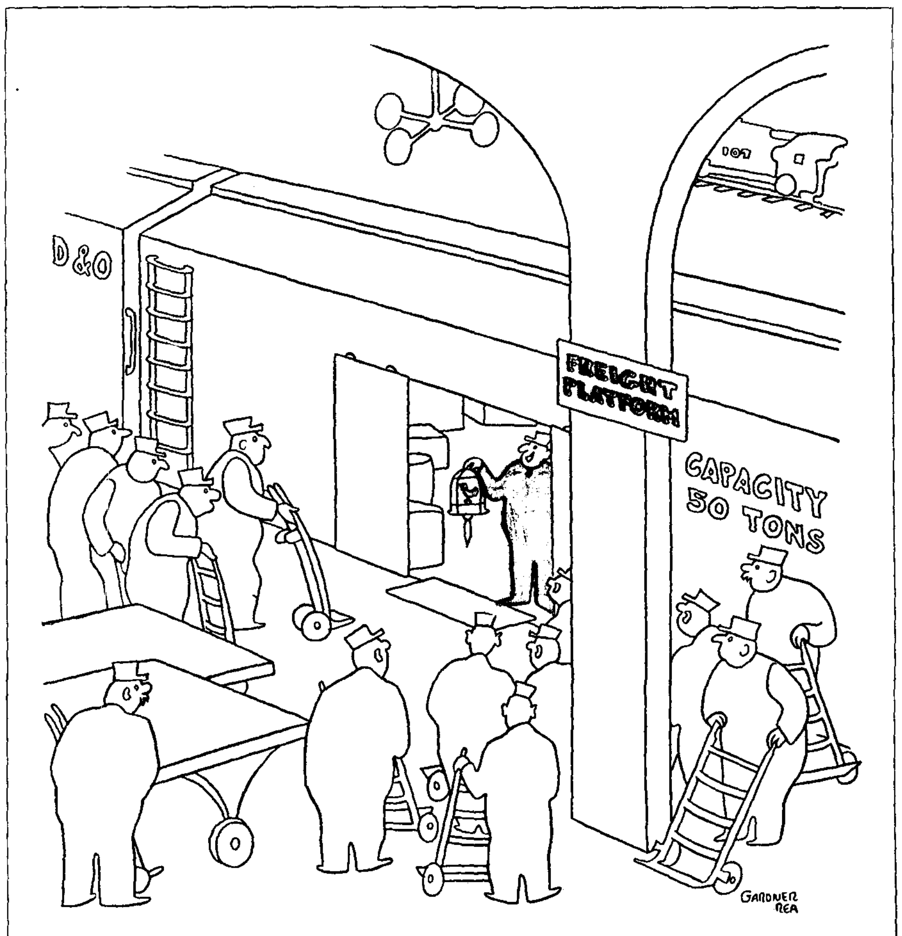
So we went up to her room and looked around. She didn't have much stuff—just two bags in a closet were all I could see—and after we'd poked around in the bureau I told the Rube to go downstairs and keep talking to her for ten minutes anyway. The bags wouldn't keep me any longer than that.

But he didn't want to leave at first. "What's the sense?" he asked me. "We can be through before she gets back."

"That's right," I said. "Let her make a sucker out of you and then be scared to look at her. Rube's the perfect name for you. No one could have picked a better one."

For a second he stared at me with his mouth set. Then he said, "Okay. Okay, Mac," and banged the door as he went out.

A quick frisk showed me the bags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"Sorry, this is all we got for you this morning" GARDNER REA

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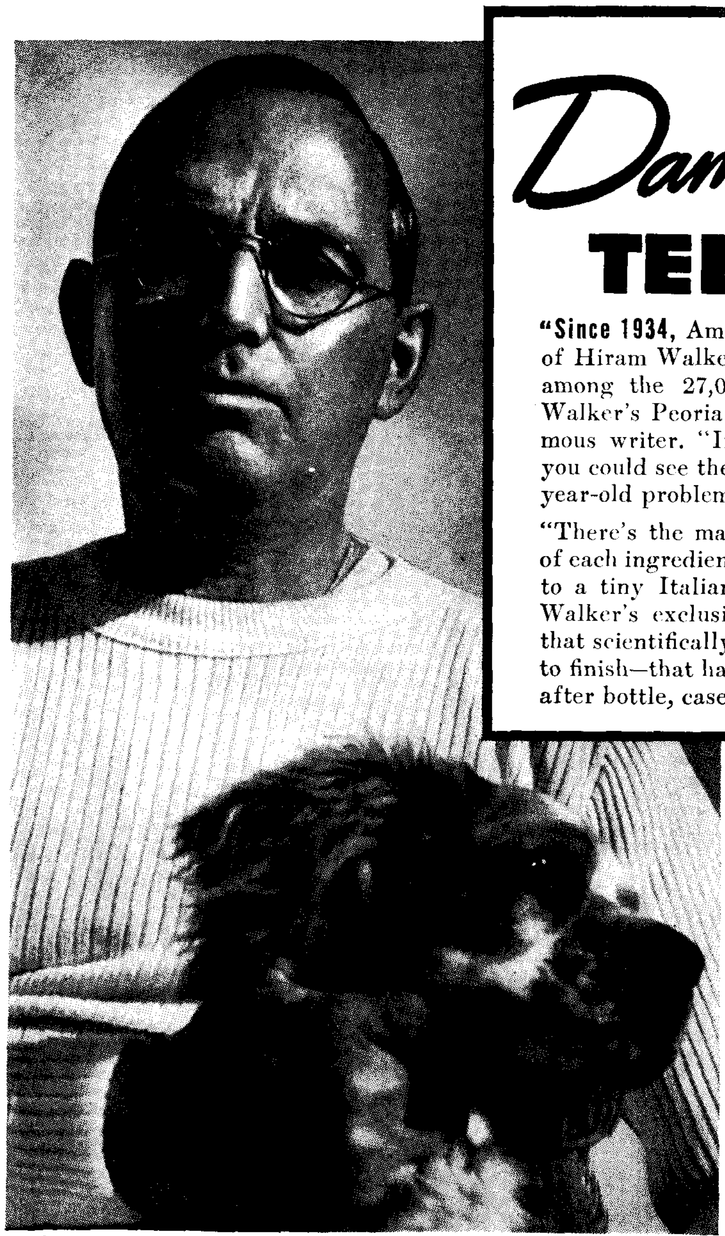
"Since 1934, America has bought over 60 million bottles of Hiram Walker gins—and you realize why if you're among the 27,000 people who have visited Hiram Walker's Peoria distillery," says Damon Runyon, famous writer. "In this, the world's largest distillery, you could see the scientific marvels that solve the 300-year-old problem of uniform gin flavor!

"There's the magical device that measures the flavor of each ingredient—from a slice of Spanish orange peel to a tiny Italian juniper berry! And there's Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that scientifically controls the superb flavor from start to finish—that has insured uniform perfection in bottle after bottle, case after case of Hiram Walker's gins!"



"Just as expert breeding produces fine dogs, so does Hiram Walker's controlled distillation of fine ingredients produce fine gins," says Mr. Runyon, photographed here with one of his many blue-ribbon winning dogs.

"Spain...China...Morocco...why a whole book could be written about Hiram Walker's world-wide search for fine gin-flavoring ingredients. No wonder Hiram Walker's gins are America's best-sellers!" exclaims Damon Runyon, shown working at his typewriter in his beautiful home on Hibiscus Island, near Miami, Florida.

"In tall drinks or Martinis, it's the flavor of the gin that counts—that's why I always use Hiram Walker's!" says Gordon Reed, to Bruce Jose his fellow bartender at one of Miami Beach's most popular clubs.

Hiram Walker's
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY GIN
Five O'Clock Cocktail Gin
White Swan
Distilled Dry Gin

Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin. Distilled from grain. 90 proof.

Five O'Clock Cocktail London Dry Gin. Distilled from grain. 85 proof. A Hiram Walker product.

White Swan Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from grain. 85 proof. A Hiram Walker product.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ont.; Glasgow, Scotland

SMOKE ALL YOU LIKE!

THANKS TO THIS

Amazing New ZEUS filter-holder removes over 70% NICOTINE AND TAR PRODUCTS

BACKED BY CERTIFIED LABORATORY TESTS

A SENSATION among smokers everywhere!—this new way to enjoy your smokes more . . . and *keep* your mouth and nerves okay. It's the new ZEUS filter-holder.

Two years' research in a great laboratory proved that the one sure way to eliminate irritants of cigarette smoke is to filter the smoke *through another cigarette* encased in a special aluminum tube.

Laboratory tests prove ZEUS removes over 70% of nicotine and tar! Get a ZEUS and your own experience will confirm that. You'll see *why* your mouth stays fresher, your throat feels better and your nerves are okay.

Get your ZEUS *today . . . and be sure it is a* ZEUS. *No imitation—regardless of claims—can give you* ZEUS *results.* All better stores have ZEUS (if your dealer hasn't, have him write to L. & H. Stern, Inc., 65 Pearl St., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

ONLY $1 Ladies' ZEUS, with choice of amber-like colored bits—or Super-Charged ZEUS, $2. Also ZEUS Pipes.

Do Not Confuse with Ordinary Filters or Holders

BEFORE: This shows why only ZEUS can give you these results: (1) Correct "bit" draws *all* smoke through (2) filter cigarette (any brand) inserted inside (3) special *aluminum* tube. *Nothing else works like this.*

AFTER: Smoke 20 to 40 of your favorite cigarettes . . . then remove the filter cigarette and *look* at it! There's your proof: it's nearly *black* . . . actually weighs 100% more!

U. S. and Foreign Patents Pending

didn't have much in them. There were some dresses and shoes, all cheap and not very new, and a couple of jars of perfume and face powder. Most of the stuff from her first bag was out on the floor beside me when the door opened and she came in.

It would be hard to tell which of us was most surprised. She didn't scream or rush out into the hall the way another girl would have done, although she did move back quickly to the door and open it as soon as I got on my feet.

"If you've taken anything," she said, quietly enough, but as if she meant it, "put it back. If you haven't I'll give you ten seconds to get out of my room."

"That's decent of you, Janie," I said. "But let's talk first, huh? There's one or two—"

Without answering me at all she looked down at her watch for ten seconds and then looked up at me to let out quite calmly the damnedest shriek I ever heard. You know that's quite a sensation if you're not a married man and used to it—watching a woman not ten feet away yell at you as if you were strangling her. It was so unexpected and it made me so panicky that you know what I did? I actually started to scram out of there.

But on the way I got hold of myself and flung a pillow from the bed into her face. She just plucked it away from her lips like a bit of lint and went on screaming until the clerk who had passed us into her room ran in breathlessly.

"Miss Johnson!" he bleated. "Miss Johnson, now!" and looked at me appealingly: "He won't harm you, Miss Johnson. He—police, you know. We had to—"

Mopping his face, staring at me, at her, he backed out and closed the door. The best thing, he'd have figured, was to leave us alone and hope we'd forget him entirely.

"What?" Janie said, her eyes widening. "Are you a policeman?"

"Surprise, surprise," I said. "Where's the money?"

"Money?"

"Money," I said. "You're in a tough spot, sister. Don't take the rap for Martin Francis; he wouldn't take it for you. Where is it?"

She took her coat off slowly and laid it on the bed, beside her bag.

"But I still don't know what you're talking about."

I TOLD her without wasting any time being polite about it. I've known them to become haughty and too dignified for words when you got a little tough with them, but this Janie flared up in an instant. She called me a stupid-faced, flat-footed slob; four or five times she insisted on knowing exactly what I meant. If Charles were here I'd never—

It took me a little while to realize that Charles was Rube Malone. I hadn't heard him called that in years.

"Charles!" I said, getting mad then myself. "Lay off that Charles line. Rube Malone isn't a fall guy for anybody, though he might have looked it to you. He's a copper and a smart one. The second day out on the boat he spotted you for Martin Francis' girl. So don't think you've got an out there. Where's the cash?"

"For what?" Janie repeated, as if she hadn't heard my question about the money at all. "For what?" She came toward me and for a second I thought she was going to sock me, small as she was.

I got behind a chair. "Now behave," I said. "All this won't get you—"

That was the time Rube Malone picked to show up. Standing in the middle of the floor, those eyes of hers shining with rage, Janie turned her head to see who it was. Rube stared back at her.

"What's he doing here looking through my bags?" she demanded furiously. "What's he talking about? He says you're a policeman and you just spoke to me on the boat because you wanted to find out something about Mr. Francis. Is he crazy or what? Tell him why you—"

Her words came slower and slower as she looked at him. They stopped finally, and she stood there staring dumbly at him. In a moment her face lost all its pertness. It got sharp and intent, strained about the mouth. After a moment she said: "Oh. He's—he's right. It wasn't because you liked me then, or because—"

Without looking at her the Rube smoothed his hat sullenly with one palm.

"I had to find out what I could. That's what I'm paid for, understand? Maybe I look like a sucker but I'm not one. Not altogether."

"No," Janie answered slowly. "Of course not. But your line was good. You were a lot different. You were— Oh, hell," Janie said, shrugging her shoulders. Suddenly her eyes were all surface again, hard surface. "Now what?"

"Now act your age," the Rube said harshly. "You're Francis' woman and there's no sense trying to talk like a kid out of the cornfields. Skip it."

"Of course," Janie said, with a kind of silly smile on her lips, never taking her eyes off him for a minute. "That would be silly, wouldn't it? I'm a long time out of the cornfields—I've danced in cheap shows ever since I was big enough to look like something pretty good to the boys in the front row. I guess you saw that; your friend says you're a very smart cop. I could be a lot of fun at first and then I could be useful to you. It must have been pretty easy to make me feel that you liked me. But you didn't like me really—why should you? I was cheap and unimportant and casual. I wasn't the kind of girl to take seriously."

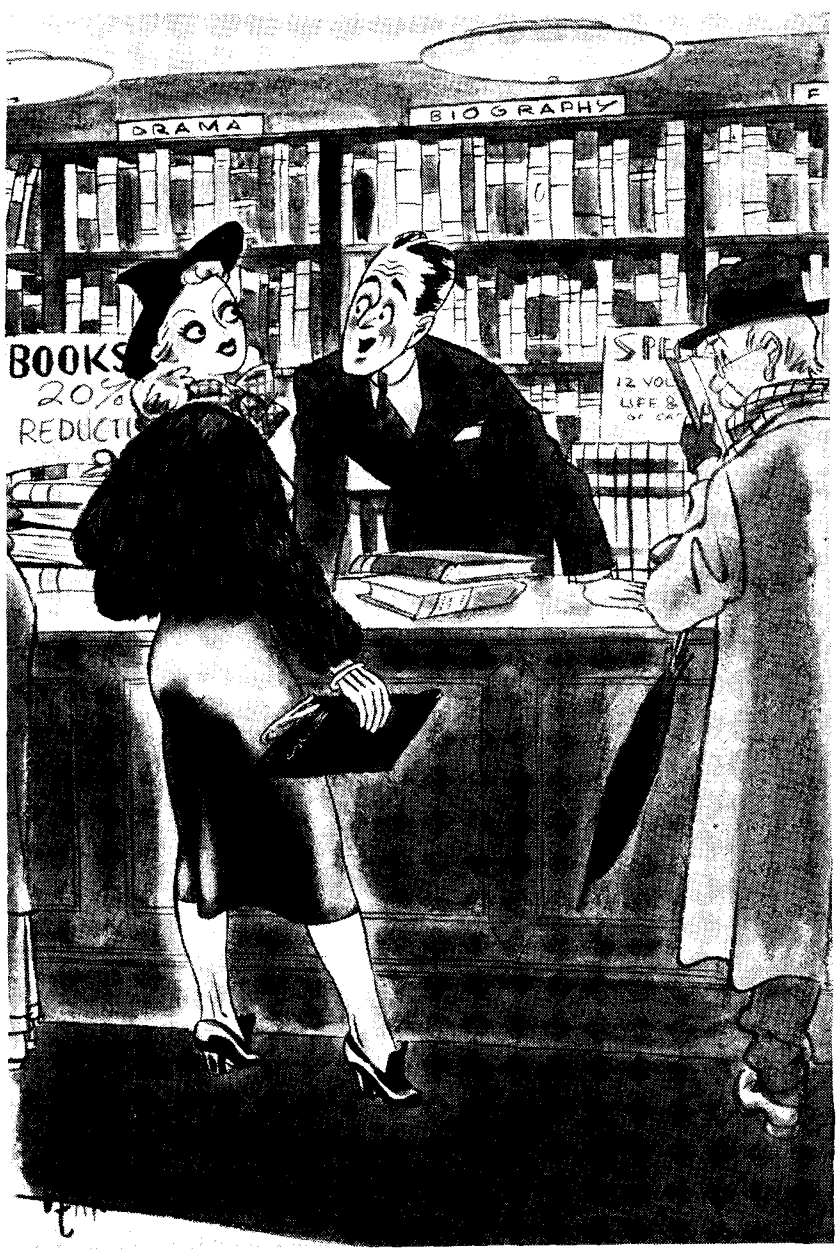
The Rube looked up at her then. "Were you?" he said.

LITTLE Janie smiled at him—not a bitter smile nor a sad one, nor an amused one either. A sort of understanding smile, as if she made out something now she hadn't seen clearly before. You know, I felt kind of sorry for her; the anger was out of her face now, and there was a look in its place that didn't belong to a hard-boiled little blonde named Janie Johnson at all.

"Was I?" she said. "I thought so, if that matters. Maybe I do a lot of things wrong—nobody ever taught me how to talk or dress or what to do with forks. I'm dumb that way, I guess. And you saw that too. I suppose it put some kind of mark on me. But one thing," Little Janie said, the quietest I'd ever heard her say anything, "one thing I did learn. I looked out for myself. I had to, ever since I've been out of those cornfields you mentioned. I was never Martin Francis' girl nor anybody's girl. But you don't believe that, do you?"

"Okay," the Rube said angrily. "What's the argument about? What's the squawk? You find what you were looking for, Mac?"

After I shook my head he went over to the bags and opened them again.



"I can't understand how you find time to read!"

ABNER DEAN

SOME TRUCKS OFFER YOU HIGH MILEAGE
SOME TRUCKS OFFER YOU HEAVY PAY LOADS
SOME TRUCKS OFFER YOU SUSTAINED SPEEDS

FORD COMBINES THEM ALL

Some trucks make a feature of high mileage. Others stress the ability to haul payloads above their rating. Others offer high sustained speeds.

These are all earmarks of a well-made truck. BUT — the real test of truck dependability and economy lies in COMBINING heavy loads, high mileage, and high sustained speeds. We honestly believe that the Ford V-8 Truck is the one truck that gives you ALL of these features.

The Ford Motor Company has made and sold more trucks than any other manufacturer. There are more Ford Trucks in operation. Ford pioneered the idea of light-weight equipment, able to perform economically, over long periods at relatively high rates of speed even when heavily loaded. Ford introduced the V-8 engine to trucks, with its new dollar-saving power and performance.

More PAY in every payload — more work, in less time, at lower cost — these are the sources of V-8 economy.

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- ★ New styling for all units.
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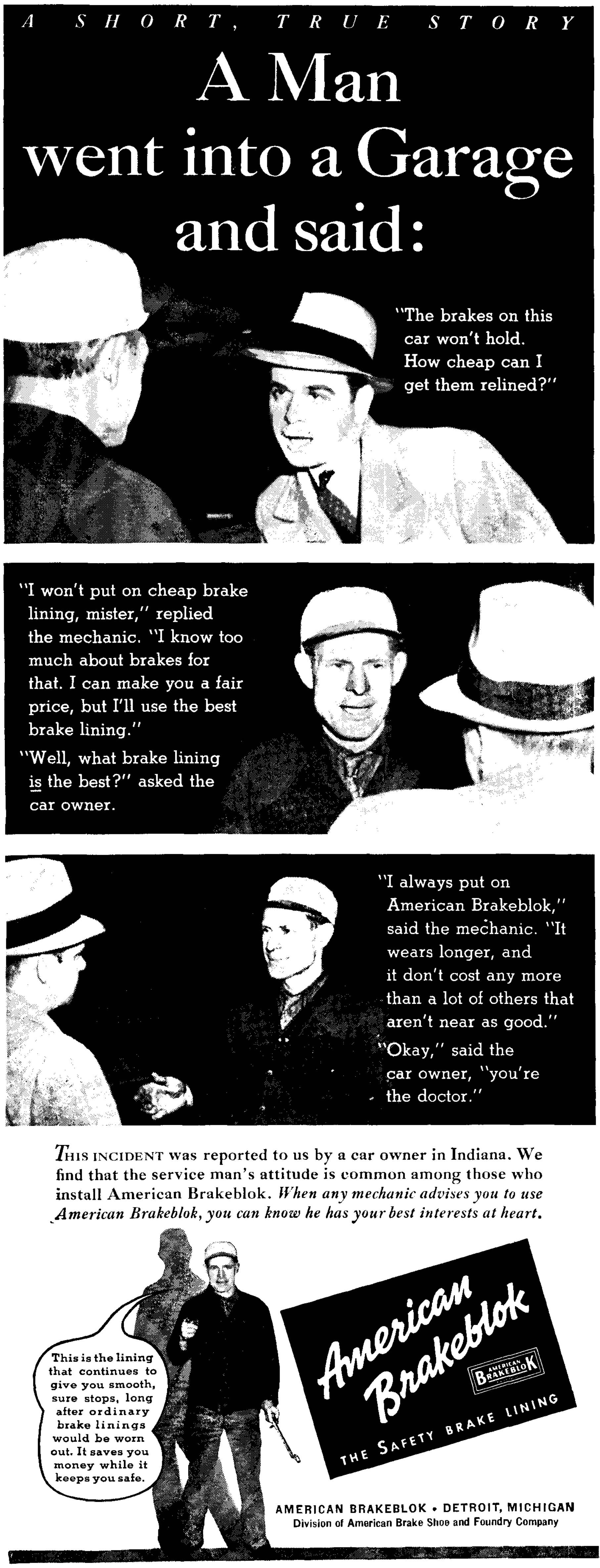

A SHORT, TRUE STORY

A Man went into a Garage and said:

"The brakes on this car won't hold. How cheap can I get them relined?"

"I won't put on cheap brake lining, mister," replied the mechanic. "I know too much about brakes for that. I can make you a fair price, but I'll use the best brake lining."

"Well, what brake lining is the best?" asked the car owner.

"I always put on American Brakeblok," said the mechanic. "It wears longer, and it don't cost any more than a lot of others that aren't near as good."

"Okay," said the car owner, "you're the doctor."

THIS INCIDENT was reported to us by a car owner in Indiana. We find that the service man's attitude is common among those who install American Brakeblok. *When any mechanic advises you to use American Brakeblok, you can know he has your best interests at heart.*

This is the lining that continues to give you smooth, sure stops, long after ordinary brake linings would be worn out. It saves you money while it keeps you safe.

American Brakeblok
THE SAFETY BRAKE LINING

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK • DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company

Janie didn't say anything to stop him. Sitting on the bed, watching us turn everything in the room upside down, she never said a word until we were finished.

"I think I know what you want," she said then, looking at Rube. "Would you like me to give it to you?"

That wry, small smile was fixed on him steadily, almost contemptuously; under it he flushed.

I said: "What else do you think we came up here for?"

"I wouldn't know," she told me. "Neither of you ever explained. I was stranded in Miami when I met Martin Francis through a friend of mine. He said he'd pay my way north if I'd carry a package for him that contained some very important law papers. He said he was afraid they might be stolen from him on the boat and all he wanted me to do was carry them, because the men who were trying to get them away from him would never suspect me."

"Where's the package now?"

Sitting on the bed, she stared past me at the window.

"What? The package? It's downstairs, at the desk. I mailed it here from Miami before we sailed because I was afraid I might lose it, or have it stolen from me. Mailing it seemed safest. They told me when I checked in that they were holding it for me."

"Mailed it!" I said. We'd been pretty dumb. "If Martin Francis had been smart enough to do that, he wouldn't have had a thing to worry about."

"But he couldn't," Little Janie told me, with that tired expression in her eyes as if she didn't care whether or not I heard her. "I met him that first night in a café, and there was a man across the room who watched everything he did. He told me then the man was one of the gang that was trying to get these papers away from him, but I suppose it must have been one of the Miami detectives you had watching him."

"Johansen," I said. "A big red-haired fellow with buck teeth?"

Little Janie nodded. "Yes. He had the package out in the checkroom then, and when he handed me the menu he slipped the check over the top of it. I suppose he was afraid that the detective might stop him and open the package if he claimed it going out."

"Not Johansen," I said. "The dope should have checked him when he went in with it. But he doesn't figure out things like that for himself. And I suppose Francis never spotted him until he was inside the café. He should have known this Johansen like I do. Then he wouldn't have bothered with you at all."

ANYWAY, in the end, it was as simple as that. Five minutes after she had them bring it up the Rube and I were looking at a paper-wrapped parcel about the size of a shoebox. It was stacked with money—fifties and hundreds in crisp new sheafs. And it was the hot money all right—sixty thousand dollars in a package that a kid could carry under one arm.

"Well, there it is," I said, and I felt a lot better after seeing it. "When is he coming for it?"

"Today," Janie said dully. "Sometime this afternoon."

It might have been his cue. The door banged around fast into the wall and he came in after it with a thin tall man who had eyebrows high up on his pasty face that looked as if someone had dipped the broad end of a cigar in ink and then smeared it from one side of his forehead to the other without leaving any break for the nose. They both had automatics. The man with the eyebrows didn't seem altogether comfortable carrying his.

"Hello," Martin Francis said, looking at all of us, while Eyebrows shouldered the door shut. The package was open on the bed, in plain view; he couldn't miss it. But after a first quick glance he kept his eyes on the Rube and me.

"Preparedness," he said, chuckling deep down in his throat. "I believe in that—and a little piece of luck to go along with it. I just did get off the elevator in time to see the kid handing that package in. You know, I had a hunch what it was." He chuckled again before adding quietly to Janie: "How much did they give you to sell me out?"

As she got off the bed Janie gave him a puzzled, glassy smile. "You too?" she said. Of course he didn't know what she was talking about, but the Rube's cheeks colored up in a slow flush.

"Over there," Martin Francis told him. "Against the wall with your side kick. Leave the money where it is."

While I was doing that he tucked the paper in around the package again and put it under his arm.

"Now get your coat," he ordered Janie, and opened the closet door at the end of the bureau. "In here," he told the Rube and me. "They tell me it's so soundproof you can yell in there all night without disturbing anybody. That makes it perfect."

VERY slowly the Rube went over to the closet and stopped in the doorway, jerking his head back to Janie without looking around.

"What do you want with her?"

"Maybe," Martin Francis answered, his voice surprised and soft, "I think I owe something to people that sell me out. And maybe she's just my idea of good company. Either way it's not your business. I told you to move in there, brother."

"She didn't sell you out," the Rube said, "because she never knew what it was you gave her to hold."

Martin Francis agreed to that with a slow, rather curious nod.

"No. Perhaps she didn't. But it still isn't your business. I'll handle my end. Start moving, brother."

But all the Rube did was to turn then from him to Janie and stare at her with that big, serious face of his—stare at her gravely and for quite a long time. Not a shadow crossed her expression. With the coat drawn around her, she returned his look steadily. She certainly wasn't asking for help; and the Rube must have seen that. But he must have seen something else too that none of us did, because the first thing he said was: "All right, Janie; forget that other stuff. And don't be scared. I'll take care of this."

"You will?" Martin Francis said. There was something in his voice that sent prickles up my back. Eyebrows must have felt it too, because he shifted nervously and wet his lips.

"Lookit, Marty," he began.

Still standing by the bed, her face still expressionless, Janie picked up her bag. "You'll take care of me?" Her face broke into that funny little smile again. "Why? Why should you? There's no need for it. I can't do anything for you now. I can't help you any more."

"Who was talking about that?" the Rube said. "This heel wants to even up with you. He's yellow and what he calls tough and he figures he owes you something. A beating maybe—or just to take you around with him until he feels like ditching you. I can't let him do that, Janie."

He was talking to her as if the rest of us weren't in the room at all. And I was worried—this Martin Francis was tough. He wasn't kidding about that part of it. I had heard enough about him to be sure he wasn't all wind and words. He didn't want to knock off the Rube; he'd rather get out of the room nice and quiet. But if he had to—

For a second or two he just stood there watching the Rube. Eyebrows was getting more nervous every moment.

"Now wait a minute," he said. His teeth chattered a little. "Don't go getting heated up, Marty. We have the money. Let's blow. You don't want this dame and he won't make any kick if you leave her here. Use your head, Marty."

But I suppose by then it was a question of pride with Martin Francis. Like all little guys, he had more than his share of that. Anyway, he just bumped Eyebrows away with his shoulder and told the Rube to get started.

That damn' fool acted as if he didn't even hear him.

"Maybe you think I'm a louse," he was saying to Janie. "And I guess in a way I am. Mac can't stand women and he told me a lot of stuff I was stupid enough to believe. I must have been crazy, Janie. But you see how it was, don't you? I thought you took me for a chump and it made me sore. But I wasn't kidding—not on the boat. I thought you were the swellest girl I'd ever met. I think so now."

If I didn't like women, you could see a reason for it right there. In a spot like this all the Rube wanted to do was explain things to her! I tried to shove him, but he resisted my push solidly. Then Martin Francis called him a name in a choppy voice and I knew it was all over. No more talking. The little guy was jittery now and insane with rage.

Eyebrows was looking so scared that I think if I blew my breath at him he'd have flopped over. "Watch yourself, Marty," he was babbling. "Don't lose your head—"

Martin Francis brushed him back into the wall again as if he were a fly. But this Eyebrows, in a panic, grabbed his arm as he went and I grabbed the ice-water pitcher that was right by me on the dresser.

"Marty!" Eyebrows yelled. "I ain't in on no killing. I—"

The pitcher was on its way then. Martin Francis saw it coming and ducked. But it caught him high on the shoulders and bounced up onto his ear, staggering him. By the time he wrenched his gun loose from Eyebrows I had hold of the wrist over it and was cracking it down hard against the glass-topped corner of the dresser.

He shot, but the bullet plowed under my arm into the mirror. Then the bone in his wrist cracked like a stick breaking and his automatic bounced twice on the glass and hopped into my hand just as if we'd rehearsed it. I gave him the barrel over that small neat skull of his once and that was more than enough. He went down still holding on to the money but he never knew he had it. Eyebrows did nothing but drop his gun on the floor and bawl that he wasn't in on anything like this. No killing!

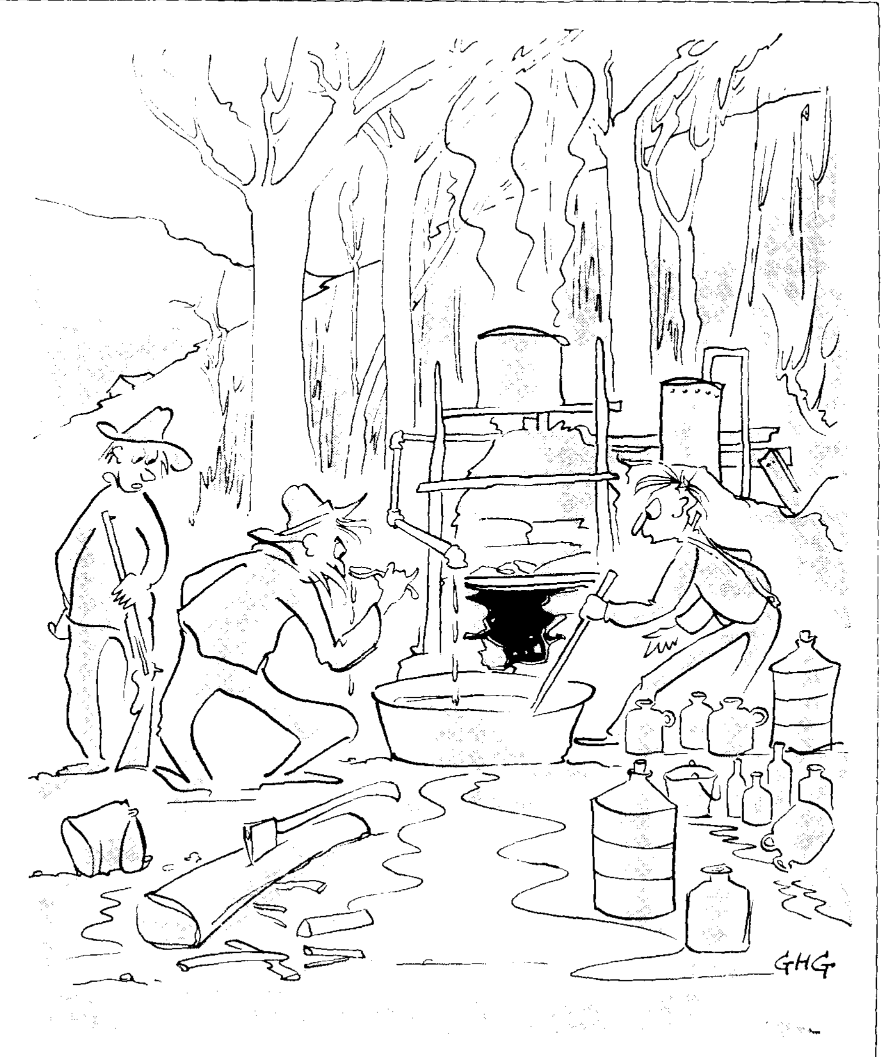
"Hey!" the Rube said, tearing out of the closet doorway. "You need any help, Mac?"

I couldn't give him a fitting answer at the moment because I felt as weak and shaky as Eyebrows looked. And he wasn't really concerned about me anyway: all that worried him was Janie. Was she frightened? Was she hurt?

I knew I couldn't do anything for him then, no matter what I said. He was sunk. As soon as she began to act sore and as if she wouldn't listen to what he was telling her, I saw that. It was his own fault. When they get like that it's just too bad. The Rube was gone.

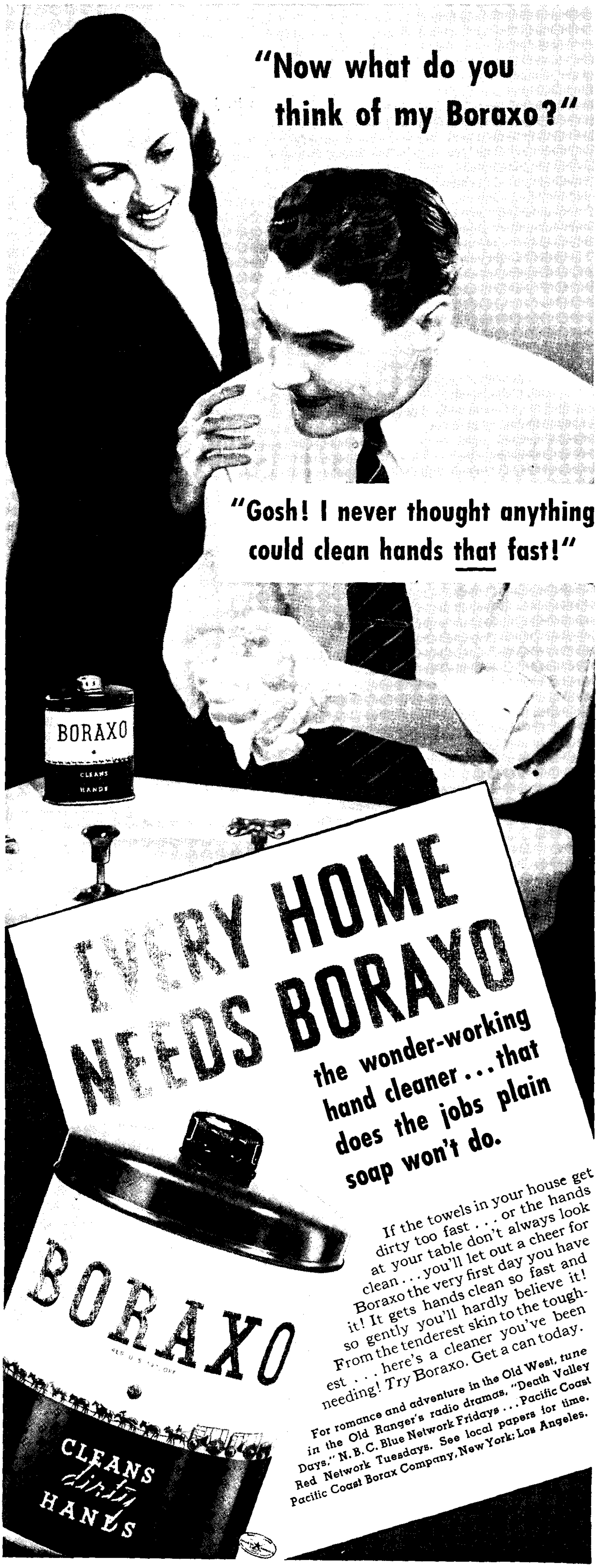
SO OF course they were married after the trial was over and this friend Janie had in Miami told how she'd introduced Janie to Martin Francis, and how he said he had some important law papers he wanted someone to take north. They were married that afternoon.

And who do you think was best man? Me! I still don't know how they talked me into anything like that.



"Damnation! She's turnin' into varnish again!"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN


"Now what do you think of my Boraxo?"
"Gosh! I never thought anything could clean hands that fast!"
BORAXO
CLEANS HANDS
BORAXO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CLEANS dirty HANDS

EVERY HOME NEEDS BORAXO

the wonder-working hand cleaner . . . that does the jobs plain soap won't do.

If the towels in your house get dirty too fast . . . or the hands at your table don't always look clean . . . you'll let out a cheer for Boraxo the very first day you have it! It gets hands clean so fast and so gently you'll hardly believe it! From the tenderest skin to the toughest . . . here's a cleaner you've been needing! Try Boraxo. Get a can today.

For romance and adventure in the Old West, tune in the Old Ranger's radio dramas, "Death Valley Days," N. B. C. Blue Network Fridays . . . Pacific Coast Red Network Tuesdays. See local papers for time. Pacific Coast Borax Company, New York; Los Angeles.

Don't Get Out

Continued from page 18

their bets down on time. A loud-speaker, playing records between race results, entertained the crowd. Fully half the parked cars contained women, apparently housewives.

We asked the proprietor of a near-by grocery store what effect the horses had on household budgets. He was bitter.

"Did you see that sign on Wilshire Boulevard, 'Do You Bet on the Races or Do You Pay Your Bills?' Well, it isn't kidding." Los Angeles merchants pay for the big electric sign.

At the next intersection we blinked our eyes.

Archaeologists digging in the buried ruins of Hollywood, in the year 5000 A.D., are going to be hard put to explain the strange temples erected by the forgotten cinema tribes, dedicated to the worship of the Great God Hamburger. Probably it is the only spot on earth where a lunch counter eclipses the city hall.

Hollywood being Hollywood, the business has been given a rather supercolossal touch. Chinese temples, Moorish palaces and Egyptian pyramids are among the more severe and austere structures dedicated to curb service. The English language, unfortunately, lacks the power to tell exactly what a curb-service stand designer does when he puts his soul in his work but the results can be seen on the boulevards about Los Angeles in the shape of modest structures representing investments of up to one hundred thousand dollars, spent mostly for neon lights, colored glass and chromium plating.

Catering to Lazy People

The owner of one chain of these gilded hot-dog stands claims he had to get in the business. He told us as we drove up to one of his drive-ins:

"We had six restaurants around Los Angeles—a quarter-million-dollar investment. Business started falling off. We blamed it on the depression. Things got worse. One day I was driving along Beverly Boulevard and I saw a traffic jam surrounding a hamburger stand. Two blocks farther on I saw the same thing. This time I edged my car in, waited a quarter of an hour, got a tasteless hamburger and a bitter cup of coffee, and paid fifty per cent more than my places would dare charge. Here were my restaurants lonely as a tomb and people smashing fenders to jam in this drive-in.

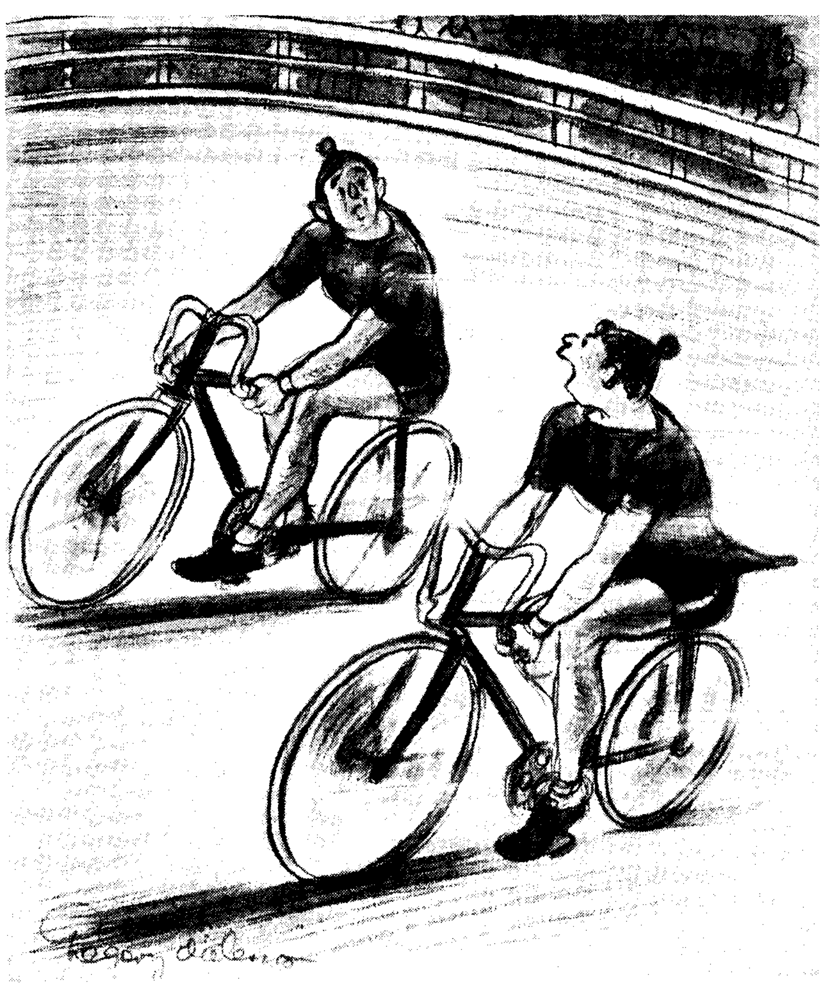
"That afternoon I went to the bank. That night I owed the bank another ten thousand and I was in the drive-in business. We have fourteen now—our restaurants are just a side line. Stopping in for a bite at a drive-in is following the path of least resistance, walking into a restaurant calls for at least a grain of effort. We cater to lazy people—and what a public we have!

"What do we sell the most of? At the start, hamburgers, but our customers seem to be going high-hat. For the past year fried chicken with shoestring potatoes and steak sandwiches have been our leaders. Chicken pies, ham and eggs, chili and pancakes are steady items. People seldom buy dinners here but drop in for snacks. Night business is heavy. No, we won't serve a drink in the car. I won't take the responsibility of selling liquor to a driver. But I have some checking to do. There's Joan, one of our girls, talk to her."

A toot of the horn brought a vision. It never rains, of course, in Southern California but occasionally that section has a bit of mist—mist that washes out a few dams and bridges. This pint-size vision in jade-green pajamas was enclosed in one of those glistening, transparent raincoats. She looked like a Christmas present. Inside, over a cup of coffee, she told us the problems of the curb-hop, or "hops" for short.

"They call us hops. I guess because they keep us hopping. I make sixteen a week, plus tips. Tips come to about eight or ten dollars. That's better pay than most hops get. Some places they have to get along on their tips. About two out of three hops are girls and I don't suppose one hop out of twenty is over twenty-five.

"Who are the best tippers? Well, women are the worst—except for an old lady once in a while. Studio people are about the best. We are only a few blocks from two of the studios and lots of the movie people drop in. The bulk of our tips are dimes. Only a woman will give you a nickel. Twenty-five cents is exceptional. If you get more they are either drunk or going to make an attempt to date you.



"What's this about you wantin' Wednesday off?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Do we have much trouble? Oh, no. If a man is really objectionable we signal and one of the boys takes care of that car. If they are merely trying to make a date, it calls for more diplomacy. Generally I smile sweetly and tell them a friend is calling for me tonight—maybe some other time. If they persist I tell them that Phil" (Phil, who played tackle for U. C. L. A., was filling an order at a parked car) "is my fiancé and jealous.

"They look at Phil and call it a day. Is Phil?" She giggled. "No. He's married and has a six-months-old baby. All the girls use him as the fiancé in a pinch. He claims that sooner or later we are going to get him in an awful jam with his wife.

"Do we ever make a date with a customer? Of course not—well, to be honest, I suppose one of the girls might get acquainted with a regular customer, but no pickups. The management wouldn't stand for it and, anyway, the girls are too dead tired when they go off duty. Why am I working here? To make money of course. Did I come to Hollywood to get in pictures? It's hard to believe, but I am a native daughter. I've been through a studio just once in my life. Personally, I'm working my way through law school at U. S. C." She noticed our astonishment. "You would be surprised at the number of girls, and boys too, working their way through college as hops. It's quite the thing.

"But we have one girl the Hollywood bug has bitten. See that little brunette over there. Sally Lou came here from Georgia to be a star. She really can talk English but that Mason-Dixon accent brings her the biggest tips in the place. She's made up her mind that she's going to have a part in Gone with the Wind or there'll be another Civil War. Oh—excuse me. I'm up."

She ran to answer the insistent honk.

"Do we pick the girls for looks?" The drive-in operator shook his head. "No—but it does help. The type of kid we want is alert, neat and, most important of all, the owner of a real warm smile. How that smile helps business! Maybe because so many people in Los Angeles are strangers and lonely. But come along. I want you to meet our prima donna. This is Pete, the best short-order chef in the country."

Pete had time only for a grin. Probably thirty orders were coming through the mill, sandwiches, French fries, eggs, hamburgers, waffles, pancakes, chicken and steaks. His skill in filling orders was reminiscent of vaudeville jugglers.

A hop shoved her head through the window and barked, "Slash a cow." The manager laughed. "That means a hamburger plain. Drive-ins have developed a lexicon all their own. If the girl had called, 'Butcher the bull,' it would have been an order for a hamburger with all the trimmings. 'Wreck a buck' is to make change. 'Bum pups' are hot dogs. 'Sweet Alice' is a bottle of milk while 'Mud' is coffee with cream."

Not far from Westwood, site of the University of California at Los Angeles, is the world's first drive-in night club. We pulled in and watched a fan dancer wave her plumes beneath the moon—and a blue spotlight. The impresario complained:

"No. I can't kick about business, seeing I started with a nickel-in-the-slot phonograph. But these college kids! They drive a man mad. Tonight they were trying to turn their spotlights on our dancer. They'll get me raided yet."

We stepped on the brake and turned in when we sighted our first drive-in liquor store. The manager of this Beverly Hills curb-service stand explained to us:

"We won't sell a bottle of liquor to a drunken driver. If a customer comes in here and he is in no shape to operate a car we detain him and phone for a radio car. If he lives in Beverly Hills one of the officers drives him home and keeps the car keys until next morning. If he isn't a local they park his car in back of the station and let him sleep it off.

"What do we sell the most of? This being Beverly Hills where they have all the movie orgies, according to the papers, we ought to peddle champagne by the case. But we don't. Beer is our best seller. Cheap brands of whiskies lead in the hard liquors. Sell practically no wines. To tell the truth, I can't claim that our customers have educated palates."

Drive-in Theater

Out on Pico Boulevard we located drive-in service as it neared its peak. We drove through a tollgate, a girl seated in a booth took money for tickets, and we entered the Drive-in Theater. An usher, bearing the badge of his office—a flashlight—jumped on the running board and guided the car to a space marked out with white chalk lines. We leaned back and watched the picture shown on the open-air screen. The usher lingered on to tell us:

"We can take around five hundred cars. No, this isn't the only one in the country. They have a couple in Florida and I think a few have started in Texas—but this is supposed to be the biggest. We run two shows a night. When it rains we shut down. Our big business is during the summer. The way we keep from disturbing people is by dividing the space in sections and taking the cars to one section at a time. Yes, we charge more than most of the neighborhood houses but people seem willing to pay. You see, an auto's a lot more comfortable than a theater seat. Then," he chuckled, "we get an awful lot of couples. They like the privacy."

The next morning we decided it was time to visit a bank—after inspecting another drive-in bookie. This bank is located in southwestern Los Angeles. It is the nation's first drive-in bank. Our car swung into a curved driveway that ran through the bank building and we didn't put on the brakes until we pulled

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up to the window of the cashier. He declared to us:

"We knew when we started a drive-in bank it sounded like a freak idea—but it worked out. Our best accounts in this district are merchants and small manufacturers. Busy people, pressed for time. They have to drop in a bank often and hunting parking space took a lot of their time. This drive-in idea saves them six or seven minutes on every transaction. We've picked up a lot of new business. Personally, I expect to see a steady growth in drive-in banking.

"Yes. About half our customers kid us about drive-in bandits." The cashier grinned. "We have a couple of knickknacks here to keep them amused. An electric-eye device would help in cutting off their retreat, then a tear-gas spray would douse them—and at that, the fun would only have begun."

Marketing from Car Seat

The drive-in market, where the driver enters, parks his car and gets out to shop, is an old institution. In recent months auto marts have developed in which a customer drives his car down a lane composed of fruit stands, grocery shelves, meat counters and bakery showcases, points out what he wants, and at the other end of the market receives his purchases and pays the cashier without leaving the auto seat.

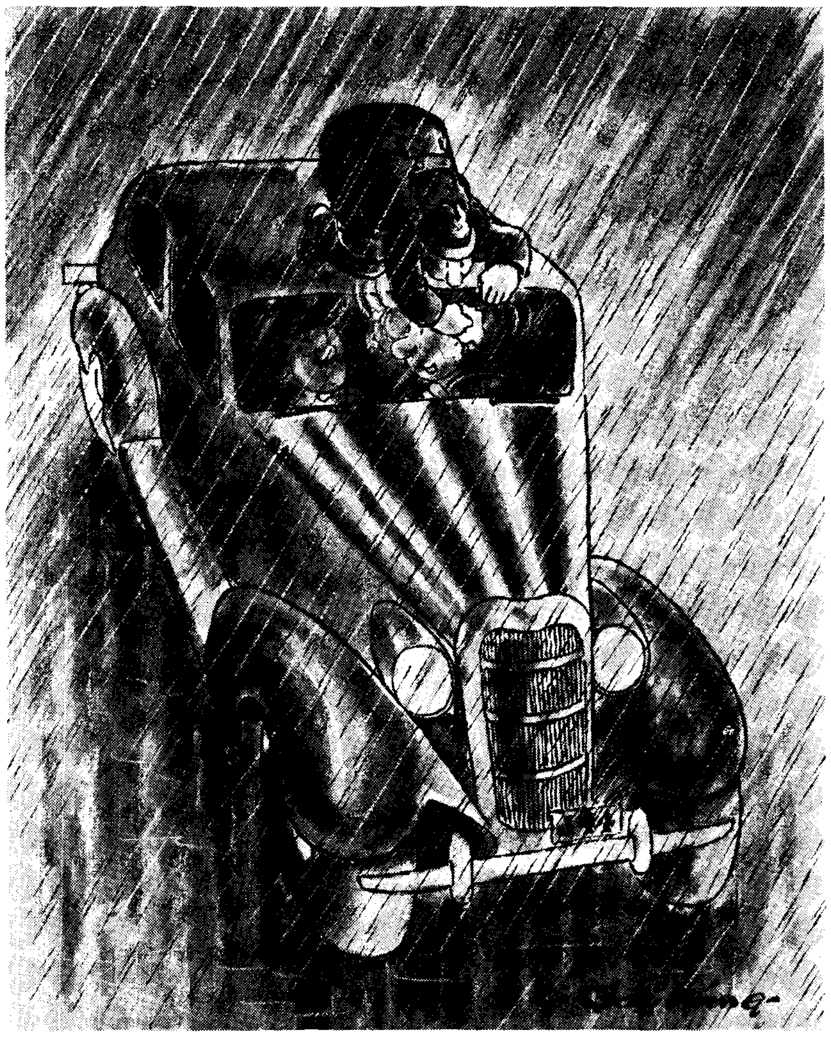
Curb-service laundries and cleaners have been so successful that even more conservative concerns have been forced to adopt drive-in tactics. In most cases these concerns are not true drive-ins, but expect customers to honk a horn, which brings an attendant running.

Southern California has not gone in for the drive-in drugstore as yet, but the Skillern Drug Company operates a large chain of drive-ins about Dallas. Most of their business is done in food and cold drinks but if you chance to want castor oil or a hot-water bottle the hops will fetch it. The drugstores are built a car length back from the sidewalk, and autos park at an angle. The largest chain of drive-ins in, the world is that run by R. W. Jackson, president of Pig Stands, Incorporated, with headquarters in Dallas, Texas. The bulk of his forty-five stands are centered around Dallas and Los Angeles with a few scattered about the rest of the South and the coast.

Mr. Jackson's organization is a bit reserved about its financial figures but concedes it expects a well-located stand to do between four to six hundred dollars gross business a day. Rain will hit receipts hard, causing a fifty per cent drop in Southern California. In Texas, where customers are prepared for cold weather with heaters in their cars, weather loss will not run so heavy. Pig Stands, Incorporated, believes that cold weather and high ground rentals will block the success of drive-ins in Northern cities.

Hollywood and Miami debate the issue of who sold the first drive-in hamburger, both placing the date in 1925, but two years before that a drugstore down in Memphis started the first drive-in. It seems that pickaninnies got the idea of running up to people's cars to find out what they wanted in the store. Then they would fetch it for a nickel or so. The manager hit on the idea of making this curb service a feature—and thus the drive-in was born. Today drive-ins can be found in most of the states of the union but the three capitals of the kingdom are Hollywood, Dallas and Miami. Most drive-ins are built on the same general principle—a stand set in the middle of a lot with room for cars to park on all sides.

Curb service, geared to the auto age, serving the customer by the path of the least sales resistance, is sweeping the nation. A pickaninny and a couple of hamburgers have redrawn the business map of the United States.



"Ed's a handy man to have around when something goes wrong"

JAY IRVING

Castle Sinister

Continued from page 21

last vestige of composure. His voice became almost as discordant as Tonelli's voice.

"Because I wanted to shoot it out with you," he said. "I wanted to see you personal. You're a big shot these days, but I don't need no G-man to handle you, you rat."

Tonelli's grin broadened.

"Yeah," he said. "I used to think that you were smart when you was in the big money. You're slipping, ain't you? You never knew I'd come here with your girl. Women's your trouble, punk, women."

Tom Gaffney's voice grew louder, so loud that it filled the dusky, paneled room.

"I'm here, ain't I?" he said. "Go on and step on the gas. I can take what you dish out."

"EASY," said Tonelli, "easy. I ain't dishing out anything, not yet. You're going to do what I tell you, or else I finish off your girl. You're going to do what I tell you, because you're a sap, and Thorne here is going to do what I tell him, because he's a sap." Tonelli's somber eyes moved toward John Thorne, and he grinned again. "And because this is new to you, ain't it, Thorne? I guess you wonder what I want. I'll tell you. I want a suitcase with three hundred and fifty grand in it. It was hidden in this house in 1929, and no one knew where it was hidden except a guy named Dutchy Ziegler who hid it. It was Gaffney's money, see, and I'm kind of short of money. I want to give you the lay, Thorne, because you and Gaffney are going to help me. See? You're curious what the money was for? I don't mind telling."

Tonelli's voice was slow and precise like a professor's lecturing to a class.

"Liquor business; we was in the liquor business then. I was just a local boy helping run it in in motorboats. You got to start somewheres. We used to run it here. Yeah, I was just a local boy. We used to bring the money to the cargo boats offshore. Yeah, Gaffney was a big shot then. He put me in charge of the muscle guys. He knew a good guy when he saw one."

Mr. Gaffney still leaned against the wall. His face had grown thoughtful and his composure had returned.

"And you're still a dirty, small-town rat," said Mr. Gaffney. "A dirty, small-town yap waiting to get his. You never got nowhere with the real crowd. Dish it out, I can take it."

"Sore, ain't he?" said Tonelli to John Thorne. "I'm telling you what I'm looking for so you can help me find it—three hundred and fifty grand in bills in a nice black suitcase. Dutchy Ziegler brought it down for the payoff on a cargo boat. The revenue got the boat and they got Dutchy, but they didn't get the money. He come out of Atlanta just a week ago and he come straight to me. He said the money was in the old cellar, and he made a proposition. Then Gaffney grabbed him. You see the picture?"

John Thorne cleared his throat. There was no doubt about the story, because everything he knew confirmed it.

"You'll leave when you get that money?" he asked.

"I get that money," said Tonelli, "and you're damned well right I'll go."

"You say it's down in the old cellar," John Thorne said. "Have you lived in this house?"

"What's that to you, pal?" said Tonelli. "Sure I've lived here."

"I'm trying to help you, Tonelli," John Thorne said. "I'd like to see you get that money and see the last of you. Did you ever hear of a secret passage in this house?"

"No," said Tonelli, "I never did. Make it snappy, Thorne. I knew that you was wise."

It was curious that the problem was almost interesting in spite of the time and place. If he could get the money for Tonelli there might be a point where he might bargain. The room where they were standing was three feet short. He was sure of the dimensions, but he did not tell Tonelli that, instead he took out his notebook and turned the pages. If he could keep Tonelli interested, something else might happen. He could see Gaffney watching him; everyone was watching him when he looked up.

"I never thought I'd use these notes just this way," he said. "Did you ever hear of a tomb near this house? Lord Robert Budge, who built the house, built a tomb, a good-sized square chamber underground. He used to go there in warm weather."

"Come on, we'll all go there," Tonelli said. "You better hurry, Thorne."

"You're in no more of a hurry than I am, Tonelli," John Thorne said. "Did you ever hear of an underground passage connecting that tomb with the cellar?"

"A tunnel from the cellar to a tomb?" Tonelli scowled at him and his words became sharper. "If you're kidding me, you'll wish you wasn't born. There ain't no tunnel."

"Perhaps there isn't now," said John Thorne, "but there was. You'd have known about it if you'd gone back in the files of your local newspaper. There was an account of this house written in 1820. It speaks of a tunnel from the cellar to the tomb. A tunnel that caved in in 1810. The entrance was walled off in that same year."

"Yeah?" said Tonelli, "go on." Tonelli was looking at him almost admiringly. "Go on Thorne, you're doing fine. I knew you were a wise guy."

JOHN THORNE glanced about the room as he went on, but Tonelli was no longer asking him to hurry. It had always been his habit to pick up odd bits of information, but they had seldom proved valuable. It was not unusual for houses even of the late eighteenth century to be equipped with an underground passage, and Lord Robert Budge had been afraid. The room where they stood was three feet short. He looked at the empty shelves by the fireplace. There was an unevenness in the molding just beside the window near it, something uncertain about the joining. It might have been that the wall had settled, but he was not sure.

"Go on," said Tonelli, "have you lost your voice?"

"I'm sorry," said John Thorne. "I was just thinking. I was trying to think what I would do if I were in the position of Mr. Ziegler. Suppose there were some loose stones down cellar that had fallen from the wall? Such a thing might happen inside a hundred years. Suppose he noticed that there was a black hole in back of them, the beginning of Lord Robert Budge's tunnel. Suppose he put the bag in there and put the stones back. You say he spoke of the old cellar."

If he had wished to make an impression, he had made it. He heard Tom Gaffney sigh, and even Tonelli was impressed. Tonelli had raised his hand and was rubbing his chin.

"Cripes!" Tonelli said. "Cripes!"

The very simplicity of the monosyllables conveyed a definite tribute, for

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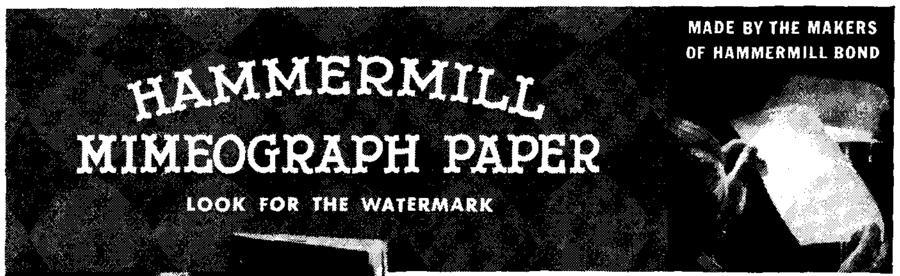
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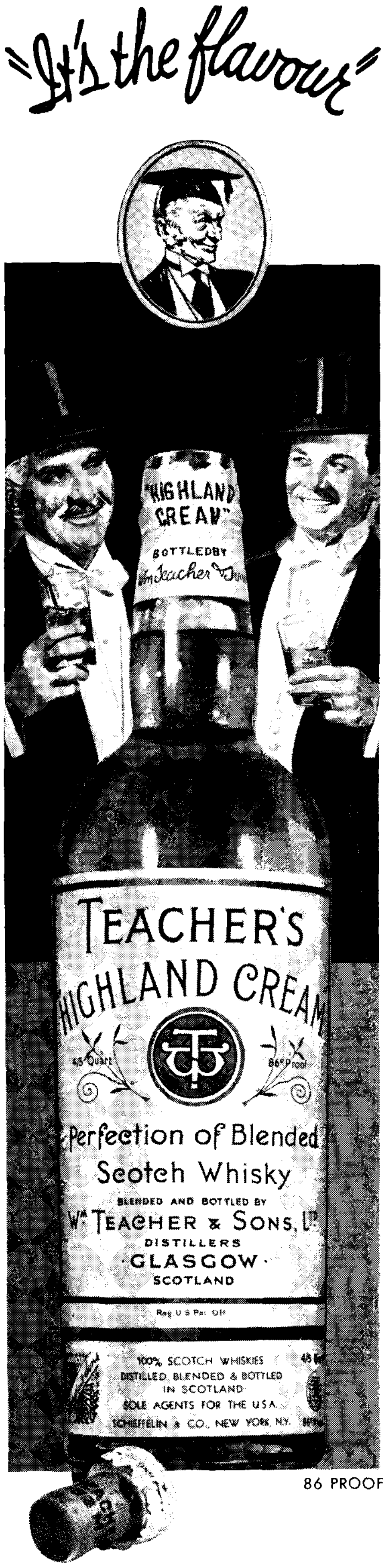
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Tonelli's nature was swift and decisive.

"You broke it, guy," he said. "Let's go. Can you find that wall?"

"I can try," John Thorne said, "if you can get me a candle and a lantern and a hammer, but I'll only do it on one condition. I don't think you'll find it without me. It's out of your line, Tonelli."

"Huh?" said Bugs Tonelli.

"The condition is to let Miss Brooke go. She'll promise not to say a word about you."

It was a chance. He knew when he said it that it was a feeble chance. He was hoping when he was speaking that Tonelli's attention might have wavered, but all the while Tonelli's pistol had been directed at Doris Brooke's back. Now she gave an involuntary cry of pain and staggered a step forward. Tonelli had prodded her with the pistol so roughly that she had nearly lost her balance.

"Get wise!" Tonelli's voice rose calm and sneering above her cry. "One more crack out of you and I hurt her worse. You're washed up, guy. Now you behave. Where's there candles or a lantern, lady? There's one in the kitchen, ain't there? Hey, Gaffney, what's biting you?"

Tonelli must have had the faculty of seeing everything at once. He had seen Tom Gaffney start and turn his head involuntarily toward the open shutter of the front window. There was a sound outside so incongruous as not to be possible, of wheels and a horse's hoofs. Its effect on Tonelli was like a shock of electricity. His whole body stiffened, and his eyes met John Thorne's squarely.

"So you ratted on me, did you, Thorne?" His voice dropped to a whisper. "If them are bulls, out she goes, and you go next. I told you, didn't I? I told you—"

"Wait a minute, you fool," John Thorne heard himself saying. In the tenseness of the moment he forgot to be afraid. "It's a horse and buggy. Did you ever hear of cops coming in a horse and buggy?"

"Cripes," said Bugs Tonelli, "what the hell—"

Mr. Gaffney interrupted him. His eyebrows were raised slightly and he was still looking toward the open shutter of the front window.

"It's an old dame in a horse and buggy," Tom Gaffney said. "Keep your pants on, it's your auntie, Bugs."

"His what?" said John Thorne. His astonishment was great enough so that he did not believe that he had heard correctly. Tom Gaffney looked at him soberly.

"Yeah," he said, "it's Miss Symphorosa Savage. She's his aunt all right. She's lighting out of the buggy. Bugs. She's coming to the door. She used to keep house when the boys were here."

"Walk to the window, lady," said Bugs Tonelli. "You and me stick together."

HE RIPPED open the shutter with his left hand and stared out, then he turned back scowling.

"How the hell did she get here?" he said.

Something inside of John Thorne seemed to snap as though the tension had been too great. The idea of Bugs Tonelli's aunt appearing in a horse and buggy was tickling at his ribs, placing him on the verge of crazy laughter.

"What the hell are you laughing at?" Bugs Tonelli said.

John Thorne checked himself.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that your aunt is Miss Symphorosa Savage, the old lady who sold this house?"

"Yeah," said Bugs Tonelli, "and what's it to you, pal? You get that smile off your face, or else."

Then John Thorne remembered; it seemed like a hundred years ago, but he remembered.

"I called her up last night," he said. "I want her to sell me the woodwork and the paper in the dining room. She was to meet me here at three o'clock this afternoon, and I entirely forgot."

Bugs Tonelli spoke with swift energy in a low, harsh voice.

"That's right—I was there," he said. "Well, don't you forget this—none of you forget. You think it's a break. It ain't a break. She's coming in here, and she's going out quick. She won't squeal on me, but you better hope she don't talk. Act nice, see, act nice, or else—" He nodded toward Doris Brooke and made a significant motion with his pistol. "I'm putting this away, see, but Toots stays right beside me."

He leaned toward the window and called through a broken pane.

"Hey, Auntie, come inside. Open the door, you," he added to John Thorne.

JOHN THORNE opened the door. An old lady was in the hall who might have stepped from a chromo struck off in the late eighties. She was a small old lady, standing very straight with her hands clasped in front of her holding a jet bead reticule. She wore a bonnet with faded purple flowers and she had a Paisley shawl around her shoulders. Her black alpaca dress was rusty with age, but it was very neat; it must have been her best dress for nearly half a century. She was seventy years old if she was a day and her pale, wrinkled face had a set, granitelike expression that showed a stormy passage of time. Her eyes glittered brightly from behind a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles. Her voice was querulous and nasal.

"Good afternoon, young man," she said. "What's all this going on inside? You're the young man who wants to buy the woodwork, ain't you? Well, I'm Symphorosa Savage. Was that Launcelot hollering to me out the window? Speak up and answer, you needn't look as though you'd seen a ghost!"

"Launcelot?" John Thorne repeated.

"That's what I said, young man," the old lady replied tartly, and the faded purple flowers in her bonnet nodded at him. "Was that my nephew, Launcelot Savage, calling to me? Where is he? Why didn't you tell me you were one of the boys? I'll be seventy-three this autumn and I ain't as spry as I used to be, but I ain't a fool. Launcelot, you answer me! None of your tricks now."

There was no doubt that his name was Launcelot. She was speaking from the grim sentimentality of Bugs Tonelli's past.

"Hey, Aunt Symp." It was Bugs Tonelli's voice speaking in an effort at gentleness. "Sure it's me. But what the hell are you doing here? I'm busy, Aunt Symp."

The old lady brushed by John Thorne as he stood speechless at the door and walked into the middle of Lord Robert Budge's study.

"So here you be, be you?" she began. Bugs Tonelli stood scowling right beside Doris Brooke with his right hand in his pocket.

"Auntie," he said, "you better drag on out of here. This ain't no place for you. Mr. Thorne, he'll see you later about that room." The flowers shook again on Miss Symphorosa's hat. The light from the opened shutter darted off the lenses of her glasses, and John Thorne walked toward the window by the fireplace. No one noticed what he was doing.

"This ain't no place for me, ain't it," Miss Symphorosa Savage was saying, "after I kept this house for all you boys and had drinks and coffee ready when the boats were coming in?"

"Sure," said Bugs Tonelli, "sure. You always been a hot sport, Auntie, but we're busy."

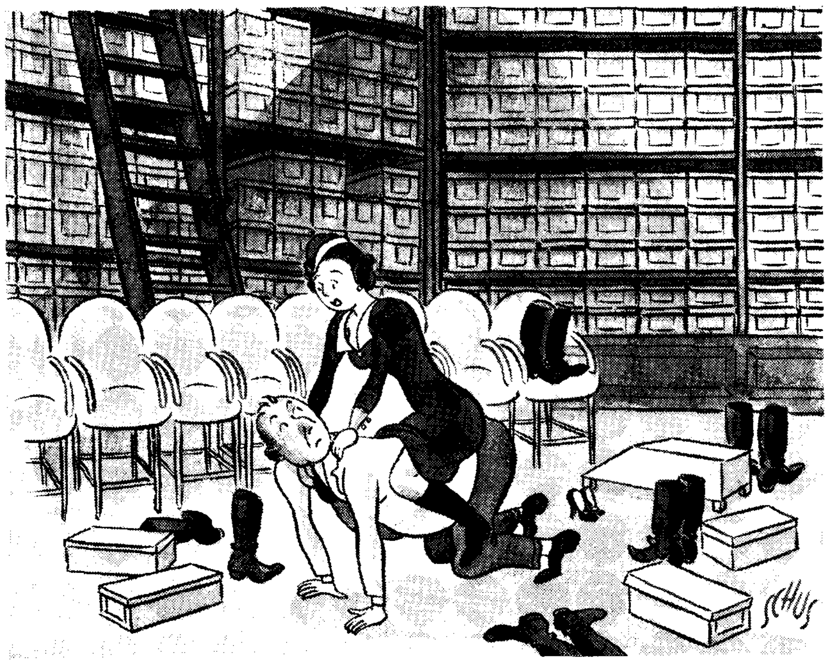
"And you ask me what the hell I'm doing here?" Miss Symphorosa said. "Who took you in when you came out of the Concord Reform School, I'd like to know? Who gave you a place to hide out after the Worcester holdup?"

"Hey," said Bugs Tonelli, "skip it, Auntie. I got business. Please go on home."

"YOU and your business!" said Miss Symphorosa. "Don't you talk back to me, Launcelot. I've got my own business, and don't you swear either, Launcelot. I always said I didn't mind drinking, but I won't stand for swearing and cigarettes, and haven't I told you and told you—" she shook a thin finger at Bugs Tonelli—"haven't I told you not to run around with Tom Gaffney and with women? Where are your manners, Launcelot? Why don't you fetch me a chair to set on?"

"There ain't no chairs," said Bugs Tonelli.

"Ain't no chairs?" said Miss Savage, "Don't you talk back to me, Launcelot. Just because you go shooting folks, I ain't 'fraid of you. You fetch a chair



"Maybe if you galloped a little I could get a better idea!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

FOR A WEEK-END DRIVE OR A TRIP TO MARKET

Distilled Oil

KEEPS YOUR ENGINE CLEAN AND PREVENTS WEAR

View of Mt. Washington from Pinkham Notch Road, New Hampshire

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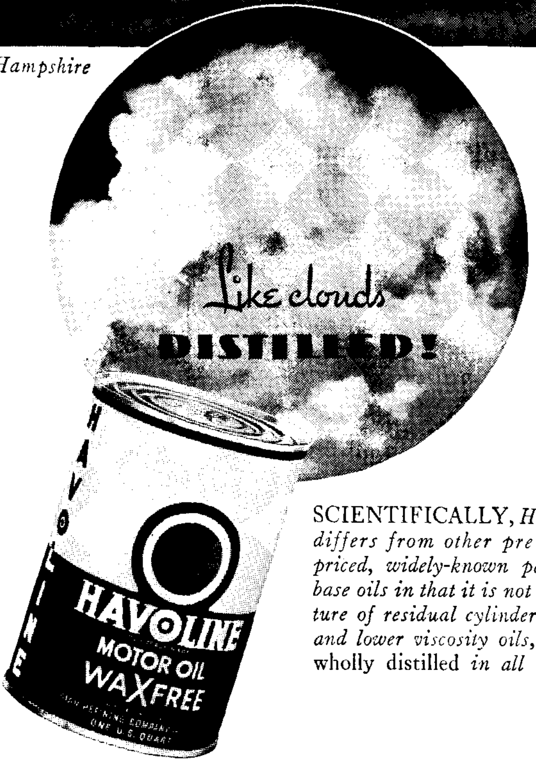
Havoline leaves no such residue. *It's Distilled.*

Havoline keeps your engine clean. It is waxfree and tarfree. It does not form hard carbon. It reduces engine wear—saves costly repair bills.

Fill up with Havoline today. A modern oil for modern motors. It's the choice of millions who look for quality. On sale at Texaco Dealers throughout the 48 states.



SCIENTIFICALLY, *Havoline differs from other premium-priced, widely-known paraffin-base oils in that it is not a mixture of residual cylinder stocks and lower viscosity oils, but* is wholly distilled *in all grades.*

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS • *Affiliated with* THE TEXAS COMPANY

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Sani-Flush

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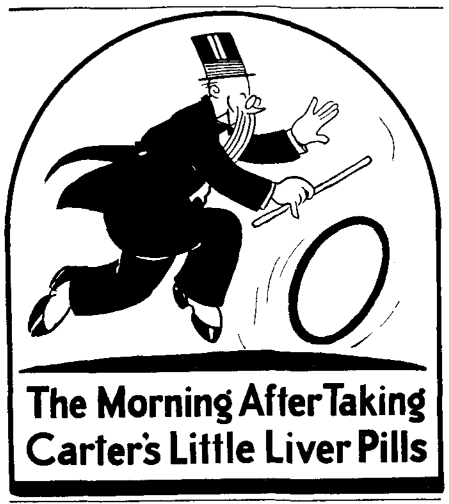
The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

Patchy Baldness

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Why experiment? Start right—persist with the method that has a wide reputation for results as an aid in combatting these scalp conditions —Glover's Mange Medicine and systematic massage. Use Glover's Medicated Soap for shampoo—cleanses thoroughly and removes the Medicine's piney odor. All Druggists sell Glover's.

Many Barbers are skilled in giving Glover's Mange Medicine Treatments.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

and let me sit down and get me a drink. And fetch a chair for that young woman. Ain't you got the sense to see she looks tired?"

Bugs Tonelli scowled.

"Say, Auntie," he said, "I ain't got all night."

"Don't you talk back to me," Miss Symphorosa said. "You've had enough time to loaf here all day. The Smith boys have been waiting for you all morning in the powerboat, right there up the creek, being bitten by mosquitoes, and I've telephoned to Freeport and your friends are waiting in a car, and I've sent the telegram to Detroit."

"Say," said Bugs Tonelli, "skip it—can it, Auntie!"

"Don't you talk back to me, Launcelot," Miss Symphorosa said. "These are your friends here, ain't they? Here I go working my fingers to the bone, fixing it so you can get away, and what do you do? You hang around visiting with Tom Gaffney and a girl. You'll come to a bad end yet. You never had horse sense. Your pa was a better man, if he hadn't died of drink."

"Say," said Bugs Tonelli, "skip it, Auntie."

"You get me a chair," said Miss Symphorosa, "and get me a drink. I want to talk to that young man who's fiddling by the window. What in tarnation are you looking for, young man?" John Thorne started almost guiltily when she spoke to him. He had been touching the delicately carved woodwork by the window; a section of it had yielded slightly as he had pressed it and one of the sunken bookshelves by the fireplace had moved. He could swear he had seen it move.

"Ain't you got nothing else to think about?" Tonelli said. "You watch your step, pal. Be polite to the old lady, see?"

"I was just admiring the woodwork," John Thorne said. "You have a beautiful house, Miss Savage."

Miss Symphorosa's lips relaxed. "It's kind of you to say so, young man," she said. "Mr. Gaffney owns the house, but he don't own the dining room. There is an easement for that room right clear in the deed. I declare, why don't nobody talk, why don't nobody act sociable?"

"Gaffney," said Tonelli, "go out and fetch a chair. Thorne, you go out and get another and make it snappy, see."

"There's chairs in the chamber across the hall," said Miss Symphorosa. "That's real kind of you, boys. Thank you."

"You heard me," said Bugs Tonelli, "you get them chairs, and make it snappy, see?"

Mr. Gaffney walked across the dusty hall and John Thorne followed him.

"Gaffney," John Thorne whispered, "we've got to do something."

MR. GAFFNEY seized his wrist and whispered without moving his lips: "Don't you do nothing, bud. We're on a spot, we got to string along. I'm waiting for a break. Bugs'll kill that girl."

"Where's Jacks?"

"He went—a guy came to the house and he went with him—"

"Hurry up!" It was Tonelli's voice across the hall. "You get them chairs."

Gaffney picked up a wooden kitchen chair, and John Thorne picked up another.

"And there ain't no help from the old dame either," Gaffney whispered. "She's in it to her neck, and all she wants is money."

There was a dogged, hopeless look about Gaffney as he walked across the hall carrying a chair. It was still impossible to escape a single fact; Tonelli had them where he wanted and Gaffney knew that he was through.

The scene in Lord Robert's study made an ugly travesty. Miss Symphorosa sat down in a chair and smoothed out her rusty alpaca dress.

"Well now," she said, "this is more homelike, ain't it? I won't take more than a minute now, Launcelot. Place a chair for the young lady. Ain't you going to get me a drink, Launcelot?" Tonelli reached in his hip pocket and drew out a little flask and handed it to Doris Brooke.

"Give her that," he said, "and don't get behind her, Miss."

Miss Symphorosa took the flask, shook it and unscrewed the top.

"Ain't anybody else going to have none? Ain't you, young lady?" she said. "Well, I'll just take a trifle. I'm feeling kind of tired. It's a long ride in the buggy from the farm."

JOHN THORNE could not have conceived of an odder sight than that of Miss Savage, sitting gaunt and prim, suddenly tossing back her silver gray head and tipping up the flask. It was inappropriate and yet it was not inappropriate. It was queerer than Mrs. Guffey and queerer than Joe Bodger. He had thought when he first saw her that her mind might be failing, but there was nothing wrong with her mind. She was like the house and like the country she lived in, partly gone to seed, yet possessing an unrelenting hardness and a grim, perverted shrewdness.

"Well, now," said Miss Savage, "it's kind of like old times, ain't it? Not so many of the boys here, but Mr. Gaffney's here. Yes, it's like old times with Launcelot trying to clear out and the Smith boys waiting in the boat. The Smith boys have been having a hard time, Launcelot, since prohibition was over. They've been taking fishing parties. It's kind of you to help them out."

Tonelli jerked his head toward John Thorne. "Say what you got to say to that guy," he said. "You're all right, Auntie, but I'm in a hurry, see?"

"I can talk about old times, if I've a mind to," Miss Symphorosa said. "I seen enough queer doings in this house and there ain't no one to talk about 'em to, except when you come home, Launcelot, back from jail or somewheres. Where's that young man, Dutchy Ziegler? He was such a polite young feller, if he did have a foreign accent."

"He's dead," Tonelli said, "and so is Lefty dead. Anything else you want to know?"

"No," said Miss Savage. "I guess there ain't. It does beat everything the way you boys are always killing each other. Well, the flies are biting the horse. I'll just go into the dining room and talk to this young man."

"Nix," said Tonelli, "you talk to him right here and get it over quick."

The light glinted from Miss Symphorosa's glasses.

"See here, Launcelot," she asked, "you ain't in trouble, are you?"

"Naw," said Tonelli, "I just don't want that guy out of this room. You talk to him here."

Miss Symphorosa glanced about her until her eyes met Tom Gaffney.

"Mr. Gaffney," she said, "don't you make trouble for Launcelot. You understand. I know you and him has had a falling out. Launcelot's an awful quick shooter."

"Now listen, Auntie," said Tonelli, "we've had enough of this. I give you time and you just sat here jawing. You've sat here and blabbed about me to strangers. I can take a lot from you, because you've been nice to me, but you're going to get the truth now, see. I come down here on a piece of business, and Gaffney ain't going to do me any harm, and here's why. Because I'm going to kill him, and if you don't want to see it, you better go on home."

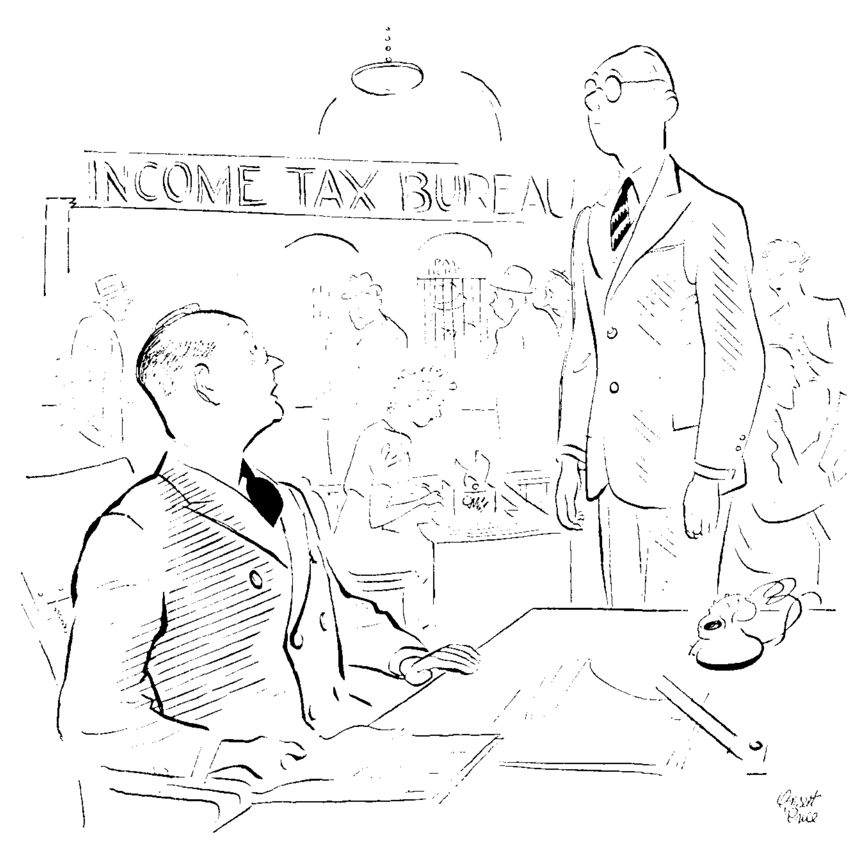
MISS SYMPHOROSA stood up and answered him testily but without any exhibition of surprise.

"Why in tarnation didn't you say so in the first place?" she said. "You know what I always told the boys. If you have to shoot each other, I said, do it off the island, do it in the boats, don't do it in the kitchen. Launcelot, you'll come to a bad end."

"Can it, Auntie," said Tonelli. "I know what you told me. Can it. I'll be seeing you."

Miss Symphorosa's glasses glittered and she shook her finger again at Bugs Tonelli.

"You mind your manners, Launce-



"Need I say, Murphy, that the slogan of your former employers, 'The customer is always right,' would scarcely apply here?"

GARRETT PRICE

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OLD DRUM
Blended Whiskey
90 PROOF
A CALVERT PRODUCT

In recognition of his masterfully accurate rhythm and his unusual and exciting "breaks", Bernie Mattinson of Horace Heidt's "Brigadiers" is awarded this month's honorary Gold Drum.

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lot," she said. "You can kill anyone you've a mind to when I ain't here, but you ain't going to interfere with my business, Launcelot. I'm talking business with this young man."

"All right, all right," said Bugs Tonelli. "Just you get it over with and get out. I ain't talking back to you, Auntie, but I'm in a hurry."

Miss Symphorosa sniffed and her glasses glittered in the direction of John Thorne.

"Now don't you think you can fool me, either, young man," she said. "You ain't going to steal the insides of that room out at night. We're going to settle on a figure for it right here and now. If you want it so much, I guess it's worth five thousand dollars. You needn't talk back to me, either. I got the address of the party you're working for, and I'm writing him tonight. I come here to tell you I'll deal with him direct, and I won't stand for no stealing. Launcelot, you hear me, he ain't to steal that room."

"Don't you worry, Auntie," said Bugs Tonelli. "Just you write to this guy's boss about the room. He won't steal nothing."

"You're sure of that?" Miss Symphorosa asked.

"Yes, Aunt Symp," said Bugs Tonelli, "absolutely sure. Now you beat it, Auntie, and leave this guy to me."

"Well," said Miss Symphorosa, "I guess that's all right, then. I guess I might as well be getting on. It's been just like old times. If it wasn't the revenue boats, it was you boys always shooting. I'm real sorry for you, Mr. Gaffney, but don't say I didn't warn you about Launcelot."

Mr. Gaffney's lips curled upward.

"You can can that, ma'am," he said, "and if I get out of this, I'll have you doing time. There ain't no tough old snake in Chicago—"

"Skip it," said Tonelli, "don't you call her names. She's seen it dished out before right here in this house, and she was in the car with me in '31 when we run into the state police."

"BUT I don't like it," Miss Symphorosa said. "I'm kind of getting on. I'll be leaving now, Launcelot. I'm sorry for you, Mr. Gaffney, and I'm sorry for you, young man. It ain't my fault that Launcelot gets spells on him. All the family have spells. I'm real sorry, and Launcelot—?"

"Yeah?" said Tonelli.

"Mind you send me that money order when you get to Detroit."

"Okay," said Tonelli, "you better blow now, Auntie."

"Launcelot is always a good boy about money," Miss Symphorosa said.

She walked into the hall and they heard the front door close behind her. Then they heard her speaking to her horse.

"Giddap," she said.

Tonelli scowled again.

"She's going bats," he said. "She was bats last night, and she was bats today but she's still damn' smart at the angles. She'll go home now and take another drink. It won't mean a thing to her. All the family is bats. Now, boys, you're going to do a little work."

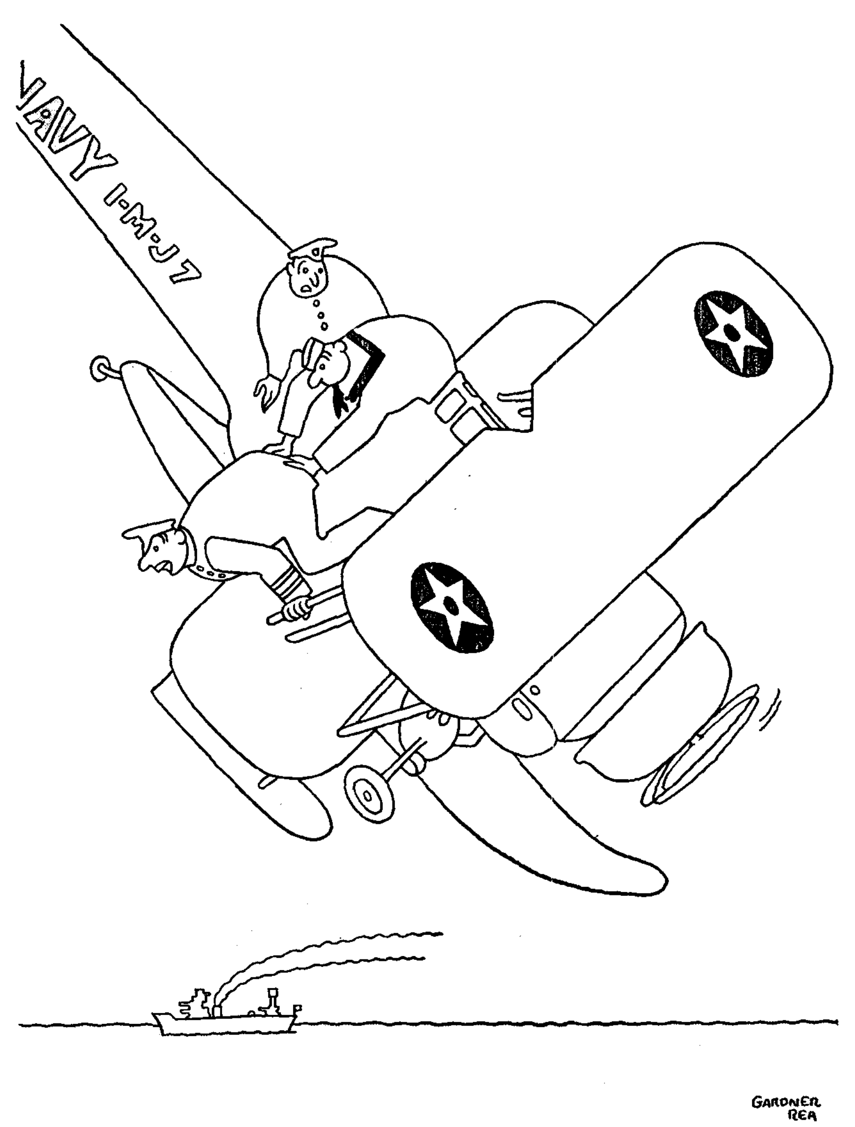
"Go on and get it over with," Tom Gaffney said. "I ain't moving out of here."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Tonelli, "ain't he, lady? You think I ain't got time enough. Don't you worry, boys. They got that dick aboard the boat by now. I got all night if I want it. There used to be some tools in the kitchen shed and I guess there's a lantern there. Come on and get 'em. Come on, I said."

"Come on, Gaffney," said John Thorne, and took him by the arm.

Anything was better than staying in that room; perhaps if he were moving he might think of something. If he stayed there any longer it seemed to him that he, like Miss Symphorosa, would be going bats. Tonelli's voice and the flowers on Miss Symphorosa's bonnet were mixed up in his mind with the wainscot and the shelves by the chimney. The whole place was full of personalities, crude but strangely in keeping with it, and unsavory as its own musty smell.

All ill-starred legends of haunted houses and of houses bringing bad luck to their inmates came to his mind only to be discarded, for the drama of the Budge house resembled none of them. Though one had a sense of past presences and personalities it presented no element of the supernatural, such as might have fascinated a society for spiritualistic research. There would be no footsteps nor apparitions nor clanking of chains nor groans at night; there was something worse than the supernatural. It was the idea, which was growing more definite with every minute, that the atmosphere of Smith Island and of Lord Robert Budge's ancient palace was as literal as a page from a medical treatise on abnormal psychology. The queerness of that house and grounds, conceived by the unbalanced mind of an eccentric nearly a century and a half ago, had a sure appeal for similar types and offered a congenial refuge for others with marked traits of abnormality.



"No, no, Smithers! In the air service we never drop the pilot!"

GARDNER REA

TOM GAFFNEY and his overdeveloped friend Tonelli and Miss Symphorosa Savage, and all the former denizens of the place had been attracted to it, like flies to sugar, through some sort of unconscious psychological force. A specialist in glandular diseases could certainly have diagnosed their types.

"Tonelli," John Thorne said.

"Yeah," Tonelli answered.

"You're crazy, did you know it?"

"Yeah," said Tonelli, "I guess that's so. A judge told me that once. All the family is bats, but I ain't feebleminded, Thorne. Skip it, and keep walking."

"IF I had ever been an interne in an insane asylum," John Thorne thought, "I might be able to think of something." and he spoke to Tonelli again.

"Did you ever think you were Napoleon Bonaparte or anything like that?"

"Skip it, Thorne," said Tonelli. "Keep on walking. You're cracking too damned wise."

John Thorne kept on walking just behind the slender, pink-shirted Gaffney, down the hall toward the back of the house. He was calmer than he had been for a long while. That visit of Symphorosa Savage had done it. He was no longer any more afraid of Tonelli than he would have been afraid of a lunatic who thought he was a poached egg; he could even regard Tonelli with a half-contemptuous detachment. There might be shooting, they might all be killed, but he was not afraid. If he could keep his head and remember about Tonelli's mentality, there might even be a chance.

"Turn right," Tonelli said, "open that door to the big room."

When Gaffney opened the door to that long dingy chamber that had been the dining hall, John Thorne glanced back at Doris Brooke.

"Don't be afraid," he said, "he's crazy."

"It's all right," she said, "I'm not afraid."

Tonelli's face grew crimson.

"Shut your yap, you heel," Tonelli said, "and keep on walking."

Unexpectedly John Thorne felt a definite thrill of pleasure; it was the first time that he had seen Bugs Tonelli shaken enough to lose his poise. It was something to remember that he could make Tonelli angry.

At the opposite side of the dining room Gaffney opened another door and they were in the kitchen ell, the first time that John Thorne had seen it. A warped and rusty cookstove had been placed against a huge bricked-in fireplace, where a spit had once doubtless turned with the dinners of Lord Robert Budge. There was a sink without running water, and a table with chairs around it and piles of unwashed dishes. There was a lantern beside the sink. Tonelli told Tom Gaffney to light the lantern.

"And you," he said to John Thorne, "the shed's right straight ahead. There used to be a hammer there. Go out and find it."

John Thorne shrugged his shoulders. Tonelli was still angry. A woodshed with the roof half down was just behind the kitchen. Its contents were remarkable, and evidently the Guffeys had never seen it, nor any junk or antique dealer either.

ALL the odds and ends of a once prosperous establishment had been tossed out there by former owners—a crane, broken iron kettles, fire tongs, fire irons, Windsor chairs with missing legs, broken tavern tables, a cobbler's bench and a spinning wheel.

"American crudes," John Thorne muttered, "American crudes." If he ever had the run of that woodshed, he might find something really valuable, a trestle table or a butterfly table for example.

"Hey," Tonelli was calling from the kitchen, "make it snappy, Thorne."

A sledge such as was used for driving wedges into logs or for breaking stones, was leaning on a heap of uncut wood. John Thorne picked it up.

It seemed to him that Tonelli was looking at him half suspiciously, half doubtfully when he returned to the kitchen.

"So you found the hammer, did you?" Tonelli said. "Be careful how you use it. Open that door, Gaffney, take the lantern. We're going down cellar now. Wait a minute, wait a minute. Don't talk."

If Tonelli had heard anything, John Thorne had not. It might have been the creaking of a board or a stirring of the wind outside, but when they listened there was no noise except the buzzing of the flies about the kitchen table. Tonelli stood just behind Doris Brooke with his head to one side. It was another indication that his control was not as perfect as it had been. There was still an unknown factor, and that was Mr. Jacks. Suppose that Jacks was back. Tonelli would still kill Doris Brooke.

Suddenly Mr. Gaffney spoke softly.

"Right behind you, Bugs," he said.

Tonelli's shoulders stiffened. He had started to turn instinctively before he checked himself.

"Don't do that again," said Tonelli, "or out the lady goes."

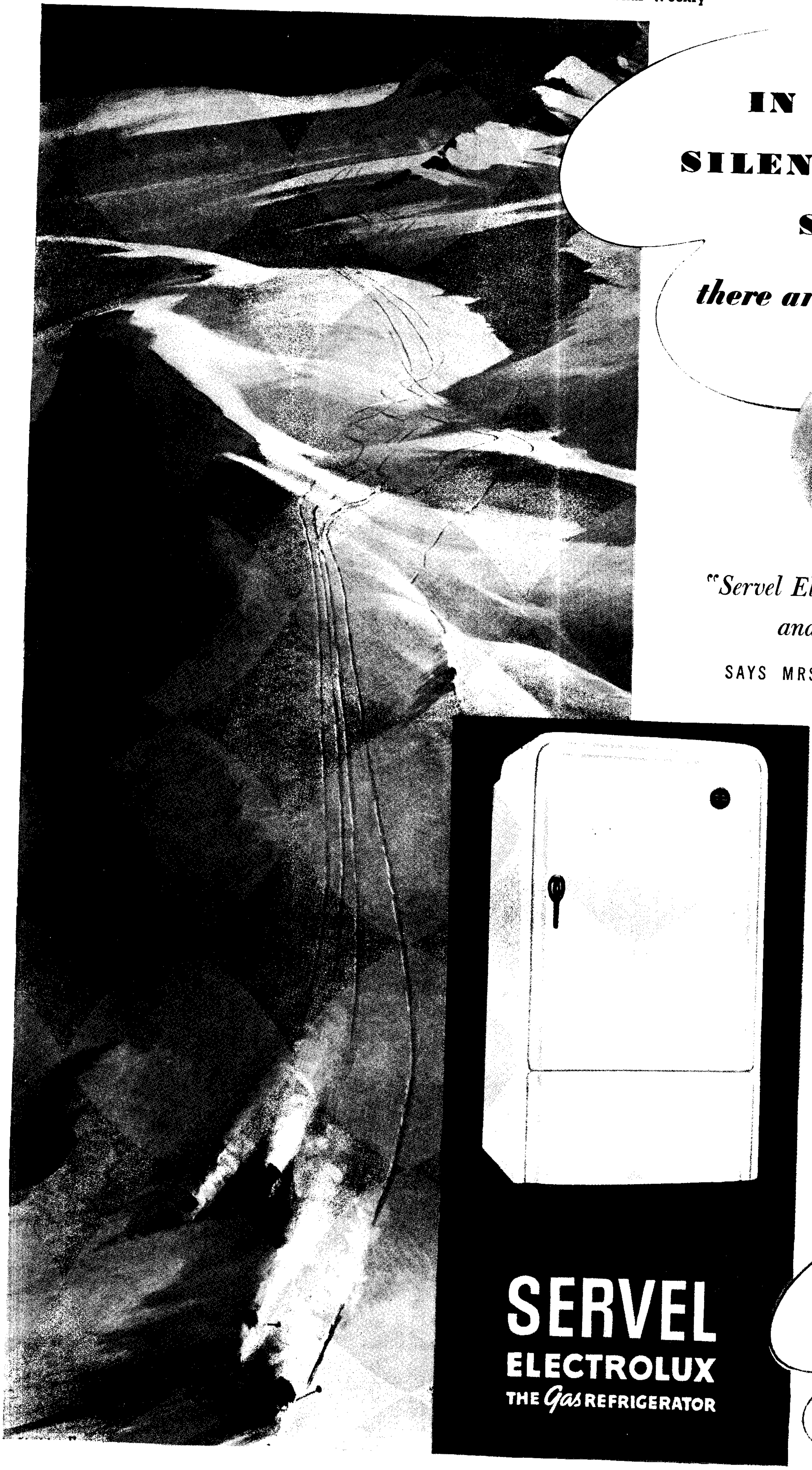
Tom Gaffney laughed unpleasantly.

"Jittery, ain't you, Bugs?" he said.

Tonelli had controlled himself already. His voice was rasping and monotonous again.

"Yeah," he said, "I'm getting jittery. Don't you bother me too much, or I might do something sudden. That goes for you too, Thorne. Take that lantern, Gaffney, and walk down cellar. You go behind him, Thorne, and clean up quick."

(To be concluded next week)



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there are no moving parts

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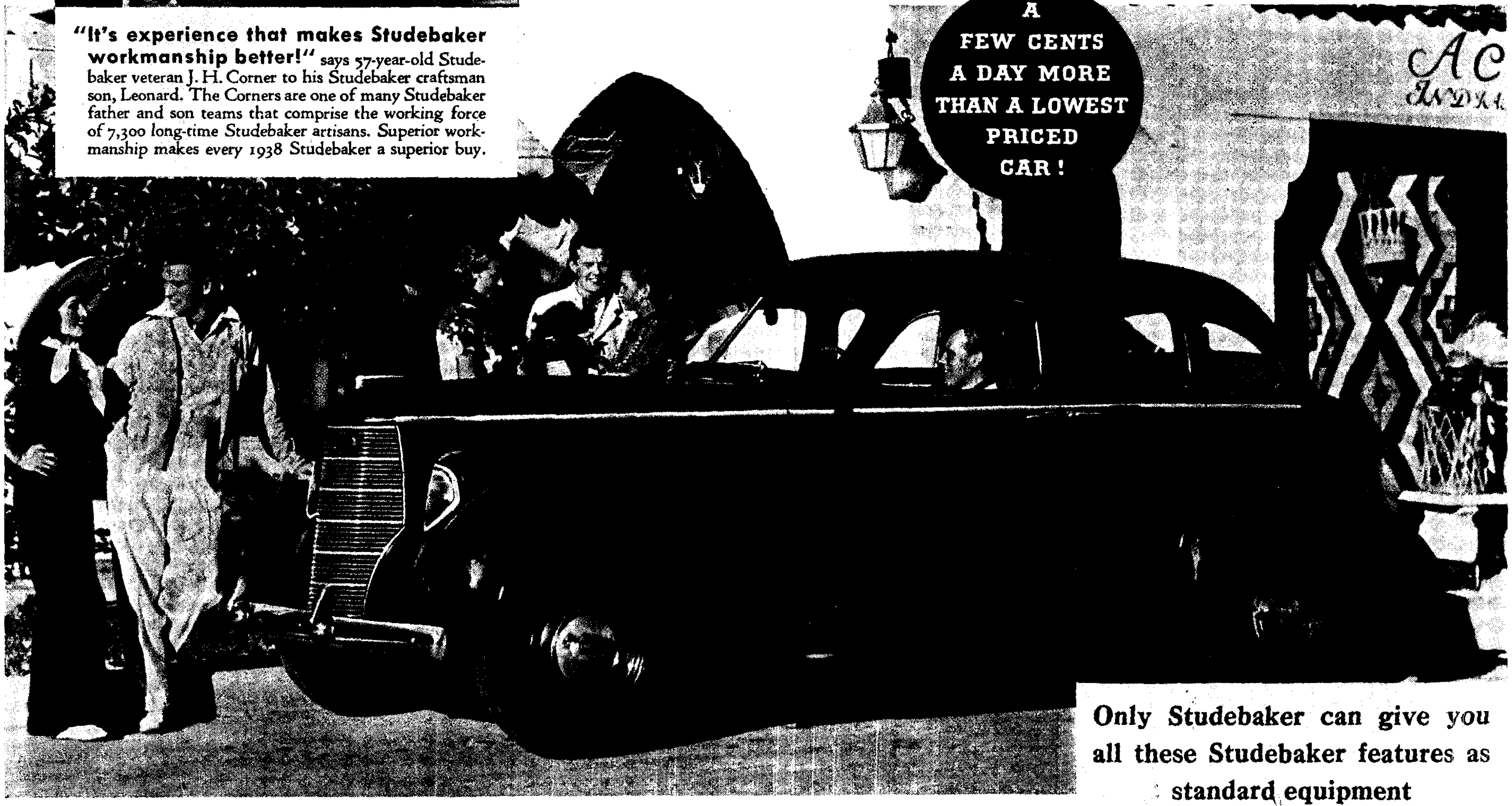

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STUDEBAKER

DRIVE IT AND YOU'LL BUY IT!

The Dreamer

Continued from page 10

"You're right—I *am* looking for a job. And I knew you had me sized up, too. But if you think I'm grateful to the old codger for introducing us, you're wrong. I didn't want to meet you."

Her smile was maddening. "No? And why not?"

"I can't afford to know you. Why should I—"

"We're wasting time, standing here," she interrupted. "Besides, I'm late."

He took her arm and helped her across a puddle beside the curb. "Well—where do I walk with you, then, while we both take a soaking?"

They dodged assorted traffic and she told him of the quaint restaurant off Park Avenue where she was a notch above the waitresses. She would live in New York, she said, except that it was cheaper to live at home, even counting the bus fare. Besides, her mother and father would worry. Her father had been well enough off until two years ago, when something had gone wrong with the factory. She'd had two years at Barnard, anyhow, but now she was twenty and she felt that, well—she hoped to get into advertising eventually. She had been plaguing the agencies, especially that one designed only for women—*Cherchez la Femme*. It would be wonderful to get a job there.

She had tried half a dozen times to see Deborah Inglis, who was in charge of the agency, but had never got farther than the outer office. Meanwhile, she saw to it that Mrs. Horace Pumperdink's grilled sardines on toast were exactly to her liking, and that the dressing with Mrs. Eugene Kimmerling's salad was just right. And at the end of the week she received eighteen dollars.

LINDA did not seem to talk fast, but she said much. And in a voice that was brave, sweet music. Edward rubbed a quarter and a dime together in his port-side pocket, looked resignedly down at the vanishing crease in his trouser leg, and decided what he should not tell Linda. He would not tell her, for example, that he had sneaked down into the laundry and washed and ironed his shirts when Uncle Benjamin's housekeeper was in bed with a bad cold. He would not tell her that every Monday morning Uncle Benjamin, at breakfast, extended to his nephew a sealed envelope with his name on it, which contained a ten-dollar bill; and that a similar envelope was handed to Mrs. Drury, the housekeeper, when she poured the coffee. The contents of the envelopes were to do for a week.

But he did tell her that he had to have work of some kind at once. He had studied journalism, but since even good reporters were thick as bristles on a hog's back, he had taken a short business course this past summer in order to make shift while he waited for the sort of opening he wanted.

She said brief, consoling and encouraging things. Edward felt better, and then worse. They had come to the place off Park Avenue where Linda worked.

"Look!" he said recklessly. "I want to see you again—before tomorrow morning, I mean. You're not always on the bus when I go home. Can't we—darn it, I can't even take you to a movie. But can't we—"

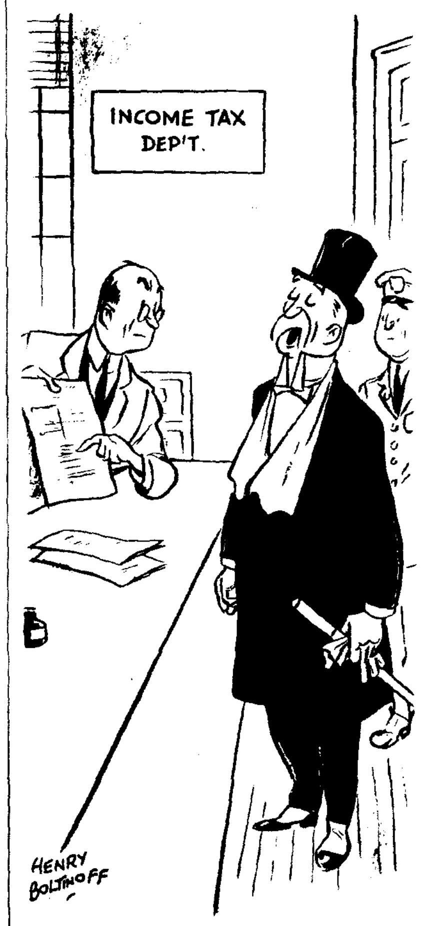
Her hand in his was sure and warm and soft. "I'm off at four this afternoon."

"How about the Spanish Museum? It doesn't cost anything." He grinned crossly, endearingly. "I'll be here at four—if that's all right with you."

"I'll watch for you," she said simply.

Her parting smile remained with Edward all through that day, which would have been except for Linda Summers so exasperatingly like all the other days of the past weeks. And for Linda the day had a vast and shining difference—despite the rain, despite the triple-chinned and pearl-festooned women who came and ate squab at red-lacquered tables.

MR. BANGLE was perplexed. Nearly two weeks had gone since he had made bold to introduce Edward Fleet to Linda Summers, and each morning he had greeted them with a sort of proprietary affection. Over his crossword puzzle he had studied them covertly. He was convinced that all was not as well as might be. He thought, too, that he had divined the reason. Linda was working. Edward was still idle. Not that that would make any difference to the girl, if Mr. Bangle could trust his own instincts. But the young man was proud, proud to the point of anguish. Why, he had literally snarled yesterday morning in response to the girl's greeting. Well, Mr. Bangle could understand that. He had been proud himself, once. Now, as he glanced at them sitting together and saying nothing, he was sore at heart and furious at a life that would not let the young be young.



"I did make more money than that, but I don't like to brag!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

The morning was brilliant. Mr. Bangle leaned across the aisle, shading his spectacled eyes against the glare of first frost. His voice was almost furtive, as if there were guilt in it.

"You haven't landed anything permanent yet, have you, Mr. Fleet?" he ventured.

Edward's look was almost belligerent. "Nothing permanent. I had a few days as bookkeeper in a sash and door factory but that's about all."

Mr. Bangle lowered his head a little and blinked over his glasses. "I—I'm having a little trouble with my eyes. Nothing serious, you know—just a matter of getting new glasses." He chuckled deprecatingly. "I'm afraid Mr. Coombes—he's my superior, you know—I'm afraid he's beginning to notice things. Minor errors that escape me—"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bangle." The injustice of everything made Edward scowl angrily out of the window.

Mr. Bangle's cheeks sprang into a nervous red where the tiny old veins were. "Mr. Coombes is a splendid fellow. Very clever. And very efficient. I'd rather not have him tell Solomon and Kriss about my eyes. You understand, of course? Not that—"

"I understand, Mr. Bangle."

"It has occurred to me that—perhaps—forgive me if I presume too much—but it has occurred to me that I might enlist your help—two or three evenings a week, perhaps, if—"

He drew a deep, tremulous breath.

"I'll come any time," Edward put in quickly. "I could come tonight."

"Really? I had scarcely hoped—of course, I shouldn't ask you to give your services for nothing, you understand," Mr. Bangle said with dignity. "It means a great deal to me. Would you—would two dollars an evening be enough?"

"Certainly. What time, Mr. Bangle?"

"Let us say a quarter of six. I'll be quite alone then. You know the place—Solomon and Kriss, on East—"

"I'll find it," Edward assured him.

NEVERTHELESS, for a whole day Mr. Bangle lived with the fear that something would happen to bring his plans to naught. Life, as he knew, could be so irritatingly uncertain.

But it all turned out even more pleasantly than he had hoped. Edward appeared promptly at the appointed time, went briskly over the books, and found only two errors. At seven o'clock, Linda brought a hot supper for three into the cubicle of Solomon and Kriss' which was Mr. Bangle's office. And they sat about and ate and drank and made exceedingly merry.

Mr. Bangle could not remember having enjoyed himself so heartily in years. It was like being young again. It was like—he couldn't tell what it was like.

"Why—this is quite the most—it's like being somewhere—" He got from his chair with surprising agility. "Let me show you something."

He brought from a drawer a tattered, pencil-marked map of the South Seas and spread it on the desk. Then he opened an unpretentious steamship folder and placed it beside the map.

"Here she is!" he said triumphantly, and pointed with a thin, ink-stained finger to a curiously shaped island east of Borneo and south of the Philippines. "Do you remember? That's the—the Celebes!"

Linda and Edward leaned above the desk. "Of course!" Linda said. "That's where the wild ox lives—the—"

"Anoa!" Mr. Bangle reminded her. "Now—this is the route as I have marked it out—the route of the freighter Pompeii, from New York to Java. You see?" His pencil followed the line that had already nearly bitten through the paper from many previous tracings. "New York—Haiti—Panama—Gilbert Islands—Mindanao—Macassar Strait—and there you are—the Celebes!" He halted, half choking with emotion, his eyes glistening as he looked up. He smiled. "And up there—in those mysterious jungle mountains—the small wild ox, Anoa!"

Edward and Linda glanced at him,

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THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

1 QUICK EASY GROOMING! At last! The time-tested Wildroot Hair Tonic formula plus pure vegetable oil that relieves dry scalp. Keeps hair neatly groomed without that slicked-down look. Mild pleasing scent fades away after using.

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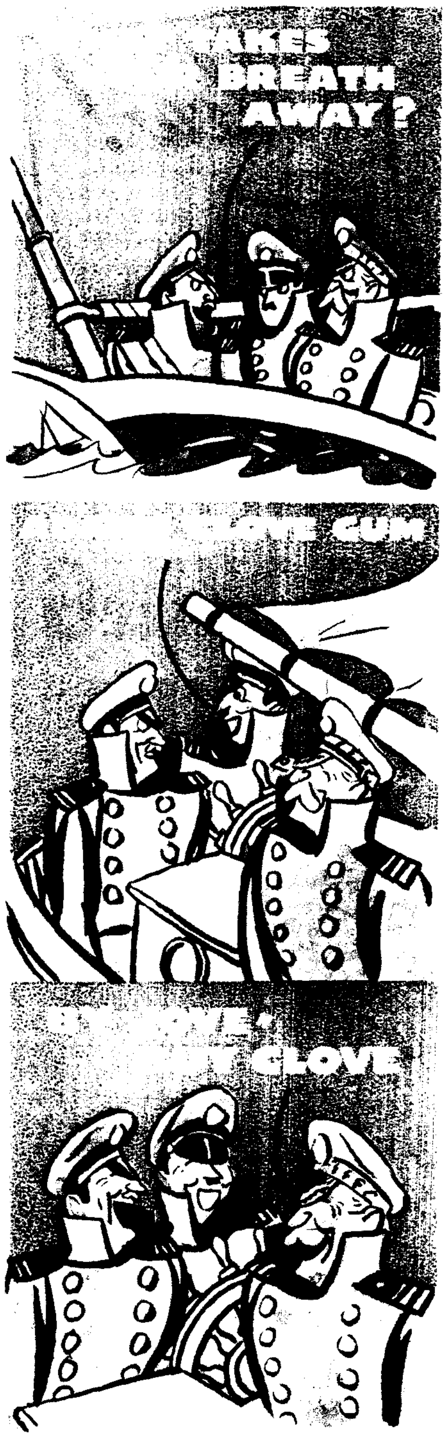

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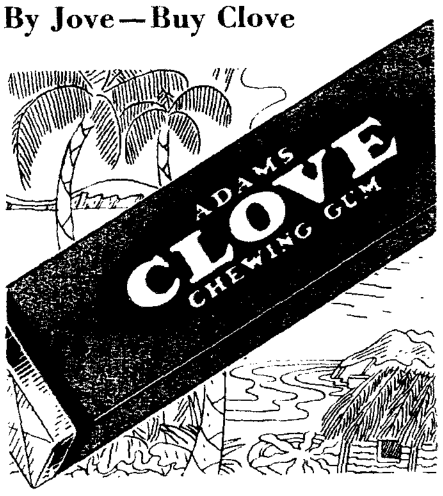
Moreover it freshens your mouth, sweetens your breath. Actually does take your breath away!

By Jove—Buy Clove



A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

and then at each other. A mist had appeared behind Mr. Bangle's glasses, and when he spoke again there was an unaccountable tenderness in his voice. "Do you *know?* I'm going there some day. But—I *say*—why shouldn't we all go? There's an idea. I hadn't really thought of it until this very minute. The three of us—together!"

"Wouldn't it be fun!" Linda exclaimed on a breath.

WITHOUT thinking, she slipped her hand into Edward's, and while he held it tight and stared at the map, his eyes full of the bright darkness of Mr. Bangle's vision, he said flatly, "It's like wishing for the moon."

"Not at *all!*" Mr. Bangle was as spirited as though he had his passage ticket in his pocket. "Two hundred and fifteen dollars, round trip, on the Pompeii. She has accommodations for six passengers—just six. And maybe there wouldn't be anyone else. Just the three of us. I've been aboard her—three times—down in Red Hook. She's as snug a little ship as you'd ever hope to see. I think I can figure—about the year after next—"

He smiled modestly and left his sentence hanging in mid-air. Then he folded his map and schedule, and with an affectionate pat tucked them back into the drawer and stepped to the window. When he raised the blind, the sleet was threading sharply against the pane. A day could change so, from the sparkle of morning. Mr. Bangle adjusted the blind so that it was exactly a third of the way from the top. He peered at the window frame and asked Edward if he could see a faint pencil mark—just *there.*

"Mr. Coombes is annoyed," he explained apologetically, "if he comes in in the morning and finds the shade is not at this precise—ah—elevation." He laughed indulgently. "It's just a little—shall we call it a fetish?—of his."

And Linda, because she was afraid of what her eyes might betray, turned quickly away and hastily put on her coat.

LINDA and Edward did not take the bus home with Mr. Bangle that night. For Mr. Bangle had paid Edward his two dollars, and Edward had insisted they should go to a movie. Mr. Bangle reminded them of his failing eyes, and sent them off together and alone. And as he took his seat in the bus, he felt very pleased with himself, indeed. He had managed things very satisfactorily, he thought.

After the movie, Edward took Linda to an Automat for toast and coffee. And after that they walked west, through a lighted net of sleet and snow on Forty-second Street, to the docks. There they turned south until open before them was the river with its furred white moving lights in the blackness, its nostalgic smell of wood and oil and tar and salt and rope, its dark, undecided shapes of wharf and hull, its loaded silence, and its hoarse or plangent sounds.

They had haunted the river fronts before, during the past two weeks, and the parks and museums as well, simply because they had gained free admission to each other's company by doing so. Edward had put a bold face on his desperation at not finding work, or had not spoken of it at all. But he had deceived Linda not in the least. He had done everything so thoroughly, with a kind of ebullient, impatient cheer—everything except take her in his arms and tell her that he loved her.

But now, as they walked suddenly into the shadow of a warehouse flush with the river, while a cold wind laced their faces, Edward drew Linda into his arms and kissed her.

And then they quarreled.

They quarreled because Edward suddenly forced himself free of Linda, who didn't want to be free of him.

"There's no sense to this!" he said violently.

Linda said calmly, though her heart was wild, "Why?"

"Why? Because I love you and I want to marry you and I can't marry you for five years—if then."

Again Linda asked, "Why?"

Edward was incensed. "What'll I have to keep a wife on, especially after I've paid Uncle Benjamin every week? Even if I get a steady job tomorrow, there wouldn't be enough to—"

"I'm getting eighteen," said Linda obstinately. "You were getting twenty-five on that job you—"

"I haven't got that job now," he reminded her bleakly.

"But you'll get another right away. If we can make about forty-five together—that's a hundred and eighty a month. I know where we can get a one-room apartment with kitchenette—gas plate in the bathroom, that is—for thirty a month. We should be able to save a couple of dollars or so every week, toward—"

"Toward what?" Edward clenched his hands in his coat pockets. Toward Mr. Bangle's dream, he thought savagely—toward Mindanao—the soft, hot, shadowy danger of lovely archipelagos—of the Celebes of poetry and crossword puzzles! Or was Linda thinking of *furniture—or a baby, perhaps?*

"Toward what?" she echoed scornfully. "Toward anything you like. Toward what we want most. Haven't we been talking to Mr. Bangle, and—"

The smell of the outgoing river tide under the whispering sleet was almost more than Edward could bear as he thought of Mr. Bangle. But he remembered Uncle Benjamin.

"Listen," he said sternly, "it's all right to talk with Mr. Bangle about the South Seas and all that. But it doesn't work out that way. Getting married now would mean you'd have to do without things—you'd come in tired from work—you'd cook and wash and iron and—I'm not going to put you through that, Linda!"

"Oh." There was a brief silence. "That's all there is to it, then? There is no—no dream—no *anoa?*"

"Why talk about the impossible?" Edward set his mouth down in harsh finality. "What's the use! Even if—"

And because they stood long under the shadow of the warehouse by the river, it was very late when they learned that the bus Mr. Bangle had taken at eight-fifteen had been wrecked somewhere beyond Fort Lee, and that Mr. Sheridan Bangle had been fatally injured.

WHAT could be seen of Mr. Bangle as he lay in the white bed was bright and smiling, although his eyes without their glasses were too raptly brilliant, as if they were looking at something a little too far away, too magical to be quite grasped. A nurse stood by, looking severely down at her watch.

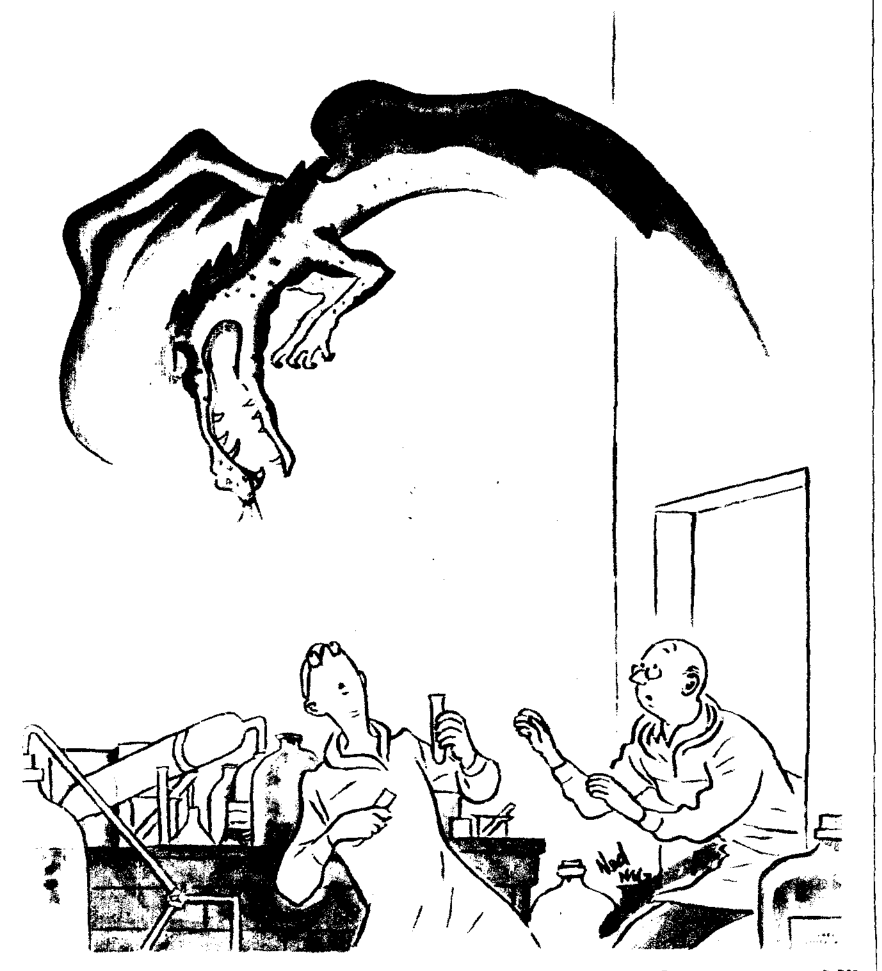
Linda and Edward sat close beside the bed in order to hear Mr. Bangle's labored words. Linda winked fast, smiled and patted the ominous mound of white, while Edward kept his reassuring grin for Mr. Bangle and tried to be facetious about Mr. Bangle's appearance.

"Don't worry, Mr. Bangle. Why, you'll be on deck again before you know it!"

Mr. Bangle's strange, engrossed smile lighted his face. "On deck—yes!" He chuckled, and Edward went brick red at his own stupid blunder. "On deck!" Mr. Bangle repeated. "And that reminds me—it would be well to remember—that if two—if two want a thing—it always comes easier than if—if just one wants it."

He gave Edward the card upon which he had written briefly when they had first come in. "Just take this to Mr. Solomon—in the morning."

"And I'll explain to Mr. Solomon that



"Come, come, Finley, you're supposed to be working on the common cold"

NED HILTON

you'd like me to substitute for you for a few days—till you're around again," Edward said awkwardly.

The slow smile crept again into Mr. Bangle's eyes. "And don't forget, my boy—about that window shade, will you? Mr. Coombes—you understand how it is?"

Edward nodded. "I understand," he said quietly.

Linda shut her eyes quickly and leaned her face down against Mr. Bangle's shoulder. The nurse rustled meaningfully.

Edward stood up. "We'll be in to see you again tomorrow, Mr. Bangle—about six."

They paused for a moment at the door and waved to the old man. He lifted one hand slowly in a farewell gesture and smiled.

"Remember — two can do it — very easily. I mean—the *anoa!*" Mr. Bangle said.

MISS DEBORAH INGLIS was a businesswoman with no nonsense about her. Only twice before had she sat down to a red-lacquered table in this fancy tearoom, and then only because she was hungry and the establishment was close to her office. But on both occasions Linda Summers had been keenly conscious of her presence. Had she not tried four times to gain an audience with the manager of that exclusive agency, *Cherchez la Femme?*

"For the love of heaven!" Miss Inglis bawled, above the rattle of a hundred voices, mostly female, at the cocktail hour. "Is there a ham sandwich in this place, or is it all gin and caviar? I've sat here for fifteen minutes, but I might as well be the Invisible Man!"

Linda stood before her. "I'm very sorry. There's a club group—we're more than usually busy. What would you like—"

"Like! Good grief! I ought to demand cutlet of porcupine! Are you supposed to be in charge of this harem? Are you being *paid* for being in charge of it?" She glared far and wide, but Linda felt that she was glaring mostly at her.

Tears smarted in Linda's eyes, and perhaps because of them she drew herself erect. "Miss Inglis," she said, "have you ever heard of the wild ox of the Celebes?"

Deborah Inglis brought her outraged, roving eyes back to the girl's face. Her spine jerked; she stared.

"What was that you said?"

Linda colored hotly, but repeated her question, standing very straight. Deborah Inglis began to laugh. Then she frowned.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, scrutinizing Linda. "Didn't I see you in our outer office one day last week?"

"Probably. I was trying to get in to see you about work."

"Yes. We didn't have anything just then. Come in tomorrow morning and ask for me. But for the love of pity, right now get me a ham sandwich and a glass of milk. I didn't have time to have lunch today."

EDWARD FLEET put away his ledgers, his bills of sale in their files, covered his typewriter, and went to the one window in his small office. The window faced south. He looked at Mr. Bangle's mark on the frame. Then, on the late gray afternoon, he let the blind run up as far as it would go, smiling a twisted, grim smile of tribute to Mr. Bangle as he did so.

Mr. Lancelot Coombes entered. His eyes were nail-colored. "One moment, Mr.—ah—Mr. Fleet. I prefer to have these two adjoining offices—this one and mine—present a certain uniformity. In small matters as well as large. Will you please lower that shade a third of the way from the top?"

Edward stood back and calmly regarded Mr. Coombes. "Have you ever heard of an animal called the *anoa?*" he asked.

Mr. Coombes batted his light lids. A pink, angry rash appeared on his thin nose. "You are being trivial, are you? On your first day. I am sure I do not know, and do not wish to know anything about the animal you mention. But I feel certain that Mr. Solomon would be interested to hear—"

It happened that Mr. Solomon was just then passing along the corridor. It might have surprised Mr. Coombes to know that Mr. Solomon was feeling heavy-hearted. Mr. Bangle, who had been with the firm for so many years, had also been just Mr. Solomon's age. Deep down, Mr. Solomon was sentimental.

"What iss it? What iss it?" asked squat and irritable Mr. Solomon, stepping into the little office. "Do I hear a quarrel already?"

"My assistant," said Mr. Coombes, loftily amused, "has just asked me about an animal, a strange animal."

"Enimel? Enimel?" Mr. Solomon looked at Edward, irked. "What kind of an enimal?"

"It's the wild ox of the Celebes, Mr. Solomon," Edward informed him. "Mr. Bangle was planning to go to the Celebes —to hunt this small wild ox. It's very rare—almost extinct, in fact. I was just about to tell Mr. Coombes what a pity it was that Mr. Bangle did not live to go on his one big adventure."

Dew appeared in Mr. Solomon's eyes. He shook his head. Then he seemed suddenly indignant. "What you call it, this ox?" he demanded.

"The *anoa.*"

"A-noa, hey? Write it down, and give it to me. My son-in-law, he goes to Canada every year to hunt. Next year he goes to Africa. You come to my house—for dinner, yes—and meet my son-in-law. Fine fellow. Diamonts in Amsterdam. Rich? Unnh! It gives me a sickness!"

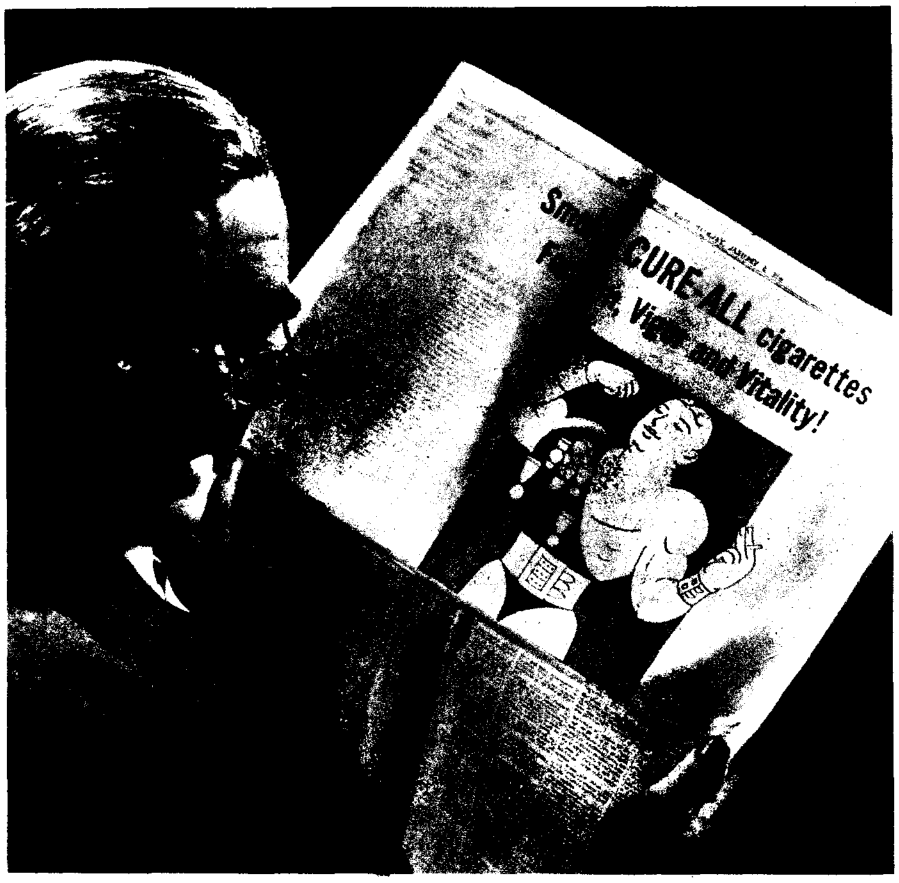
EDWARD and Linda were riding home together in the bus—home, that is, as far as Linda's place, for they were to have dinner there. They had been talking quietly, sitting very close, their hands clasped. Nobody in the bus looked at them, because everybody was tired from the day in New York and eager to be home.

"He had died just before I phoned the hospital," Linda murmured. "And when Miss Inglis was so—awful—I just had to let go somehow. It's funny—but I felt it was the last thing I could do for him—defy somebody, as he should have done but never dared to do!"

"I guess it was something like that that struck me, too—about that window shade. I'd have done it sooner or later, anyhow, I suppose. That Coombes is just dandy!" Edward smiled soberly and searched Linda's eyes. He put his arm around the back of the seat and drew her toward him, briefly, vehemently. "Do you really mean it, Linda?" he whispered, his voice tense and anxious as it had been a while ago, in the little restaurant where they had met for tea. "You'll take a chance—with me? And you won't get tired waiting for all the things somebody else could give you?"

Linda brushed his coat sleeve with her lips. "Didn't I say I would? And didn't he think we would? Even if we never go there, Edward—it'll be fun dreaming about it, with you. And I'll never give up believing—even if it takes years and years!"

"Go on believing, darling," Edward said. "I'm commencing to believe, myself."



"Shucks! All I want is a pleasant Smoke"

Maybe I'm old-fashioned. But I smoke for enjoyment; that's all. If a cigarette is fresh and pure and made of good tobacco; that's enough for me.

The OLD GOLD folks seem to think right down my alley. They buy the best tobacco; age and mellow it 3 years and more. They make it into well-filled cigarettes that burn cool, slow and even.

When these cigarettes are ready for market they go into a special weather-tight package, with 2 wrappers of Cellophane instead of one. There's not a possible chance for damp or dry air to get into that package while on its way to me.

When a man can get a cigarette like that, wholesome and fresh and fragrant, at any cigarette stand in the U.S.A., I reckon he needn't worry much about his smoking habits.

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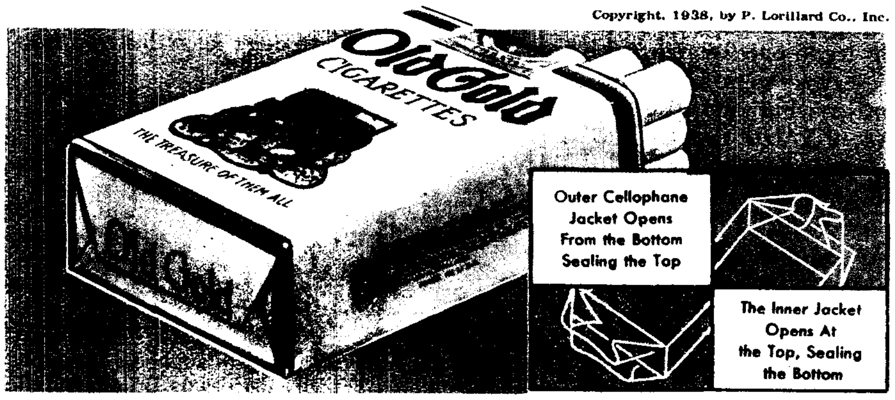


Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens From the Bottom Sealing the Top
The Inner Jacket Opens At the Top, Sealing the Bottom

Not a "Cure-All". . . Just a Finer Cigarette

What Do You Know?

Continued from page 16

"You don't have to do that, Sue. There's no—"

"I know," she said, "but I think I'd better. There's a lot of mail and—"

I smiled and shook my head at her.

"Ten days from now, Sue, the only influence I may have left is to see to it that you stay on as secretary for the Kansas Winchell."

She made a funny face. "They don't make columnists in Kansas," she said.

AS SOON as I came into Seventy-seven I could feel the difference. They knew all about it, too. I could tell by the way Eric, the boy from the cloakroom, took his time about coming over for my coat. I could tell by the way Albert, the headwaiter, greeted me. Everyone knew my contract hadn't been renewed yet.

I crossed the room slowly to a table near the orchestra. Al Rennert, the producer, sat facing the door, surrounded by his usual crowd—two playwrights, a novelist who was working on a dramatization of his novel, an actress, and a sports writer with yearnings toward the stage. The faces varied from time to time, but the proportion of talent and gossip around Al Rennert was always the same. His table was sure-fire, night after night, for three or four good items.

"Hello, Al," I said. "Mind if I sit down?"

He shrugged.

"As long as I can't help myself," he said, "you may as well." He turned to the actress and grinned. "You know, it's so hard to get these places to be exclusive."

Everybody laughed and I joined them as I sat down. Mr. Al Rennert was building up quite a little score for me to settle with him.

"What do you know, Al?" I asked.

He looked surprised and said, "Me? I don't know anything. Funniest damn' thing, you know, Decker. I used to know a lot. But all of a sudden, for some strange reason, I don't know anything."

Just then the orchestra struck up and the dance floor was suddenly crowded with couples. I swung my head out to look at the dancers. I could feel everybody at the table watching me. A pretty girl in blue swung by in the arms of Caesar Naldi. I hadn't seen him since I'd spotted him from the washroom, pumping bullets with a revolver from behind an overturned table in the fracas at the Flamenco Club two weeks before.

"Who's the girl in blue?" I asked casually.

EVERYBODY at the table craned for a better view, and then Al Rennert burst into his loud laugh.

"Boy," he said, laughing a little harder, "for a columnist, Dave, you certainly don't know a lot."

"We weren't discussing my ability, Al," I said. "I asked a simple question."

"Simple is right," he said. "When a guy like you don't know his own boss' daughter, I'll say it's—"

"Corrinne Lefferts?" I said quickly.

He nodded through his laughter. "Right for a change, Dave," he said.

My mind jumped back to Sue in the office and something she had said.

"What's she doing with that heel Naldi?" I asked. "A kid like that out with that gigolo? What's the—?"

Al Rennert grinned and looked amazed.

"You're asking *me*, Dave?" He turned to the others and laughed. "Imagine that! The guy who owns Broadway, the guy who knows everything, and *he* asks me, *me*, just a dumb producer, what his own boss' daughter is doing out with a heel like Caesar Naldi! Boy, if that isn't the funniest thing I ever—"

I got up quickly and pushed my chair against the table.

I waved my hand at him and at his guests.

"Well, goodby, gentlemen," I said breezily. "I'll be looking you all up soon."

"Don't make it too soon," Rennert said.

I grinned at him. "Don't worry, Al," I said very carefully, "when I look you up again, you'll be glad to see me."

The grapevine must have been working overtime. By one-thirty in the morning, when I reached The Romany, I'd been given the cold shoulder so often that I felt frozen. I took a small table at one side by myself. I sipped black coffee and looked through my notebook and tried to figure out what to do. I'd been on the rounds for hours, and I didn't have enough in the book to fill a paragraph, much less a half column. I looked up and saw the girl in blue come in with Naldi. That made the fourth time I'd run into them that night in different spots. The kid was wobbling slightly, but she could still walk under her own power. I snapped the notebook shut and jammed it into my pocket. There wasn't anything at The Romany. Might as well keep moving.

"Waiter," I called, "check!"

He came over, carrying a telephone. "Call for you, Mr. Decker," he said. He plugged it into the outlet in the wall and handed the phone to me.

"Hello, Mr. Decker!" It was Sue's voice.

"Yes, Sue. What's the matter?"

"Here's something hot, Mr. Decker," she said. She was talking quickly. "Keep your eye open for Mr. Lefferts' daughter Corrinne. She's—" My glance jumped quickly to the other side of the room. Naldi was leaning across their table, talking earnestly to the girl in blue and holding her hand—"kicked up some sort of rumpus at home, Mr. Decker, and old man Lefferts is—"

"How do you know about this, Sue?" I asked sharply.

"Lefferts called Koppen at the city desk twenty minutes ago. The old man's worried about the kid; seems she ran out in a huff; they had an argument or something over some man she's been running around with—I don't quite know all the facts, Mr. Decker—and the old man didn't want to call the police or anything because he doesn't know how serious it is, but he thought Koppen could get some of the reporters to keep their eyes open and see if—"

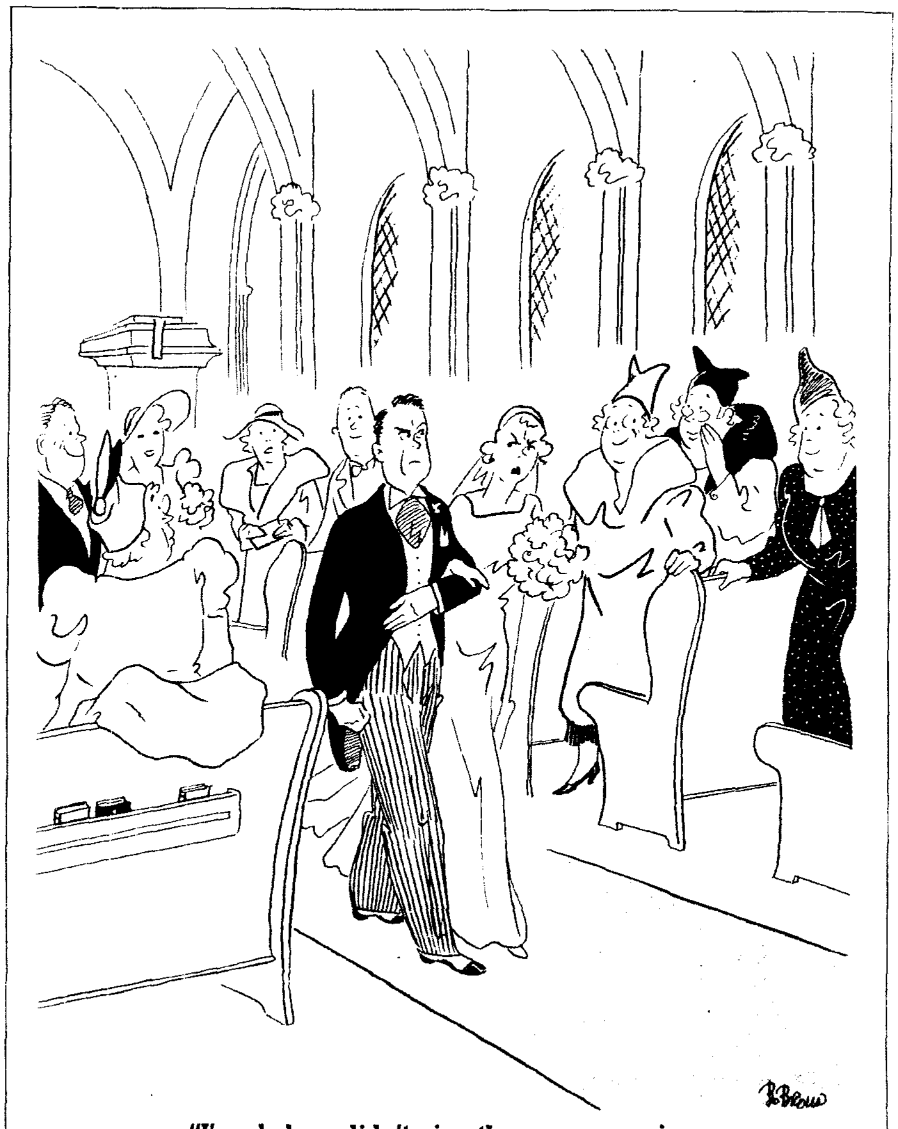
"How do we figure in on this, Sue?"

"I don't know," she said in a lower voice. "Just a hunch I had. I was outside in the city room for a drink of water and I heard Koppen kidding some of the reporters about it. None of them is taking it seriously, but I thought maybe if you could spot something on your way around, it might work out fine for—"

"Smart girl, Sue," I said briskly. "Say no more. Now, listen. You going to be at your desk for a while yet?" I asked.

"Why, yes," she said. "There's no—"

"Fine," I said quickly. "Stay at your



"I'm glad we didn't give them an expensive gift! I don't think their marriage will last!"

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desk, Sue. And later on, say in an hour or so, if you should have to reach me, you'll be able to get me at Seventy-seven. Got it?"

"I got it, Mr. Decker," she said.

"Fine," I said. "So long, Sue."

I hung up. The waiter unplugged the phone. I paid my bill and he walked away with the phone and my money. I got up and sauntered around the edge of the dance floor to the orchestra. I kept my eye on the table at the side as I walked. Naldi was still talking quickly and earnestly and the kid in blue was still listening. She was a pretty kid, fresh and nice-looking, even if her old man *was* one of the dumber publishers in the business. I stopped in front of the orchestra and pulled the leader's sleeve. He turned around to face me.

"Hello, Tommy," I said.

He rubbed his hand through his curly blond hair and looked worried.

He knew about the contract, too.

"What do you know?" I asked.

He shrugged. All of them must have gotten together and rehearsed the gesture.

"Not much," he said.

HE WAS going to know more, before long. They were all going to know more. The feeling of worry that had been haunting me all night had dropped away. Everything was going to be all right.

"Well, listen, Tommy," I said. "I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure, Dave," he said, looking more worried than ever. "But—"

I added a shade or two of toughness to my voice.

"I haven't got much time, Tommy," I said. "Here's what I want you to do. Keep your eye on me for the next ten or fifteen minutes or so. And when I start scratching my head, no matter where I am, you break out into one of your real hot rumbas. All right?"

He dropped his eyes from mine. He knew about the contract all right. But I had too much on him for him to risk my spilling anything before the old contract expired.

"Sure, Dave," he said, grinning back painfully. "You bet."

I crossed the dance floor swiftly to Naldi's table and dropped into a chair. He released the girl's hand and looked up quickly. As soon as he recognized me, his face froze into a look of dislike that sent his small black mustache bristling.

"Come on. Decker," he said. His face hardened. "Get out of here."

My eyes widened a little.

"Amazed, Caesar, that's what I am," I said. I turned to the girl and smiled. She was a lovely kid. "Can't a fellow come over and ask to be introduced to his boss' daughter without being told to get—"

Her eyes were slightly glazed but she smiled broadly and reached across the table to put her hand on my arm. She was far too pretty a girl even to be seen with Naldi.

"Oh," she said with a giggle, "so you're the Double-Decker Mr. Decker!"

"And you're Corrinne Lefferts," I said, bowing. "Beautiful young daughter of Lemuel August Lefferts, who signs my pay check every week. Right?"

"Right," she said, laughing. "But, Mr. Decker, you haven't asked me your famous question."

"My what?" I said. I looked puzzled.

"You know," she said, giggling again. "The question that they say you ask everybody when you—"

"Oh," I said, and laughed. "Well, I don't ask that when I'm with pretty young girls. I only—"

She looked mysterious and wagged her finger at me.

"You should," she said, "you should, Mr. Doubler—"

"Decker," I said.

"Mr. Decker, I mean," she said. "Because sometimes pretty young girls know more than—"

Naldi slapped the table hard. "Corrinne!" he said sharply. "Don't waste your time with this—"

I wagged my finger under his nose. "Naughty, naughty," I said. "Not nice to talk that way, Caesar."

He glared at me.

"Mr. Decker is right, Caesar," she said, pouting, and then turned back to me. "Because, Mr. Decker, sometimes young girls know—"

"All right, Miss Lefferts," I said, laughing. "I'll ask you. What do you know that I don't know?"

She giggled delightedly and leaned forward.

"I know something," she said, "something very, very, very important. But—"

"Corrinne!" Naldi said sharply.

"Something very, very important," she continued. "But you must promise, Mr. Doubler," she said, "that you won't print it until day after tomorrow."

"I promise," I said.

She squinted at me through the haze of the last few drinks she had had.

"Caesar and I are going down to Elkton to get married tonight," she said, and sat back with a smile. "Isn't that lovely, Mr. Decker?"

I shot Naldi a single murderous glance and turned back to her.

"Sure," I said sarcastically, "it's wonderful."

The big heel. Contract or no contract, I'd have to pull her out of this.

She leaned forward and wagged her finger at me.

"But remember," she warned, "you promised you wouldn't print it till day after tomorrow! Remember, now, you—"

"I promise," I said again.

Naldi stood up and pushed back his chair.

"Come on, Corrinne," he said. He glared at me. "Let's get out."

"Can't we have just one more little drink, Caesar?" she said, pouting.

"No," he said sharply. "Let's get out of here."

I put my hand to my head and began to scratch vigorously. The orchestra blared out into the first bars of a rumba, and I smiled to myself. Good old Tommy. As long as you had enough on him, he was your pal to the end.

"Oh, Caesar," she cried happily, "just this one more dance!"

"Corrinne," he said in a strained voice, "I think we'd better—"

SHE put her arms around him and said, "Just this one more dance, Caesar. I've waited for a rumba all evening, and now that we've got one, you want to leave!"

He glared at me and hesitated.

"All right," he said finally, and they glided out onto the floor.

I got up quickly and walked to the side of the dance floor. Near the cloakroom there was a line of phone booths. I went into one and dialed a number.

"Hello," I said, talking very quickly. "Get this and get it right away. Put Mr. Lefferts on the phone immediately. Get him out of bed, if necessary. It's about his daughter. It's important. Hurry up. Step on it."

The butler at the other end spluttered for a moment or so, then he said, "Yes, sir."

A minute later the phone was picked up again and Lefferts was on the wire.

"Hello, Mr. Lefferts," I said. "This is Dave Decker."

"Yes?" His voice was suddenly cool. "What is it, Decker?"

"I picked up an interesting bit of news for my column tonight, Mr. Lefferts," I said. "Your daughter," I said slowly and distinctly, "and a gentleman by the

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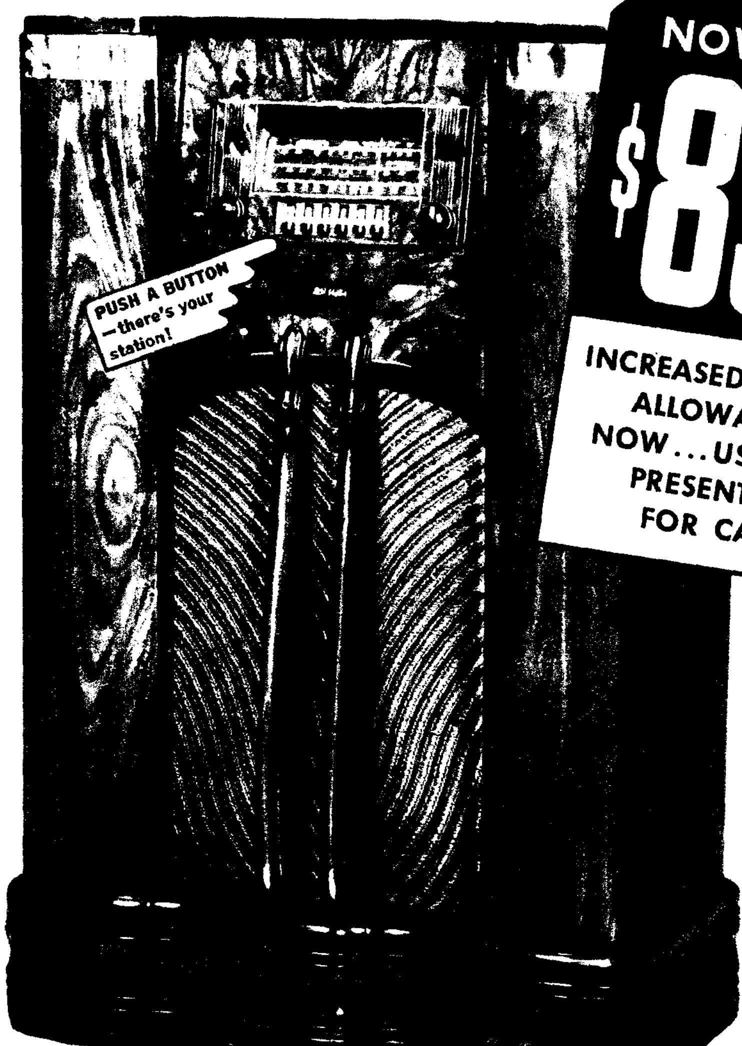

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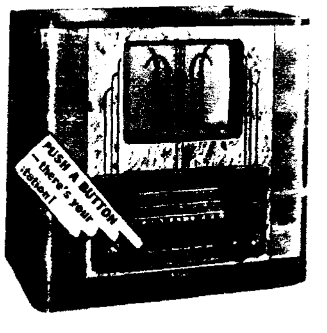

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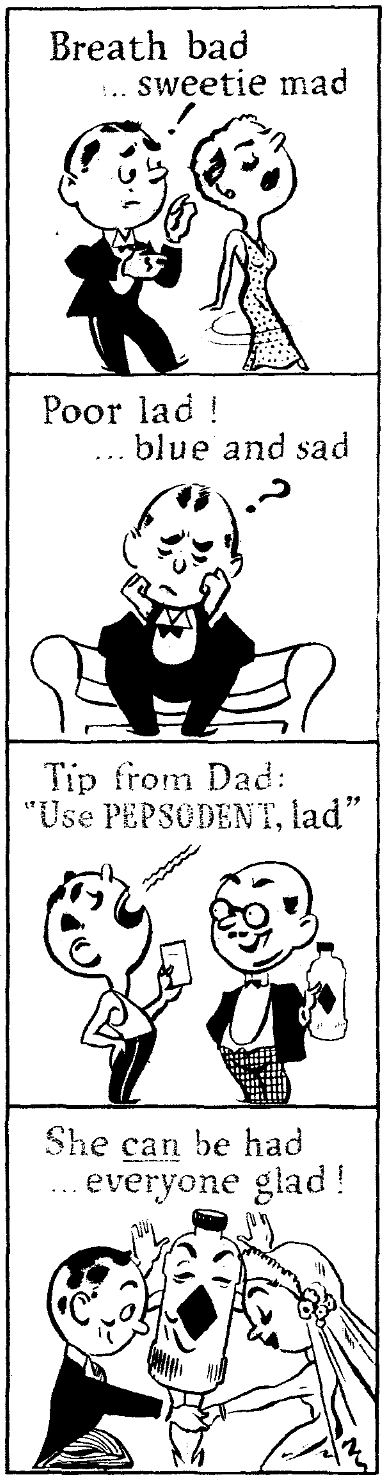

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name of Caesar Naldi are on their way to Elkton to be married."

There was a pause and then his excited voice yelled, "What?"

"That's right, Mr. Lefferts," I said. I glanced through the glass door of the phone booth. The blue dress and the black mustache were still circling the floor.

"How did you—? Where are you—? When—? Where's my daughter now, Decker?"

I let his excited voice fizzle out before I spoke.

"I think there's just a chance that I may be able to stop the whole thing and deliver her home to you within the hour," I said.

"Really?" he cried excitedly. "Can you do that, Decker?"

"I think so," I said.

"I'll be awfully grateful if you would," he said quickly. "You don't know—Please do that right away, Decker. Please. If you—"

I felt sorry for the guy, but I was interested in a more concrete demonstration of his gratitude.

"Of course," I said, "I may have a little difficulty in convincing her to come."

"Why?"

"Oh, well," I said casually, "you know how it is, Mr. Lefferts. My voice doesn't carry the authority that it once did. I understand from reliable sources that my column isn't pulling the, ah, the circulation it used to. And I've been told that it is a new policy of the paper that Broadway columnists must come from Kansas. Taking all those things into consideration, Mr. Lefferts, it seems highly doubtful that I'll be able to—"

"Listen, Decker," he said in a strained voice, "this is no time for things like that. I want my daughter. I can't stand here and talk about those things. If you—"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lefferts," I said coolly, "but I *can* talk about those things. To me those things are as important as some other things are to you."

"Decker," he said finally in a subdued voice, "if there is anything you can do to bring my daughter home, I assure you—"

"I can do plenty, Mr. Lefferts," I said. "But it's a risky job, and I don't see why I should risk my neck when—"

"If you bring my daughter home tonight, Decker, that contract of yours will be renewed tomorrow. That's a definite promise."

I GRINNED with relief. Even if he had said no I would have had to bring her home to him. She was too nice a kid for a heel like Naldi. But I had killed two birds with one stone. I glanced at the dance floor. The blue dress and the mustache were still dancing.

"All right," I said briskly, "I'll be at your home with her in an hour. Better have a doctor ready—she may be a little hysterical."

I hung up, held the receiver down for a moment, picked it up again, and dialed police headquarters.

"Hello," I said. "Police headquarters?"

"Yes."

"Listen," I said, "this is Dave Decker of the Evening Record. Do you know me?"

"Yes. What—?"

"Listen," I said. "Remember that shooting at the Flamenco Club two weeks ago?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to clear that little matter off the books?"

"Of course, Mr. Decker," the voice said excitedly. "You got any information?"

The music stopped. The blue dress and the mustache were walking to their table.

"I've got plenty," I said quickly. "Now listen. I'll tell you where I am and I've got the guy with me. He doesn't know about this, though. I'm somewhere in midtown. How soon can you have a radio car or patrol wagon here?"

"Give us two or three minutes and we'll have a radio car there. But—"

"Fine," I said. The blue dress and the mustache had gotten up from the table and were crossing the dance floor slowly. "Now listen. I want you to pick up this guy and take him away. Don't touch me or the girl I'm with. She doesn't know anything about it. She just happens to be with me. I'll be down in the morning with all the dope. Okay?"

"How long have you had this information, Decker?"

"What difference does that make?" I said. You couldn't stay in my business and go running to the police every time you learned something. You have to save some of it for times like this. "I was there when it happened and I saw him do it. I've followed it up since then and tracked down witnesses and motives. This stuff is straight and you'll get it all from me in the morning. Enough to hang him. Is it a deal?"

"All right," the voice said quickly. "Where are you?"

"I'll tell you in a second. First, remember to tell your men this guy has a mustache. I haven't got one. That's how they'll know him. A girl in a blue dress and two men. Tell them to get the guy with the mustache and let me and the girl alone. Okay?"

"Okay. Where are you?"

"The Romany," I said. "On West—"

"Okay," he said, "I know the address. Have a radio car there in two minutes."

I HUNG up and stepped out, right in front of Naldi and Corrinne Lefferts.

"Hello," I said cheerfully, blocking their way. "Leaving so soon?"

"Would you mind getting out of our way?" Naldi said grimly.

Corrinne Lefferts giggled and wagged her finger at me.

"Remember, now, Mr. Doubler—"

"Decker," I said, grinning.

"I mean Decker. Remember, now, you said you won't tell until day after tomorrow, because I'll tell you why." She leaned forward confidentially, "Dad is awfully funny about some things, Mr. Decker, and he—"

"Corrinne!" Naldi said sharply.

"Sssshhh," she said, shaking her head, and continuing, "and he doesn't like Caesar. It's the funniest—"

"Corrinne!" Naldi said again.

I got in their way as much as possible while he went for her wrap and his hat, and she clung to me and whispered all about her father's dislike for Caesar until Caesar turned from a pale pink to a bright cherry red and gave every indication of being in imminent danger of violent explosion. She insisted on accompanying me while I got my own hat and coat. While I was dropping the tip into the plate I heard the sirens screaming down the block and coming nearer. They stopped completely just as the three of us stepped out into the street. Two policemen came up, scanned the three of us quickly, and addressed Naldi.

"Your name Decker?" they asked.

"No," he said sarcastically. "That's the gentleman," he said, pointing to me.

"Okay," the cops said and grabbed him. Before anybody knew what was happening, they had hustled him into one of the radio cars and were gone. Corrinne Lefferts looked at me, blinking slightly.

"It's all right," I said, patting her shoulder. "Caesar's gone back to Gaul for a while."

I CALLED a taxi and put her into it and we drove up to East Sixty-eighth Street. She was in a daze until we reached her house, and then she let go. I took her in to where Lefferts and the doctor were waiting. They both looked pretty nervous, but they took her from me, sobbing violently and moaning.

"Thanks awfully, Decker," Lefferts said.

"That's all right, Mr. Lefferts," I said.

He helped the doctor take her upstairs while I waited. When he returned to the living room he seemed embarrassed.

"How is she?" I asked.

"She's all right," he said; then, "How did—?" he began.

"Nothing at all," I said, waving my hand. "A good Broadway columnist keeps his eyes open, Mr. Lefferts. It's a trait you're born with," I added. "Can't be picked up any place. Even Kansas."

He looked at me sharply and then started to smile.

"I don't know how much you know, Decker," he said, "but if you know half as much as people say you do, I suppose you know everything."

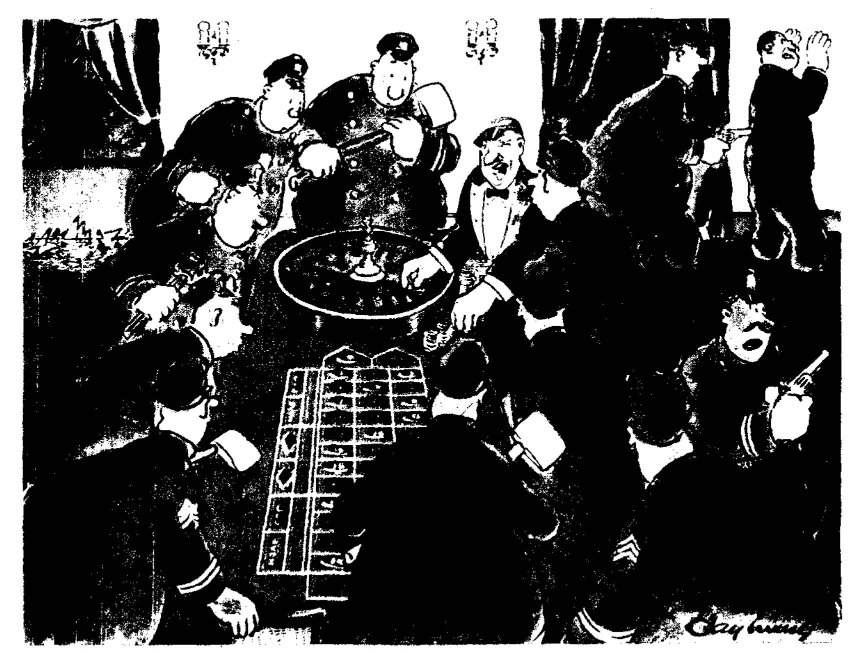
He laughed and offered me a cigar.

"You can be sure of one thing now," he said, "there will be no changes in the setup of the paper, certainly not in your department. You can be sure of that now, Decker."

I grinned at him. I had been sure of it for almost an hour.

"That's fine, Mr. Lefferts," I said. "And about that—?"

"The new contract will be ready to-



"It's really a lot of fun. Want to try it?" JAY IRVING morrow," he said smiling, "and you'll find a couple of very pleasant new clauses in it, too. About salary and tenure. I'm surprised at myself for letting it go this long."

I wasn't surprised. I didn't have nephews in Kansas.

"Those things happen," I said. "Little oversight. You know."

"Of course," he said.

I turned to go and stopped.

"Oh, say, Mr. Lefferts," I said, "I wonder if you'd do me one small favor."

"Of course," he said. "What is it?"

"Would you call my secretary now at the office and tell her that the contract is being renewed?"

"But, Decker," he said, puzzled, "it's almost two-thirty in the morning and—!"

"I know," I said, "but she's standing by at her desk tonight, and she'll get a big kick out of hearing it from you, Mr. Lefferts. She's been worried about it. Will you do that little thing for me?"

"All right," he said, reaching for the phone, "if you say so."

IT WAS exactly two-thirty when I got back to Seventy-seven. I walked in jauntily, whistling loudly, and pulled off my coat in the doorway. Eric started to come over quickly, with a little of the old pep.

I laughed and slapped him on the back.

I took the coat check from him. He hesitated a moment, then leaned toward me.

"Say, Mr. Decker."

I guess he could sense the renewed contract.

"What do you know, Eric?"

I bent down and he whispered in my ear.

"Pretty good," I said finally, taking out my notebook. "You hear it yourself?"

"Right here," he said. "Honest, Mr. Decker. Not more than an hour ago."

He grinned and I walked toward the main dining room, whistling. I stood in the doorway and looked around. The heads began to bend together around the tables again.

"Hello, Mr. Decker."

I turned to the headwaiter.

"Hello, Albert," I said. "What do you know?"

His eyes dropped from mine and he looked around furtively.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Decker. Only about ten minutes ago, Mady Andrews, the movie star, she was in here, and she went up to—"

"Skip it, Albert," I said suddenly, "I'll pick that story up later. I see some friends of mine."

The heads bobbed a little more violently as I crossed the floor, but I didn't pay any attention. Mr. Al Rennert and his gang were still at the same side table. One of the playwrights had disappeared and had been replaced by an actor's agent, but the rest of the crowd was the same. I sauntered up to the table and sat down without a word. Rennert stared at me.

"You said you wouldn't look us up until you were invited," he said, laughing suddenly. "I didn't hear anybody inviting you."

There were a few weak grins around the table. They would come off, too, soon enough.

"You haven't gotten any brighter, Al," I said patronizingly, "nor has your memory improved in the last few hours. It's still the worst on Broadway."

His fat face grew dark and he half rose out of his chair.

"Look here, you," he said, "I'll—"

"Just stay put, fat boy," I said. "I said the next time I looked you up you'd be glad to see me. So you better look glad. Because this is that next time, Al."

The worried look was just beginning to work its way across his face when a waiter came over, carrying a telephone. "Call for you, Mr. Decker," the waiter said.

"I'll take it here," I said.

He plugged it in and handed the receiver to me. "Hello?" I said.

"Hello, Mr. Decker?" It was Sue's voice, full of excitement.

"Yes, Sue, what is it?"

I watched Al Rennert's face as I talked, and out of the corner of my eye I could see his expression reflected in the faces of everyone at the table.

"Mr. Decker," she cried happily. "I just got a call from Mr. Lefferts and guess what he told me?"

"Why should I guess, Sue?" I said, laughing. "Didn't I tell you to call me at Seventy-seven?"

"Oh, isn't it wonderful, Mr. Decker?" she said. "I knew they'd come through with the renewal." Then, in a surprised voice, she said, "But how did you know about it?"

"I'll tell you all about it tomorrow, Sue," I said. "It's the funniest story you ever heard. In the meantime," I said slowly, watching Rennert's face as I talked, "put that new contract in the safe, Sue. It's going to keep us in shoes and stockings for quite a few more years." Rennert's jaw dropped a full three inches. "And Sue—"

"Yes, Mr. Decker?"

"Two more things: First, you've got a five-dollar raise."

"Thanks, Mr. Decker," she cried.

"Second," I said, "try to get in early tomorrow night, Sue." Here I looked directly at Rennert and grinned. "We're going to celebrate the new contract with a column full of dynamite. Lots of stuff about some friends of mine that I'm sitting with right now that I've been saving in the notebook for just such a celebration as this."

"Okay, Mr. Decker," Sue said. "See you tomorrow."

"Right," I said, and hung up.

The waiter unhooked the phone and took it away. I lit a cigarette very carefully and leaned back in my chair. Rennert broke the silence first. His fat face was made up of a single large worried frown and his voice was made up of a lot of little frightened pieces.

"Listen, Dave," he said quickly, "don't get me wrong. I was only kidding before. I wanted to see if you could take it."

I grinned but I did not speak.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Decker," the playwright said. "You're not going to—" He stopped. I swung the grin in his direction. His worry was general. Al Rennert's was specific. "I mean, Mr. Decker, we didn't—"

"Sure, Dave," Al Rennert said, leaning forward. "Don't think we meant anything. We were only—"

I TURNED the grin back on Rennert and pulled my notebook from my pocket slowly.

"Gentlemen," I said quietly, "what do you know that I don't know?"

Rennert bit his lip and looked around the table.

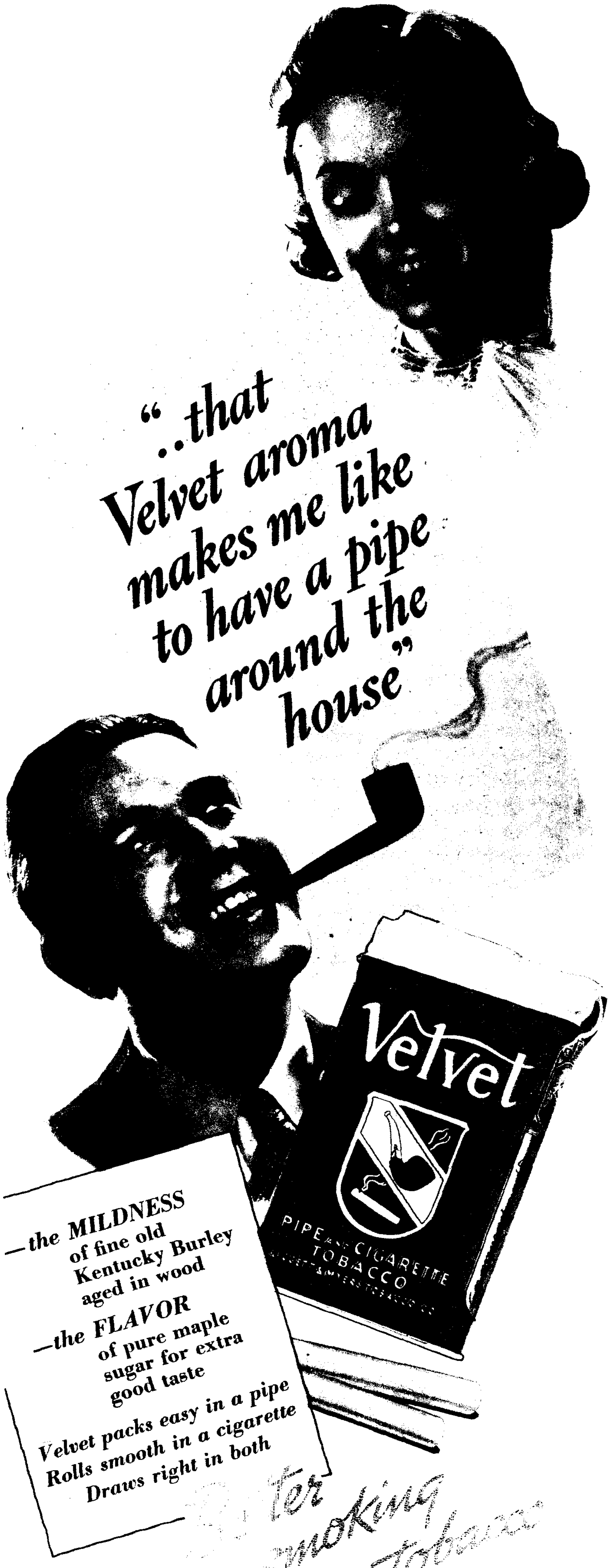
"Honest, Dave," he said again, "I was only kidding. I didn't mean to—"

His voice trailed off into silence.

"Same old terms," I said calmly, pulling out my pencil. "For every two good items I get from you that I can print, I don't print one good item that I know about you. Two for one to buy yourselves out of the column. Same old rates," I said and settled myself comfortably in my chair. "Start talking, boys," I said slowly.

They looked at one another for another moment, and then Al Rennert leaned toward me.

"Okay, Dave," he said in a low voice. "Here's one. See, they were giving a party for . . ."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Sunset Voyage

Continued from page 19

unless the chief operator recovers during the night, it will be my duty to inform the quarantine authorities in Honolulu that he is probably suffering from a communicable disease. Typhoid, let us say. That would mean delay in quarantine . . . unfortunate delay, after such a long voyage. Then I understand that a lawyer friend of mine is in Honolulu waiting to slap a libel on your ship, Captain. I don't know what the pretext will be, and it may not hold up in court. But you know what the law and the courts are, Captain. Slow. It would mean more unfortunate delay."

"VERY unfortunate," agreed Captain Fujiwara soberly. His expression had not changed; his unblinking eyes did not leave Larkin's face for an instant.

"But not nearly as unfortunate," Larkin went on, "as if federal agents in Hawaii should discover that some of your officers had been tacitly harboring a stowaway—a young American, let's say, who had in a heedless moment absent-mindedly carried off some blueprints belonging to the United States Navy.

"You and I, Captain, of course understand the generous impulses of any of your officers who might want to help the young man get away somewhere where he could forget his peccadilloes. But federal agents are notorious for their lack of understanding in such matters. . . . They might want to take your ship apart looking for blueprints that are probably nonexistent. They would certainly subject you and your personnel to interminable questioning. I'm sure that you are anxious to get home with your cargo, Captain, and would do anything within reason to avoid needless delay. . . ."

Larkin paused. He crossed his legs expectantly.

The captain cleared his throat and said: "I have difficulty following details of rather intricate story."

"It is rather intricate," Larkin agreed. "We'll skip it. It's pure fancy, anyhow, and unimportant. The only thing of importance to me right now is that I'm tired of exchanging anagrams with San Francisco at twenty-two cents a word. So I want you, Captain, to use your influence with the doctor. I want him to give the chief operator a shot of adrenalin or a mild cathartic—so I can get an answer from San Francisco. It will save a lot of trouble all around."

"You are making threats, Mr. Larkin?"

"No, no, certainly not. On the contrary, I'm laying all my cards on the table, with the aces showing."

THE captain nodded. He reached over and pushed a bell button four times. He waited, then pushed it four times again. Larkin could hear the bell ringing somewhere beyond the bulkhead.

The captain took a red lacquer box from a shelf above his berth and passed it to Larkin.

"Cigarette?" he suggested.

"Thanks," said Larkin.

They were Japanese cigarettes, one-third cardboard. Larkin took one and extended his lighter to the captain. The captain held his cigarette between his thumb and forefinger, Japanese fashion, with the long cardboard tip pointing to the palm of his hand. When he raised it to his mouth, the ends of his fingers touched his lips.

Larkin lit his own cigarette. At the first puff, his memory harked back through the years to a summer evening in his childhood, when a livery stable had burned down in the next block.

The door opened and Dr. Bioki ambled in, blinking sleepily and muttering "*Gomen nasai.*" A cotton crepe kimono with blue and white awning stripes gave the fat surgeon the general appearance of a fortune-teller's tent at a church bazaar. Captain Fujiwara spoke to him for a moment in Japanese, and he replied in the same language.

"Doctor says," interpreted the captain, "chief operator is much better; maybe fit for duty tonight."

"Fine," said Larkin. "Glad to hear it's not typhoid after all. And how's General Rodriguez getting on, by the way?"

"Alzo much besser," said Dr. Bioki. "Tomorrow maybe to own cabin will gemoving be. If to medicine smells hypersensitive, you alzo will cabins change maybe?"

"Maybe," said Larkin. "Although right now I'm not allergic to anything but garbled radiograms. We'll wait and see how the weather is tomorrow. And in the meantime, I'll thank you gentlemen, and bid you good night—or the Japanese equivalent."

"*O yasumi nasai,*" said Captain Fujiwara.

Captain Fujiwara and Dr. Bioki placed their hands on their knees and bowed from the waist. Larkin did likewise. There was no mockery in his imitation; he was solemnly acknowledging a solemn lesson in Japanese politeness. And he decided, as he backed out the door, that there was a hostile chill in Oriental courtesy that was colder even than English courtesy. And that, on occasion, can be practically freezing.

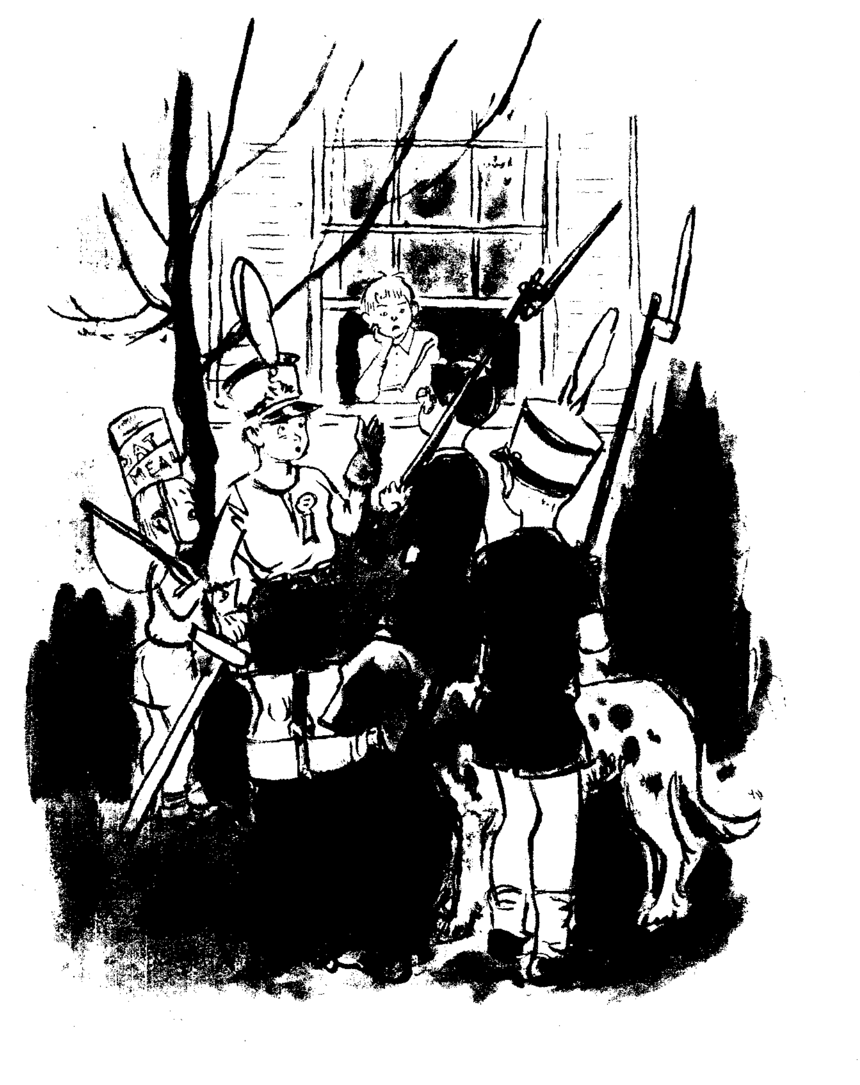
On deck, Larkin threw away the Japanese cigarette and lit one of his own. The ship was scarcely rolling now, and the rain had changed to an atomized, foglike drizzle. A long, hoarse bellow from the siren announced failing visibility on the bridge.

Larkin sauntered aft to the wireless cabin. Light filtered through the wooden shutters, which were raised to within a few inches of the top. He stood on his toes, trying to peer in. As he did so, he heard footsteps behind him. He turned to recognize the white muffler and derby hat of William Cuttle, disappearing rapidly into the mist.

WELL, there was no use trying to rush matters now. The affair was in the lap of the gods—Captain Fujiwara's gods. There was nothing to do except wait. Larkin retraced his steps to his stateroom, took off his shoes, took a book from a suitcase and stretched out on his berth. As he glimpsed unfamiliar Japan through the eyes of Lafcadio Hearn, the periodic bawling of the foghorn dinned in his ears.

Forty minutes later there was a knock at his door. He glanced at his watch. It was after one. He sprang up, opened the door. The steward handed him an envelope. He closed the door, sat down again, grinning to himself triumphantly. Beasley had come through at last—six pages of him. Larkin began to read the belated radiogram:

LARKIN STEAMSHIP KUMOMARU
RECEIVED CORRECTIONS OVERJOYED UNDRUNK STOP REPLY REBROTHER AFFIRMATIVE AND HOW STOP FIRED MORGUEBOY WHO OMITTED CLIPPINGS STOP HERES SUMMARY



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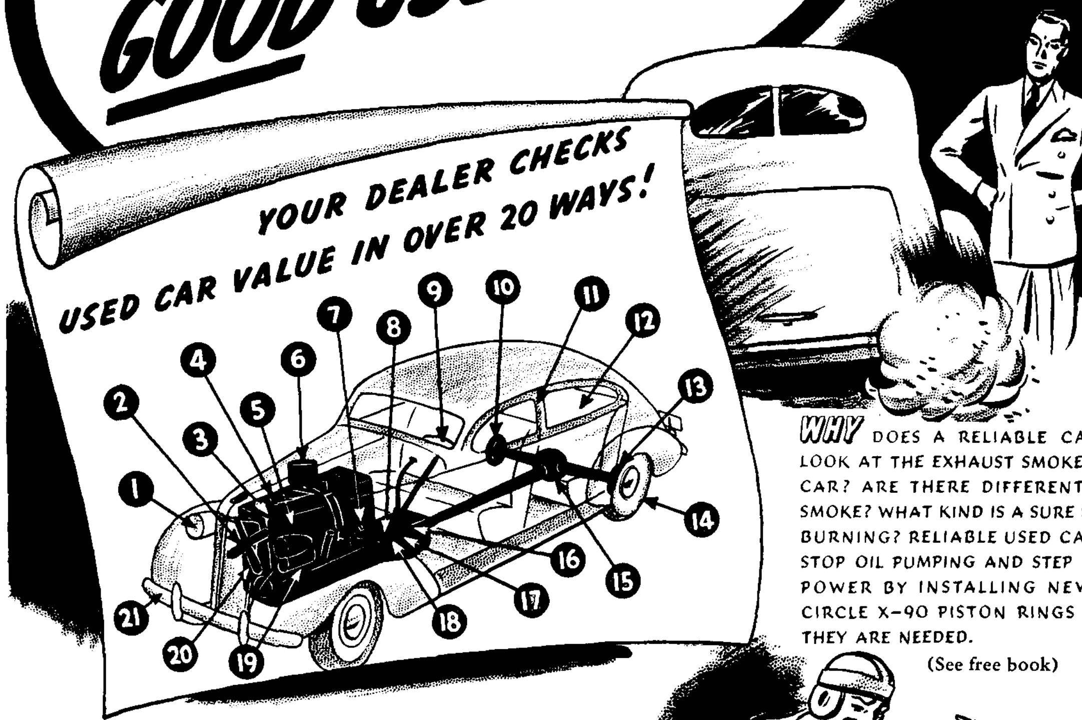

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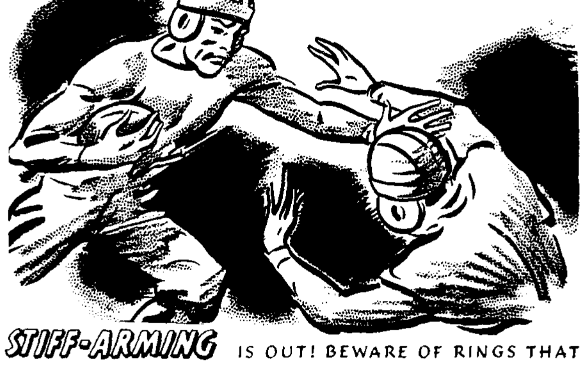

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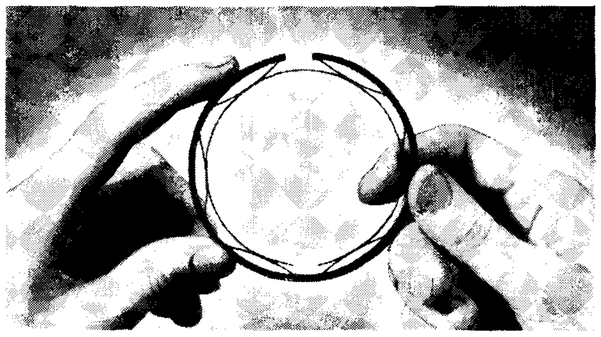

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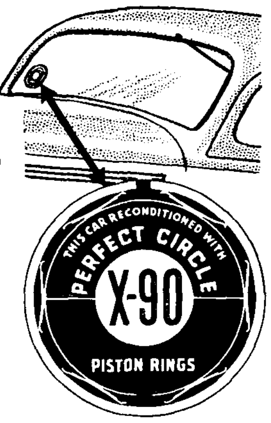

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LONG FLIGHTS— IRREGULAR MEALS— A HEADACHE NEXT MORNING. BROMO-SELTZER SNAPS ME INTO SHAPE

MURRAY HAWLEY, *Airplane Pilot* (*left*):

"Airplane pilots lead a hectic life. Long, wearing flights—meals at all hours—sometimes raise havoc with my head and stomach. Bromo-Seltzer relieves my headache—settles my stomach. Soon I'm 'on top of the world.'"

EASES HEAD, SETTLES STOMACH

"WEEK-END **HOUSE PARTY** BUT NO HEADACHE MONDAY MORNING. I TOOK BROMO-SELTZER"

EDWARD P. WAGNER, *Civil Engineer:*

Mr. Wagner (*below*) adds: "I can't afford a jittery morning-after on this job. After a gay week end, I take Bromo-Seltzer BEFORE I go to bed Sunday night. Next morning, AFTER waking, I take another. Feel keener Monday morning."

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FOOLISH to let morning-after keep you down. Smart men crack down on it this *faster* way!

Doctors proved that Bromo-Seltzer relieves morning-after faster than any other remedy they tested. Not only eases headache . . . it also settles upset stomach, soothes nerves and ALKALIZES!

When you feel low in the morning (from overwork, nervous tension, or a party) take Bromo-Seltzer!

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The **FASTER** relief for **MORNING-AFTER** TROUBLES

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

ARTHUR GORMAN BONNER BORN YOKOHAMA 1908 EXPELLED HARVARD 1927 STUDENT LARK HIJACKED BEER TRUCK WRECKED SAME NEGOTIATING FRONT STEPS PRESIDENT LOWELLS MANSION STOP ARRESTED 1928 FORGERY RELEASED AFTER FATHER CABLED COVERAGE EXJAPAN STOP ARRESTED 1929 AFTER AUTO CRASHED MANHATTAN ELPILLAR POLICE FINDING ACETYLENE TORCH BURGLAR KIT WRECKED CAR EXPLAINED ENROUTE ROB FRIENDS BANK TENGRAND WAGER RELEASED SUSPENDED SENTENCE RECKLESS DRIVING STOP ARRESTED 1930 DRUNKEN SHOOTING JUNIPER CLUB FIFTY-SECOND STREET SPEAKEASY CONVICTED MANSLAUGHTER INDETERMINATE SENTENCE SINGSING PAROLED 1935 UNNEWS SINCE STOP UNLIKELY ABOARD BECAUSE STILL ON PAROLE RECHECK FILE STORY SOONEST STOP SHOOTING RODRIGUEZ BIOG LATER BEASLEY

"Nice lad," mused Larkin as he refolded the dispatch. "No wonder Dorothy denies him."

He chuckled as he pictured the girl's discomfiture when he confronted her with the facts in the morning. Or should he confront her with the facts? It might be even better to confront her with Brother Arthur Gorman Bonner in person. The captain had promised to let Larkin go along on the official hunt for the stowaway. True, the captain's cooperation might prove illusive, particularly in view of Larkin's hunch that Bonner had come aboard with the connivance of some of the ship's officers. Well, let the morning bring its own counsel.

LARKIN fell asleep with his clothes on, the light burning, Beasley's radiogram clutched in his hand, and the mournful sound of the fog siren in his ears. . . .

The deep-voiced blare was still with him when he awoke. The light was still on, though his porthole was already gray with dawn. He sat up suddenly, vaguely aware that he had been awakened by some unfamiliar sound, not the foghorn, certainly, because the warning blasts had been going on all night. . . . Then he heard the patter of running feet on the deck outside, and the shrill excitement of Japanese voices.

He jumped into his shoes, flung open the door. Winking the sleep from his eyes, he peered into the bleak, thick-veiled morning. The sea was lost in a shroud of fog. Even the bow of the ship was invisible, and the ghostly line of tall derricks marched toward it into gray nothingness. But close at hand, scarcely fifty feet from Larkin's cabin, in fact, a dozen men clustered about a ventilator cowl. They were stocky Japanese seamen with pants rolled up, kimono-clad crew members off watch, a uniformed deck officer. Larkin hurried toward them, pushed through the group. He stared down—and a lump of cold nausea rose against his diaphragm.

There would be no need to comb the ship this morning for the man who looked like Dorothy Bonner, no need to confront Dorothy with a renegade brother. The phantom stowaway had become a grim reality. The twisted, still figure of Arthur Gorman Bonner lay on the wet, glistening deck, wedged in between the ventilator and a deck cleat.

Arthur Bonner was lying on his back. There was a long, dark welt along one cheek, a livid bruise that began at the frozen grimace of his lips and cut across his left temple. He stared back at Larkin with wide-open eyes, glazed blue eyes with pupils that were fully dilated as if with horrid surprise.

Dr. Bioki came puffing through the little crowd, the hem of his striped kimono dangling from behind his hastily donned trousers. But even before the ship's surgeon knelt on the deck beside the supine body, Larkin knew that Arthur Bonner was dead.

Larkin moved up close behind Dr. Bioki, fascinated by the great circles of dim amazement that stared at him from the dead man's eyes.

He noted that Bonner's left sleeve had been pulled back in his final fall—a slightly shiny blue-serge sleeve that had once belonged to an expensive suit—and that the chalky underside of the forearm was punctured by dozens of tiny scars, like pinpricks. He noted also that the dead man's trouser pockets were turned inside out, and that the lining of his coat pockets, too, appeared to have been roughly handled.

Captain Fujiwara came on deck, followed by the purser. While the two officers conversed with the ship's surgeon in Japanese, the crowd around the corpse continued to grow. Among them Larkin recognized only two first-cabin passengers: The esthetic-looking Mr. Shima in a deep-blue dressing gown; and Mr. William Cuttle of New York. Mr. Cuttle, fully dressed, had evidently been awake for some time; there was shaving soap behind his large ears.

"You know this man, Mr. Larkin?" Captain Fujiwara asked, as a seaman covered the body with a tarpaulin.

"No, I don't," Larkin replied.

"He is perhaps stowaway that interests you yesterday?"

"He's the man I saw on deck last night and the night before," said Larkin. "I don't know whether he's a stowaway or not. Ask the purser."

"Purser says he is not passenger. You will identify him?"

"How should I identify him?" protested Larkin, after an instant of hesitation. "I never saw him before I came aboard this ship."

"He has no passport, no papers," said the captain. "If unidentified, body will be buried at sea."

"But not, I take it, before an autopsy is performed," Larkin said.

"Dr. Bioki has no facilities for autopsy on shipboard," said the captain. "Besides, autopsy not necessary. Death was accident. Fractured skull, Dr. Bioki says."

"Yah," said Dr. Bioki. "In dark he has gefallen."

"How long has been dead, Doctor?"

"Two hours, maybe," said the grizzled surgeon. "Deck is slipperish."

"Slippery, my eye!" Larkin declared. "The man's been murdered."

There was a brief silence. Then a harsh, cackling laugh exploded behind Larkin, almost in his ear. He turned to scowl at the superior, thin-lipped smile of William Cuttle.

"Don't be a dope," said Cuttle smugly. "This guy wasn't murdered. He fell down and cracked his conk, that's all."

THERE was a disagreeable quality in Cuttle's voice that grated on Larkin. Categorical. Intolerant. Larkin decided he didn't like the man. He said: "You seem pretty sure of yourself, Mr. Cuttle."

"Sure, I'm sure," said Cuttle. "And why not? This is right up my alley, ain't it?"

"Is it?"

"Sure. I'm a detective."

"Well, well, fancy that!" said Larkin. "A dick! What kind, Mr. Cuttle?"

"There's just two kinds of detectives," said Cuttle. "I'm the right kind."

"There are three kinds," corrected Larkin. "Amateur, professional and private. A private dick misses one of the other classifications because he takes money. I suppose you work for pay, Mr. Cuttle?"

"Sure," said William Cuttle. "Ever hear of the Inland and Oceanic Underwriters?"

"An insurance dick," said Larkin. "No wonder you don't recognize murder when you see it."

"What's all this murder bunk?" demanded Cuttle with loud indignation. "This is an open-and-shut case of accident. In the first place the guy was a hophead. He took dope."

"Marvelous," said Larkin. "I suppose you deduced that from all those little scars on his left arm. And I thought they were just bruises he got when he fell."

"Nope," said Cuttle gravely. "They're needle marks. Hopheads have those when they use a hypodermic. Morphine, probably."

"Very clever deduction," Larkin commented.

"So it's plain what happened," Cuttle continued. "The mug went for a walk, all groggy with hop, and keeled over. Or maybe stumbled. They can't see good in the dark, when they're hopped up. Anyhow he fell and conked himself on one of these iron gadgets."

"Must have been quite a fall," said Larkin.

"It killed him, didn't it?"

"Not only killed him," said Larkin, "but it knocked his pockets inside out."

"Oh, that," said Cuttle, waving aside the detail with a single disparaging gesture. "Some skibby came up out of steerage, saw the guy laying here, took him for a drunk, and gave him a cleaning. That's all."

"It couldn't possibly have been someone who hit him on the head for the express purpose of going through his pockets, could it?"

CUTTLE laughed sarcastically. "Don't be a sap!" he said. "No gorilla could be that dumb. If *you* wanted to get rid of a guy on a boat, how would *you* do it? You'd push him overboard, wouldn't you? Or if you had to conk him, you'd at least drag him to the rail afterward. You wouldn't leave the corpus delicti lying right in plain view, would you? Not if you could drop it in the pond, you wouldn't."

"Not if I could drop it in the pond, no," Larkin agreed. "But maybe I wouldn't have time to drop it in the pond."

Cuttle did not answer. He lit a cigarette, flipped away the match with a disdainful thumb, thrust his hands into the pockets of his ultra-snug overcoat. The lines of his face tightened into their usual hard impassivity as he watched two sailors lift the body of Arthur Bonner onto a stretcher, start aft with it.

"Show's over," he said at last. "Guess I'll go grab myself a seidel of Java."

He walked away from Larkin. The little crowd of morbid onlookers quickly dispersed. Larkin watched them trailing after the stretcher-bearers. It wasn't until the last of them had gone that he was aware of Dorothy Bonner's presence.

Dorothy was standing against the bulkhead of the superstructure. She was huddled in a woolly white polo coat. The turned-up collar buried her chin. She looked very much like a stray lamb, shivering in the damp chill of dawn, yet Larkin was certain she was not cold. Her drawn, stunned expression told him that she was impervious not only to sensations of temperature but to all feeling. She was looking at him without seeing him, with the eyes of a sleepwalker. He went over to her. She continued to look at him—or through him. Her expression did not change.

"Good morning, Dorothy," Larkin said.

"Morning." Her voice came from far away, like the voice of a medium in a trance.

"It was Arthur, wasn't it?" Larkin was surprised at the sympathetic note that crept into his voice.

"Yes," she said. She continued to stare at him with that shocked, dry-eyed expression.

"Cry, Dorothy," Larkin said softly. "Cry. You'll feel better."

"I can't cry, Glen." She was still looking at him without seeing him. "I can't cry. There's nothing left to cry with. It's all tight inside of me. Like a huge, snarled knot."

"I know. But try. Let yourself go. Use my shoulder. No one's watching."

Dorothy shook her head. Suddenly she seemed to rouse. There was fear in her eyes, the eyes of a child awakening from a nightmare. She reached out her hand, gripped Larkin's arm. He could feel her fingernails bite into his flesh.

"Glen! Let's walk!"

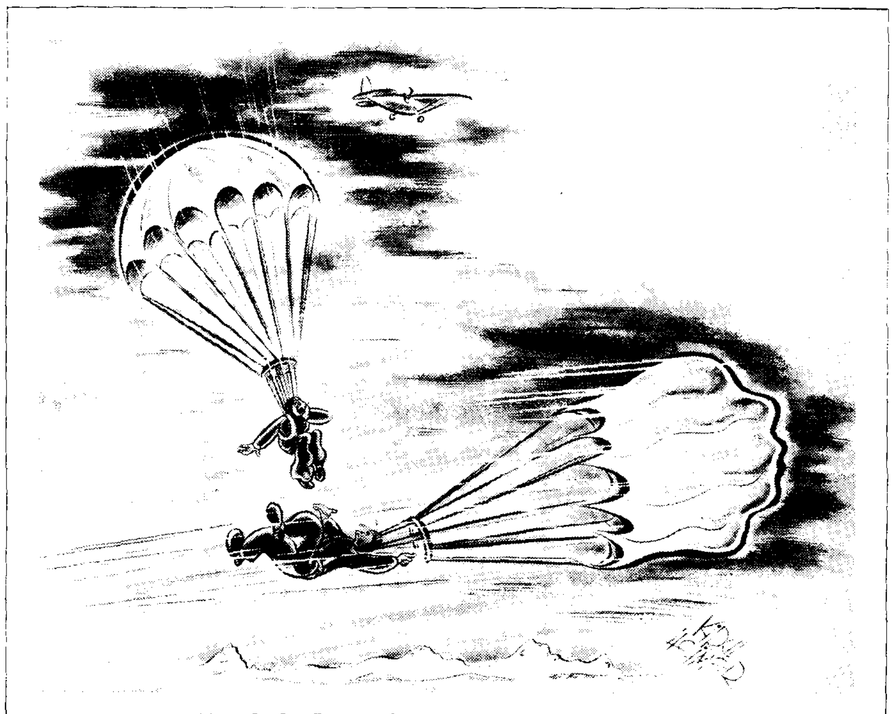
"Walk?"

"Yes, walk—away from here."

Larkin started forward. Dorothy's fingers still clung desperately to his arm. She moved beside him with long, swinging strides. He let her lead the way. She walked forward, deep into the bow, as though she wanted to hurry on ahead of the plodding freighter.

When they had reached the eyes of the ship, she dropped his arm. She rested her elbows on the rail, lifted her chin from the collar of her coat, greedily inhaling the mist-laden wind, listening to the hiss of the sea under the bows.

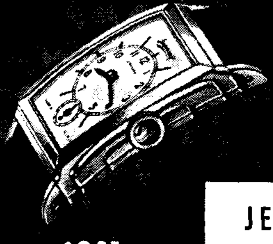
Larkin turned to face her. Over her shoulder he could see the rising sun breaking through the fog astern. The crimson light cleft the thick morning like



"A whole flock of geese just went in there!"

BERT KIRCHHEIMER

ONE GREAT NAME ON 3 GREAT WATCHES



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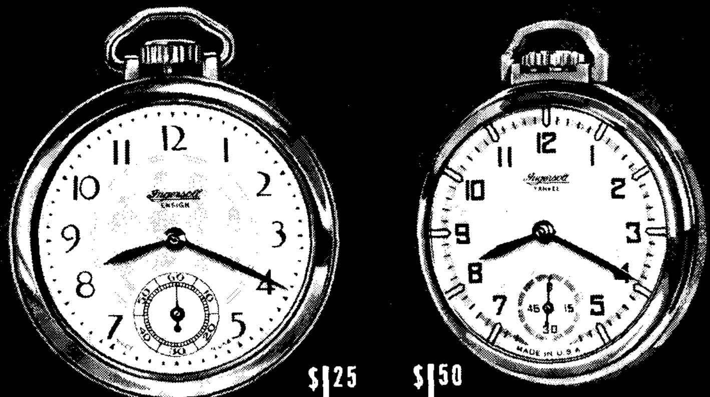

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the flaming rays of Japan's war ensign.

For a long moment Dorothy did not speak. She stood with her back to the sunrise, her face raised into the wind as though seeking courage and counsel from the sea and sky. After a while she said aloud, as though answering an unasked question:

"Yes. I think it will be better that way."

"What will be better, Dorothy?"

The girl continued to look straight ahead. She said: "Arthur. It is so clean and vast and timeless out here—a little like God. I think it will be better if they bury him at sea."

"You aren't going to claim the body?"

The girl shook her head. "What for? So they can ship him back to rot in some cemetery? So I can raise a stone to perpetuate his memory? It would be a disagreeable memory to most people. I'm the only one who can have pleasant memories of Arthur, and those are mine to keep inside of me, not to carve in marble."

SHE paused. Larkin thought her voice was going to break, but it didn't. She still had a perfect grip on herself. Too perfect. He said:

"I thought you were going to break down and be human. You were on the verge. Why don't you follow through? Why don't you lock yourself in your cabin and let your hair down?"

Dorothy shuddered. She said: "Mrs. Greeve!"

"What's the matter with Millie?"

"Plenty. She's quietly having hysterics all over the place."

"About what?"

"About—what just happened."

"How did Millie Greeve know what happened? I didn't see her on deck." Larkin said.

The girl shook her head. "I didn't hear her come in last night. When I woke up, she was lying in her berth with all her clothes on, a bottle in one hand, and her teeth chattering."

"Tight?"

"Very."

"But not so tight that she couldn't tell you what had happened?"

"She wasn't very explicit," said Dorothy. "She was incoherent and thick-tongued and hysterical. But she conveyed the idea that something pretty awful was going on. I came on deck at once."

"And before you came on deck, you didn't know that your brother was aboard?"

"Yes, I knew it last night. I talked to him last night."

"But yesterday you didn't even have a brother."

"Glen, that's not fair. You knew Arthur, apparently. So you must know why I didn't want to talk about him."

"How did he get aboard?"

"I don't know."

"He was still on parole, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said the girl listlessly. Then she started. "How did you know he was on parole?" Larkin ignored the query. He said:

"Then he couldn't have got a passport. Did you help him sneak aboard?"

"No, of course not."

"I suppose, then, it was pure coincidence that the two of you happened to be aboard this crumby oilcan?"

"No. I mean, I don't know. Oh, what's the use of trying to lie to you, Glen? Of course I know why he came aboard. He was following me."

"Why?"

"Money."

"Had he been shaking you down?"

"No. I've been giving him money ever since . . . ever since he's been free. But there's nothing he could blackmail me about. I've been supporting him because he was my brother and I couldn't see him starve. Father disowned Arthur years ago. So I guess Arthur just couldn't bear the thought of being separated from his meal ticket, and when he found out I was sailing, he managed some way to come along. . . ."

Larkin patted the girl's arm.

"You're a loyal kid," he said. "Still covering up for your brother, aren't you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Arthur was responsible for your father's death, wasn't he?"

"No. How could he be?"

"Did your father kill himself because—of something Arthur had done?"

"No. Oh, no. It was nothing like that! It—Oh, please, Glen, let's not talk about that now. You're worse than the police. You're like the newspaper reporters. They drove me mad. I still wake up at night, blinking at flashlight bulbs, trying to get away from their awful questions. I hate them. I hate the newspapers. And if this terrible thing that's happened to Arthur gets out, it will start all over again. The reporters will be swarming all over me again at Honolulu. I can't have it, Glen. They'll spoil everything. They'll wreck what I'm trying to do. They—"

"Who killed your brother?"

A look of startled dismay came into the girl's eyes.

"I don't know," she said.

"You suspect someone?"

"No, no. Nobody killed him, Glen. It was an accident. You heard what the captain said. Dr. Bioki thinks it was an accident."

"You don't sound very convincing," Larkin said. "You can't even convince yourself. Who—"

"Glen, stop! For heaven's sake, stop this inquisition! If I try to talk about this, I'll choke up and start blubbering like Millie. And I can't do that. Not now, darling."

Darling. It was an unconscious and impersonal word, but it raised the specter of a lean, blond young man with old eyes and a broad, too-charming smile. Larkin said:

"Maybe you'd rather cry on your fiancé's shoulder. Shall I send for Mr. Frayle?"

"No, no! Please don't." A startled look flickered in Dorothy's eyes and went out. "I don't want to talk to Charlie. He hated Arthur. I couldn't talk to him now. I'd rather talk to you. Only I don't want to talk to anyone right now. I just want to . . . to think. I want to think about a little boy with a fistful of purple bean jam and his mouth smeared with persimmon. I want to remember . . ."

She sobbed. Two hesitant tears slid down her cheeks.

"All right, pal." Larkin squeezed the girl's hand. "I'll disappear. But if you want me for anything—"

The girl did not reply except by the grateful pressure of her fingers.

LARKIN left her standing in the bow, a bravely forlorn figure, staring defiantly toward the horizon.

He returned to his cabin, rang for a pot of coffee. He sat on the sofa berth, balanced his portable typewriter on an upended suitcase propped between his knees, inserted a sheet of paper. He wrote:

"Death reached far out on the Pacific today to strike again at the ill-starred Bonner family.

"Two weeks ago Pongee Bonner, silk millionaire, died within shadow of the Capitol at Washington, a bullet in his brain.

"Today Arthur Bonner, his ex-convict son, lay dead on the deck of the Japanese freighter Kumo-maru, his skull shattered.

"Dorothy Bonner, beautiful heiress to the silk millions, is also aboard—alive, but fearful that the same fate that felled her father and brother may overtake

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her, too, before the ship docks at Yokohama with a cargo of war materials.

"How the black sheep of the Bonner family died at sea is as much a mystery as how he boarded the ship without a passport. He is not on the passenger list.

"Although the ship's surgeon has tentatively pronounced his death accidental, plenty of evidence points to murder. . . ."

Larkin leaned back and lit a cigarette. Beasley should be highly delighted with the turn the story had taken. Larkin wouldn't file the story, of course, until after the funeral. If Dorothy wanted her brother buried at sea anonymously, he wouldn't disclose Bonner's identity prematurely via the radio operator. Dorothy was entitled to that much consideration. Besides, it would make a better story that way. The sister's solitary, hidden grief. . . . Of course, it was entirely possible that Captain Fujiwara was already fully aware of the corpse's identity. . . .

Larkin sat up abruptly, disagreeably startled by the thought that he himself might be unwittingly and indirectly responsible for Arthur Bonner's death. He had half-jokingly threatened to have the business of the stowaway investigated by federal agents at Honolulu. Suppose it were true that Bonner had come aboard with the connivance of the Japanese officers? Suppose Captain Fujiwara had reason to fear that Bonner might make embarrassing disclosures while the ship was in an American port? Suppose he had ordered conclusive measures to insure Bonner's silence . . . ?

Larkin leaned back again, puffing uneasily on his cigarette. He stared at his typewriter keys.

MR. T. SHIMA, the slim, esthetic Japanese with the oval face, knocked at the door of the ship's hospital. The hospital was a small cabin between decks, just aft of second-class. It smelled authentically of disinfectants.

The unintelligible sounds that came from within, Mr. Shima interpreted as an invitation to enter. He entered.

General Rodriguez was lying on one of the four berths, looking quite prostrate. He turned his bandage-swathed head to open one disconsolate eye upon his visitor. Instantly he looked much less prostrate. In fact, he sat up briskly.

"*Siéntase usted, señor,*" the general said.

Mr. Shima sat down, taking care to preserve the hairline creases in his pearl-gray trousers. Mr. Shima, it was obvious, was always extremely careful about his dress. He considered himself dapper, even elegant. Unfortunately, his idea of elegance included a gates-ajar collar and a cravat of a rather violent red. He crossed his hands between his knees, as though they were resting upon the head of a chastely expensive cane.

"*Gracias, mi amigo,*" he said. He spoke Spanish with a refined American accent. He had, in fact, learned his Spanish at Harvard, and the cultured mispronunciations of his Boston professor had survived both his Oriental heritage and his five subsequent years in South America.

"What news?" asked General Rodriguez.

"They are sewing him in a canvas," said Mr. Shima. "With lead weights."

"They allowed you to see the corpse again?"

"Yes. I said I wished to be sure I could not identify him."

"Still nothing?"

"Nothing."

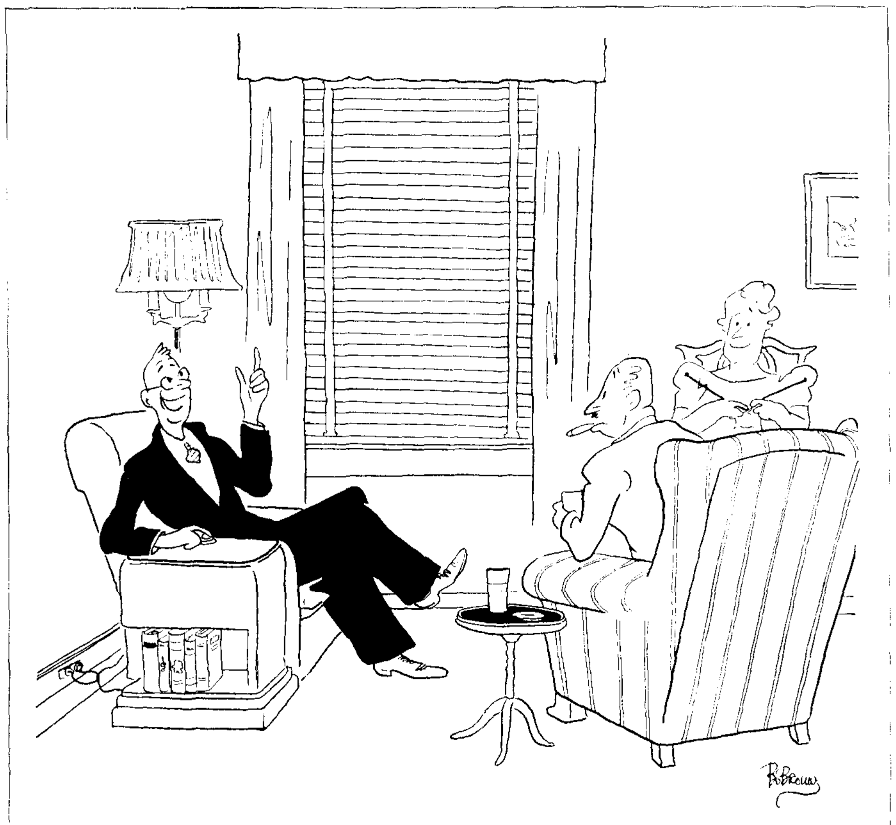
General Rodriguez inserted bony fingers under his bandages, tugged to loosen them from about his neck.

"What a pity!" he said. "We have failed again."

"It is still early. Nearly six more days before we reach Honolulu," said Mr. Shima.

"Perhaps," said General Rodriguez reflectively, "we should have continued to deal amicably with the Bonner interests."

"Absolutely not!" insisted Mr. Shima irritably. "I have already explained to you that my government cannot accept that situation. The Pan-American Vanadium Corporation is a North American concern, and would be subject to the silly American neutrality laws, if they were ever applied. Or if a general war should grow out of our present pacification campaign in China, the United States might cut off our supply of ore completely. Since this man Roosevelt has been braying about the Nine Power Treaty, my government insists that the second party to the contract be Peru-



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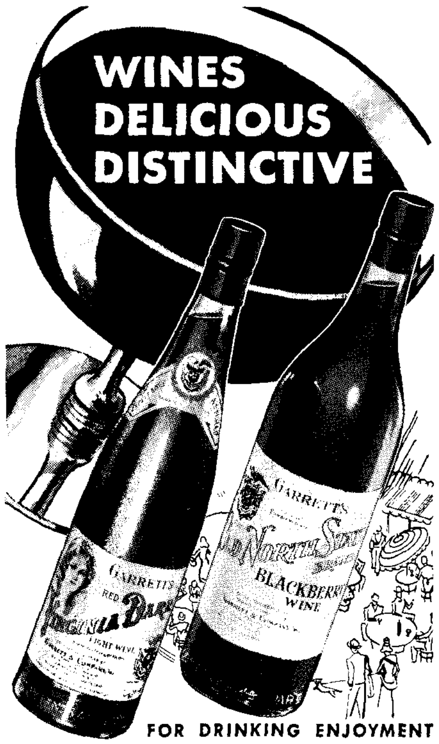

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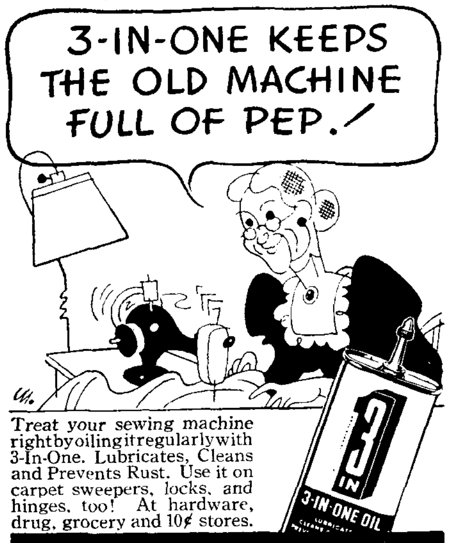
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vian entirely. Unfortunately, Peru furnishes ninety per cent of the world's vanadium."

"In that case . . ." the general sighed.

"In that case we come back to our starting point," said Mr. Shima. "The original agreement must be destroyed. You are sure there is no record of it in Lima?"

"It was registered at the Bureau of Mines, naturally," admitted General Rodriguez, "but that was while my *junta* was in power. When circumstances made it advisable for my *junta* to retire—" The general paused. His white whiskers parted in a pink smile of satisfied remembrance. "—I took care to correct the records. At present my title to the mines is clear. Naturally."

"So what do you intend to do, General?"

"Do?" The general sighed again. "What can I do now? I am incapacitated. I am hors de combat. I am—"

"You are a fraud," said Mr. Shima tersely.

"*Como?*"

"I said you are a fraud."

General Rodriguez started to get out of bed, then thought better of it. He said:

"My friend, you insult me. You jump to conclusions."

"I use my brains," said Mr. Shima. "Dr. Bioki says your injuries are superficial and minor. If anyone had really wanted to do away with you, I am sure that *he* could have come much closer to success. Therefore I conclude that you are indulging in subterfuge and horseplay to cover up your duplicity."

"Duplicity, my friend? What duplicity?"

"You have sold me out, General. You have been persuaded—financially—that Japan should not have your vanadium. You have come to an understanding with the Bonner girl, or, worse, you have been bribed by some Chinese agent. And you want me to believe that you have been overcome and robbed!"

"YOU are mistaken, my friend! I swear you are grievously mistaken. I swear it on the sainted bones of my mother."

"Don't make me laugh," said Mr. Shima. "I know your reputation. Your mother? You would have sold your mother into peonage if it suited your purpose."

"My friend, were I not wounded and infirm, I should demand satisfaction for that insult!"

"You are not so infirm, General, that you cannot go walking down the corridor," said Mr. Shima. "I saw you a few moments ago leaving the stateroom of that mining engineer who was expelled from Ecuador for seditious activity."

"Ah, that. Yes, I did visit the cabin of Señor Frayle. It is only two steps. I heard him go out, and I availed myself of the opportunity to search his belongings. In vain. . . ."

"Very well, General. I remind you that you are aboard a Japanese ship, bound for Japan, and that you will not leave it unless you fulfill your part of our bargain."

"Naturally, my friend. . . ."

"Moreover, I think you had better come on deck for the funeral. Everyone will be there. I would like to watch the faces of some of the passengers when they see you."

Mr. Shima arose.

"I wish you a speedy recovery, my general," he said. He smiled with his thick lips, not with his narrow eyes.

"*Hasta luego, señor,*" said the general listlessly.

THE sun shone for the obsequies and the sea was a hard, vitreous, cobalt blue. But neither the cheerless sunshine nor the sharp, cold wind could dispel the sense of death that hovered darkly over the ship. The burial of the phantom stowaway was going to be an altogether miserable business and Larkin was surprised that so many of the passengers and crew seemed anxious for a part in it.

Even the steerage passengers, who could not possibly have known Arthur Bonner, were crowding up out of the hold for the occasion. There was an incessant clatter of their *geta* and wooden sandals on the deck as they filed past Larkin's cabin on their way to the stern of the ship—scores of them, all Japanese, the women wearing their best kimono and brocaded *obi,* the men in somber *haori* cloaks.

Watching their solemn faces pass, Larkin felt that the funeral was a personal thing for most of them, not personal as far as Arthur Bonner was concerned, but a personal reminder that mortality was a law of the universe that offered no immunity. Some were going out of morbid curiosity, of course, and some sentimentalists out of compassion for a friendless stranger who was destined for a lonely, unmarked grave in mid-ocean. But most of them were making public acknowledgment of the omnipotence of death, with private, half-felt hope that their blind obeisance might be a propitiatory rite, might somehow slow the seconds of their own private hour.

Larkin walked aft until he was in sight of the trestles that had been erected in the stern. One was higher than the other, so that the planks resting on them slanted downward over the taffrail. On the planks lay a long, man-shaped bundle, wrapped in canvas and lashed with gleaming new hemp rope.

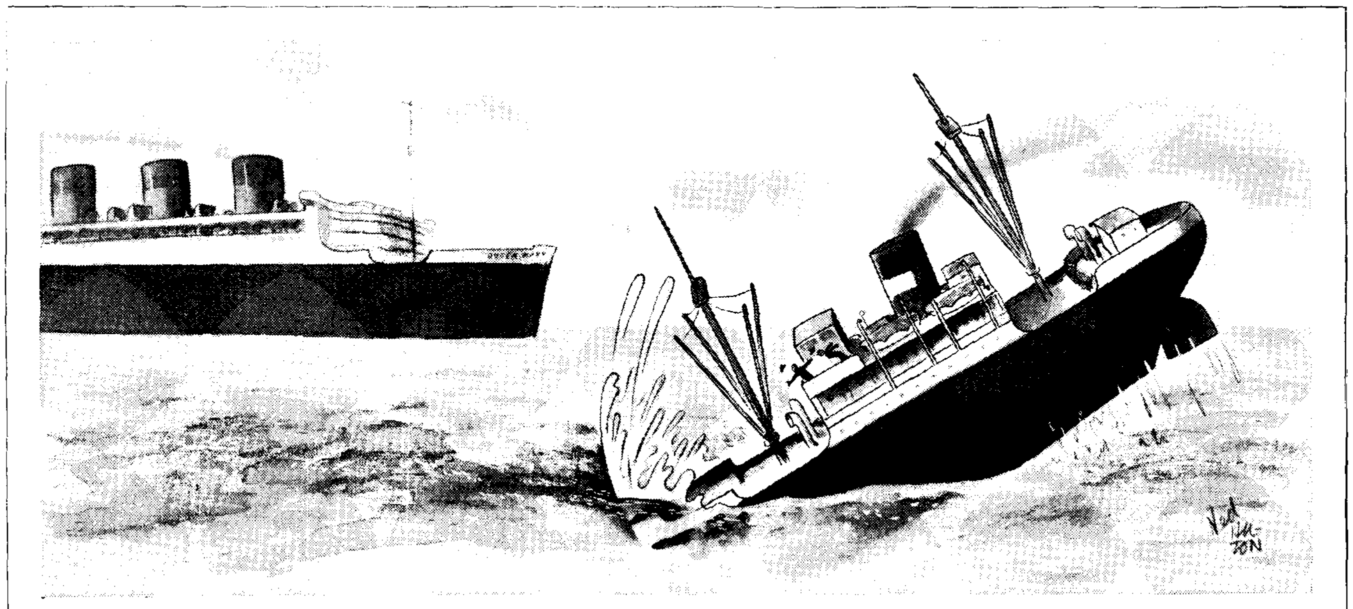
Larkin studied the crowd that stood back respectfully from the trestles, and wondered which one of them was a murderer. He was sure in his mind that Arthur Bonner had been murdered, and almost as sure that the killer was here, watching his victim consigned to the deep, feigning respect while secretly gloating with satisfied vengeance, or shaking inwardly with relief at the complete obliteration of the evidence of his crime. He wondered, too, what connection there was between the killing of Arthur Bonner and the packet of photostats that weighed so heavily in his inside pocket; and whether the killing of Arthur Bonner was an end in itself, or if it was bound up with the designs for the instrument of death—and Larkin—and the girl who had given them to him.

His eyes passed quickly over the steerage passengers herded together on the starboard side with a dozen members of the crew. It was not likely that the murderer was one of them, although Arthur Bonner had been born in Japan.

Beyond them was a group that Larkin assumed came from second cabin: Four rather pretty, dark-haired, luscious-lipped girls who were dressed within a gaudy inch of their lives; a gaunt, Slavic-looking man and a plump, pig-eyed Latin with handle-bar mustaches; a swart, white-turbaned Hindu and a limp Eurasian youth in carpet slippers. With them, but not of them, standing with his feet apart in an attitude of tolerant, self-conscious superiority, was the lean, blond Charles Frayle—the heiress' fiancé who traveled second; the man who hated his prospective brother-in-law. Frayle's cynical gaze was searching the crowd, too, searching, no doubt, for Dorothy Bonner. Dorothy wasn't there of course: probably wouldn't be; Larkin had knocked at her stateroom earlier and had received no response. . . .

MILLICENT GREEVE wasn't there, either. Neither was Jeremy Hood. General Rodriguez was there, however. That was a surprise. The general came within an inch of being sewed in that canvas himself, and yet he seemed none the worse for his experience. What was *his* connection with the killing of Arthur Bonner? He stood near William Cuttle and Mr. Izumo, he of the yellow diamonds and yellower teeth. George Willowby was standing in the rear, filling his pipe. None of them looked like a murderer, but then—as Larkin had discovered in his long journalistic experience—murderers seldom do.

(To be continued next week)



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Fernand the Great

Continued from page 15

to Belgium, which was not the best spot for a young man wanting to be an actor. Brussels was too close to Paris for much stage life of its own and eventually became a tryout place for French shows. Fernand forgot his English as rapidly as he could, brushed up on his French and set out for the big town. Because his father was known, he was able to get a part in the French version of Romance, which has been played over the world by Doris Keane for the past nine hundred and twelve years.

If anybody thinks the American stage is tough to break into, he should try the French. Because of the reverence for the language in that country, there is only one possible way for an actor to say: "Madame, the carriage awaits without." On Broadway they pick up anybody around the place more than five feet in height, wedge him into some sort of uniform and he says it very successfully. In Paris it is done only after a training of thirty years. In Romance Gravet earned forty francs a day, which, because of the gyrations of the currency, ranged anywhere from two dollars a day to eighteen cents. That was bad enough but it was worse when he hunted for a second job. He found they were all occupied by gentlemen who had acted in Molière's company in the 17th century.

Faced with this, he and three other young men wrote their own play and prepared to act in it. They persuaded a manager to give them his theater for a cut on the take and turned out something that lasted six months and was a resounding success. The title was If I Wanted To. It was such a wow that it took him eight months to get another engagement after it closed.

From Musical Comedy to Tragedy

His next engagement was interrupted by the Belgian government, which crooked a little finger at him and wanted to know how he'd like to do his military training. He spent the next two years marching with the other little boys and fighting with Les Flamands.

"A perpetual massacre," Gravet reports, "with the Flemish trying to brain the Walloons and the Walloons answering with anything but love. We were the same army, but only the Walloons and Les Flamands would believe it."

Because he had learned to ride in England he spent the first year of his military career in the cavalry and the second as an artillery observer in the balloon corps, and the experience has clouded his career to such an extent that he is now a world authority on military uniforms and military miniatures, with a collection of 13,000 now occupying his Paris home and little room for anything else. The idea of General Goering and his uniforms is to laugh; Gravet could wear a new one every week till the end of his days and still have plenty to be buried in.

When he got back to Paris after his military stint the going was a bit easier in the theatrical world. He was a handsome boy with a good stage background and the producers waived a point in his favor even if he wasn't entering his early sixties. He was starred in twenty plays, married Jane Renouardt (to whom he is still married) and was featured with her for the next three years. They played everything from musical comedy to tragedy.

"We even did a few triangle plays," says Mr. Gravet with a nice wit.

They wangled themselves into the movie thing upon the advent of sound. It was the Hollywood experience all over again; any actor who could speak without stuttering was lassoed and pressed into service. The French studios weren't equipped for sound so Gravet went over to UFA in Berlin and did L'Amour Chant with Robert Florey directing. There was a delay before screening it and the management became restless.

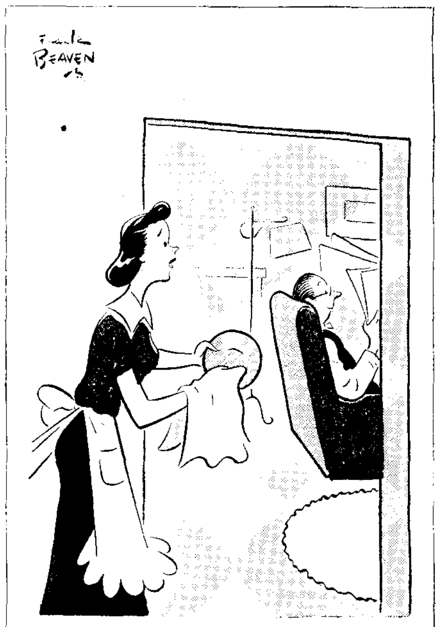
"Now, Monsieur Gravet," they began hesitantly, "do you not think—uh—that because of the delay—uh . . ."

They meant would he forget about the salary for a bit.

He replied by saying he would waive the salary if they would give him half his living expenses and let him be an assistant cameraman and an assistant cutter for the waiting period. There are still people in Berlin who will tell you that Gravet was shell-shocked during the war.

The picture was a success and he followed it with twenty-seven others. By this time Hollywood was after him but he wasn't impressed.

"It's the top, Hollywood is . . . like, what do you say, the big leagues," explains Mr. Gravet. "If you go up there and don't make a success, it hurts you even back in the place where you had been important."



"Calvin, what's the name of that song from the movie of the same name that I can never remember the name of?"

FRANK BEAVEN

So he held off until Mervyn LeRoy came along and reported that he was starting his own unit, would do his own directing and would see that Gravet was not listed among the chorus hands.

While making The King and the Chorus Girl, Gravet had trouble with one word. The line read: "I'd like to have turkey with cranberries." It seemed innocent enough but since his only experience with turkey had been in England where they don't have cranberries, at least in that connection, Gravet was stumped. He kept calling it granberries and crandberries and cramberries. After a struggle he asked: "Why can't you have turkey with strawberries?" and the laughter almost blew the fuses out.

This was surprising to Gravet (as it possibly will be to many another sensible individual) but it seemed to prove to the assembled company that the French are a funny race even when they turn out to be Belgians.

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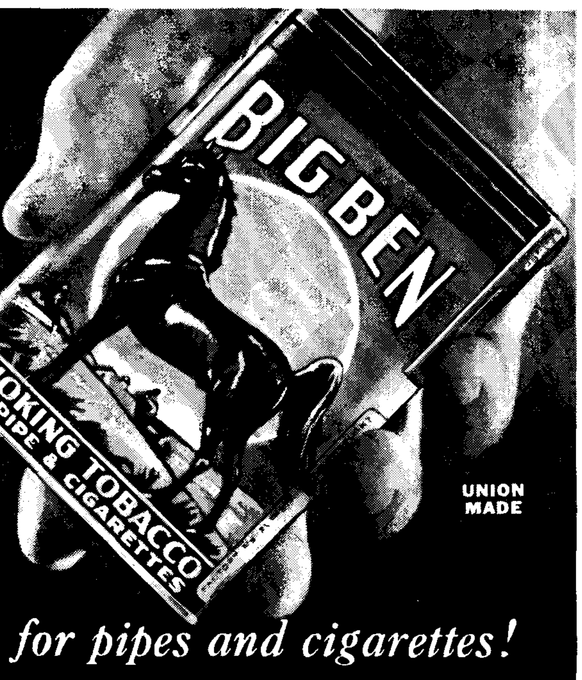

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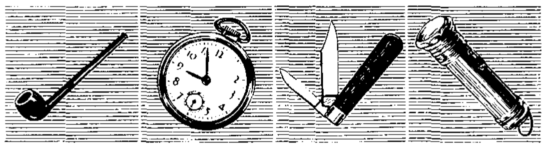

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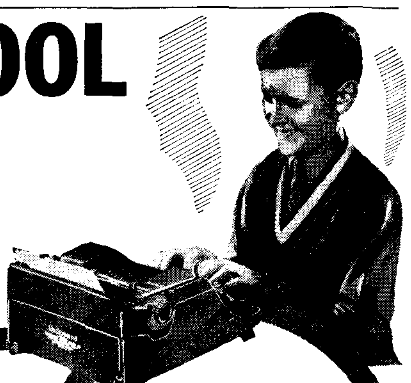

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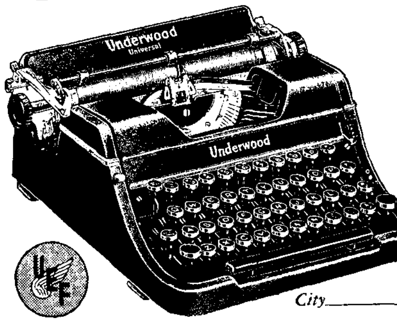

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UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER SPEEDS THE WORLD'S BUSINESS

The High Price of Applesauce

Continued from page 13

25 eggs—a sort of stretch-out system imposed by the weather. The egg market went bearish. Prices sagged.

At this point one morning, as the egg market opened, a gentleman—a member of the exchange—stepped forward and announced a bid of 23 cents for eggs. Eggs flew at him from every corner of the national domain. This gentleman was a representative of the United States government. And for the next six weeks he continued to keep the price up. Before he was done he had blown in a million and a half dollars of the public revenues buying eggs at around five cents above the market. He bought about seven million dozen. And he wrapped them up and took them away with him—removed them from the market. He reduced the supply for private trade. He introduced a little scarcity into the egg market. And there is nothing like a little scarcity for running the price up.

Hog-Wild Price Pegging

The price of eggs was thus forced up. One effect of it was to transfer perhaps a million dollars or so each month from the pockets of the egg buyers to the pockets of the egg sellers. That may be quite all right. But one has to wonder a little at a power to do this lodged in the hands of a very small and utterly unknown group of men in the AAA in no way subject to public scrutiny.

Of course it must not be supposed for one moment that the men who do this job are moved by bad purposes. They are earnest, serious, conscientious, and believe they have a good set of reasons for what they do, as we shall see later.

But pending that, this bureau has, as a New England congressman put it, "just about gone hog-wild peggin' the price of things."

We knew, of course, about the celebrated massacre of the little pigs to keep the prices up on their brothers who survived. And everyone knows about not plantin' cotton and not plantin' 'taters to make cotton and 'taters cost more to the rest of us who never raise cotton or potatoes. We know of the checks, ranging from a few dollars to a million, to individual farmers as a reward for not planting sugar and wheat in order to boost prices.

But I doubt if many knew about that gentleman down on the egg exchange in Harrison Street bidding up the price of eggs or the gentleman in the Accomac Hotel buying up sweet potatoes to cut down the supply and boost the price.

We may be even more surprised to learn that this business doesn't stop at eggs and sweets.

Agents representing the AAA have been touring the country buying up surpluses for price-raising purposes on almost everything that grows, from Irish potatoes in Maine to rutabagas in California.

Last year they pegged the prices of eggs in twenty-one states: of grapefruit in Florida and Texas; of green peas in Idaho and Washington and of apples in Virginia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and points east and west.

In 1936 the corporation did a job of bulling the cauliflower market and put on a price-raising program in carrots. It operated in beets in Colorado, in honey in Arizona, in peanuts somewhere else and in applesauce in Montana. It has bulled the market for peas, pears, prunes and peaches and even the humble onion has been the subject of its price-salvaging operations.

Wherever some farmers have misjudged their market or planted too much, they send in an S O S to the Commodity Surplus Corporation. It makes an investigation and if it decides the farmers ought to have more for their crop the corporation sends a rescue squad with anything from a hundred thousand to a million dollars to buy. Like a Wall Street broker who bulls into the Exchange to bid up the price of alcohol stocks, he rushes into the applesauce country to buy a couple of hundred or thousand tons of applesauce to make Montana safe for something or other.

Last fall, tomato growers in one section raised too many tomatoes. They were selling tomatoes for nine dollars. The Commodity Surplus Corporation decided they ought to have fourteen dollars. Maybe they ought; maybe not. One wonders if the consumers who buy tomatoes got a chance to question that decision. But the rescue squad went into action with $1,350,000 and authority to buy a million cases of canned tomatoes.

About the same time the cabbage market did a little skidding. So the cabbage growers sent up the alarm. So Uncle Sam, with $276,000 stuffed in his pocket, went prancing to Arkansas, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky and Maryland prepared to buy 12,000 tons of cabbage—

It is the spirit of the time. Apparently the master criminal of the day is the man who makes things a little cheaper. The way to salvation is to raise prices and keep them up. It seems to be so in everything.

The great curative technique is "pegging." The NRA let producers get together to put up the prices one way or another of everything from paper flowers to pressing pants. The anti-trust laws were wiped out so everybody and his brother could get together and gang up on everybody else in the holy cause of boosting prices.

The government has been pegging even the price of the great standard price-setting metal—gold—and went in debt a billion and a half in ten months to do this. If it can peg the price of gold, why not applesauce?

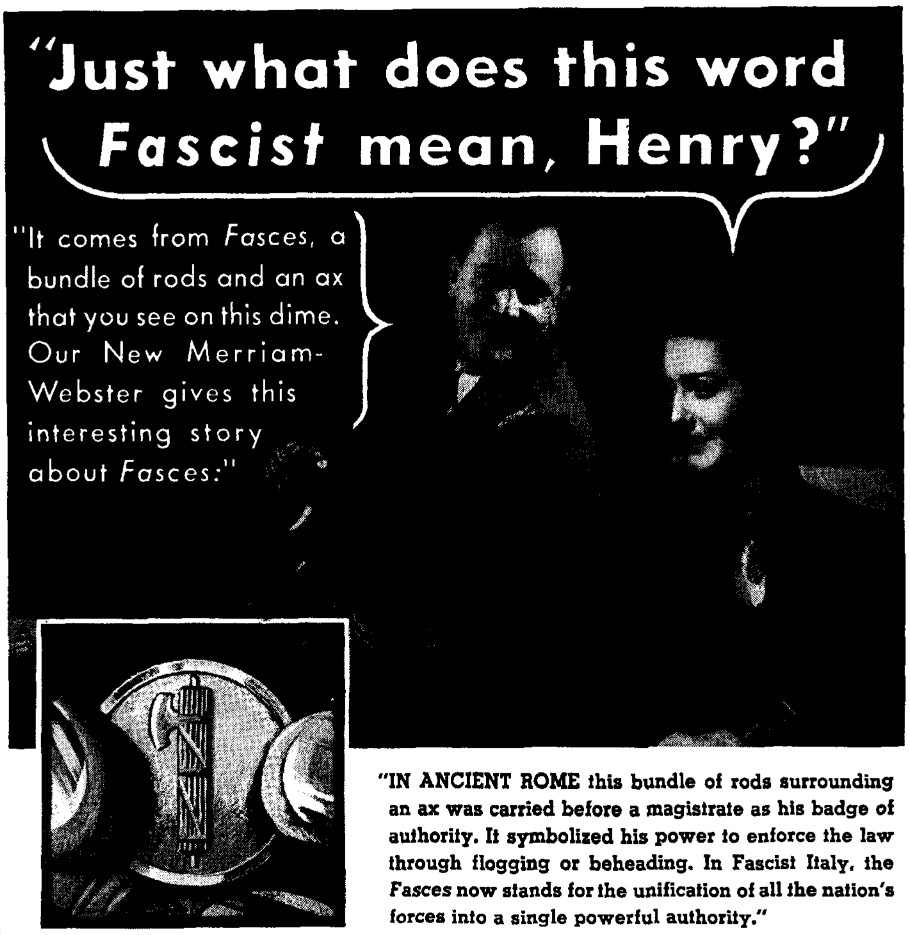
A New Vicious Circle

The trouble seems to be that it can never quite get around to helping everybody that way. When you put up the price of farm machinery, the next step is to try to put up the price of farm products. When you get them up by plowing under grain, the next thing you know you have to raise the price of feed to the fellow who manages a flock of hens. So you have got to start pegging the price of eggs. Of course the next step is to do something for the fellow who eats eggs. And you do that, but you just never get around to relieving all the victims of the pegging circle.

Let us imagine that we are in a small town, small but a perfect representation of the population of all the towns in the United States.

There are one thousand people in the town who are expected to earn their living—employable persons, as the statisticians call them. There are 100 of them out of work. Of the remainder 91 earn less than $500 a year, 214 earn from $500 to $1,000 and 223 earn from $1,000 to $1,500. There's 63 per cent of your town.

Now when we raise the price of the so-called protective foods—eggs, milk, green vegetables and fruits—we may very well enable the people who produce them to earn more money on their crops. But what do we do to this town? If the



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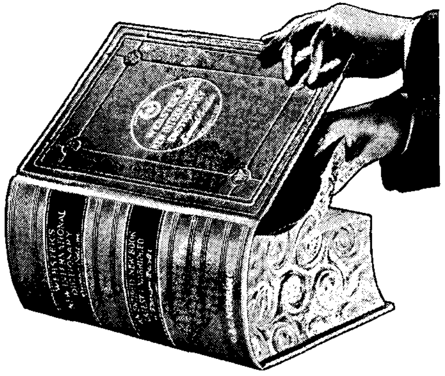

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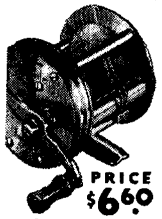

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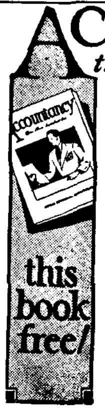

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Actual Size

government does this by buying up surpluses and distributing the surpluses to the people on relief, some of the 100 out of work will benefit, but more of them will be harmed, for there are more unemployed people not on relief than on it. Those who earn over $1,500 will still be able to provide themselves with essential foods. But the 528 employed people who earn from $1,500 down will have to start cutting out essential foods. For those with incomes under $500 it will be a complete disaster. For those with incomes between $500 and $1,000 it will be a serious matter—no family with such an income can provide itself with the protective foods save in periods of low or moderate prices. For the family between $1,000 and $1,500 the price rise, if large enough, will be a matter of grave sacrifice.

Of course these people would be equally injured if prices went up due to normal economic market laws. But at least the disaster would not be imposed *on them* by their government. The government would have helped the farmer, but it would be doing it at the expense of these most numerous of all groups—for it would be taking countless millions in increased prices out of their poorly furnished pockets in the interest of aiding another class of citizens. And in this vicious circle of government price-helping it is these groups who are at the end of the trail where the government's power to go on with the corrective process breaks down.

To take a case in point—one of the surplus removal operations was the milk program in Boston. There a very heated war was on between the milk dairy farmers organized in co-operatives and the big distributors. The co-operatives wanted higher prices for their milk. I do not assume that their demands were not just. But the distributors did not like the co-operatives. Therefore, the distributors went about buying milk from various independent dairymen not organized or in alliance with the co-operatives. This left the co-operatives with more milk on their hands than they could sell. So the government went galloping to Boston with a surplus removal operation—that is, the government bought milk from the co-operatives in order to relieve them of the milk they could not sell in the interest of maintaining their price.

Just Another Washington Mystery

All this is quite all right, I dare say. Surely we cannot appraise its relative merits. But in the meantime milk was bought mostly, or should be bought mostly, by those people with incomes under $1,500, and the higher the price of milk goes the less they can buy.

The milk producer having been helped, the next fellow to be helped is the milk buyer—the forgotten man in the cities. How he is to be helped I do not know, but one method he asks is a minimum-wage law. But the National Milk Co-operative Producers Federation, meeting in Baltimore, passed a resolution denouncing the minimum-wage bill, which is designed to help the milk producers' customers, and condemning it as "detrimental to agriculture." It is precisely at this point—the forgotten man—that the whole thing bogs down.

This is all very perplexing to the citizen who wanders about Washington looking at all this maze of machinery. One wonders whether it is even doing much permanent good to the beneficiaries of the pegging.

For instance, take the egg markets. In January, 1937, this government agent I have talked about went into the egg exchange and walked off with a surplus of eggs and thus put the price up on all the eggs bought in the U. S. A. at that season.

Then came March. In March the eggs rain down upon the nests of America. They come barging into the egg district by the billions. Eggs are supposed to be cheap then. But as the government had removed the excess production of January and February, and thus put the price up, when March eggs came flooding in from March to June the price remained up.

This is the season when the price should be low. This is the season when egg dealers buy eggs to put them in cold storage for the winter. They are compelled to buy eggs at a high price when the price should have been low. Then when that season was over and prices should have gone up again, they continued low. The cold-storage eggs bought at a high price could not be moved at a profit and so were held by the dealers off the market. The effect was to create another surplus. In short, the government by its pegging operations removed one surplus but created another.

Price Pegging Has Never Worked

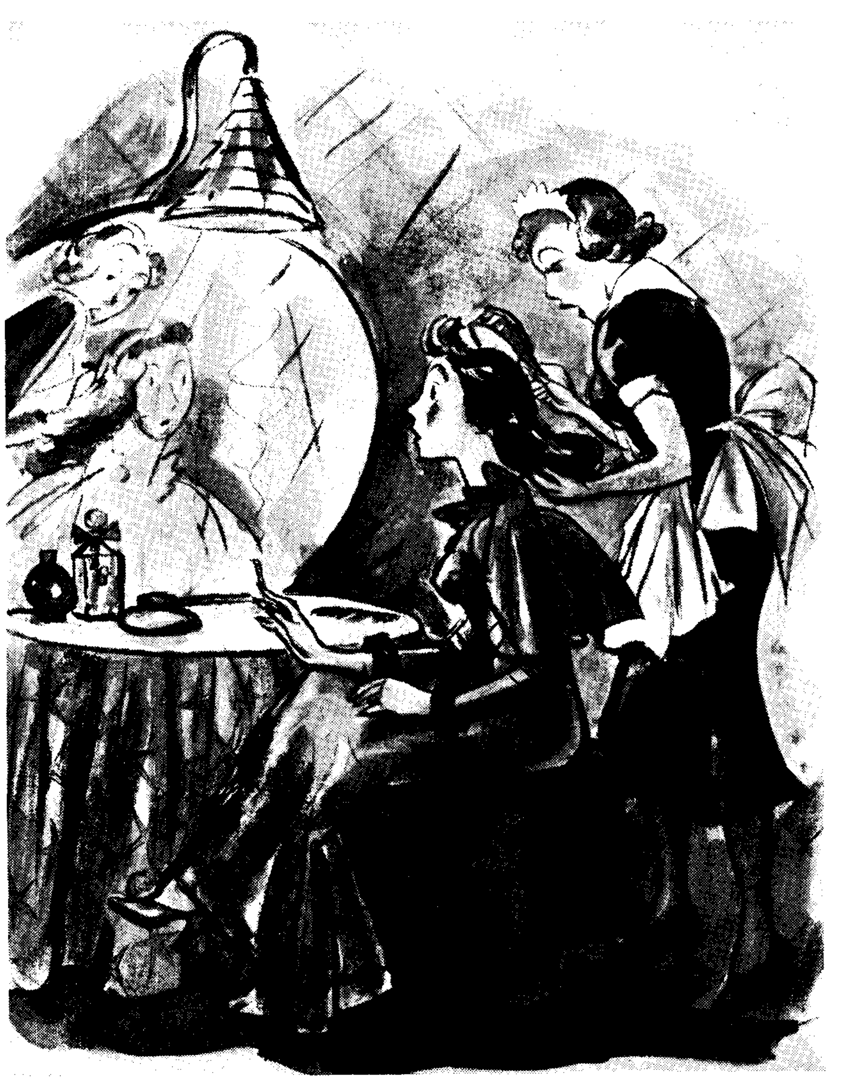
It's not new. For years producers, aided often by governments, have gotten together to put up the price of their product. The rubber producers of the Straits Settlements, the sugar producers of Java and Cuba, the coffee producers of Brazil, the copper producers of America, all sorts of producers, have tried to create machinery for destroying their surpluses, even to burning their product, as the coffee producers of Brazil did, or dumping it in the sea. They have raised the price a little and enjoyed a fleeting relief, but later the last state of the deluded producer was worse than the first. Strangest chapter of all is that one written in Brazil.

That nation, so dependent on coffee, did all sorts of things for thirty-one years to hold the price of coffee up. It succeeded at times, failed sometimes. But mostly it succeeded in building up competitors for itself all over the world until now its markets are being nibbled away. Also it succeeded in almost ruining the credit of the government. Now, after thirty-one years, Brazil has given up the futile struggle and put an end to price pegging.

Certainly one thing can be said for the surplus removal operations. The crops it buys are not destined for the fire. For the most part they have been used to feed the hungry. But the managers of the surplus removal corporation will tell you *very frankly* and *honestly* that this is not the object of the plan. This is a mere incident. Its main objective is to cut down the supply of the foods involved and thus raise the price for the farmers who produce them.

But even on this count the plan is open to some questions. After all, the amount of foods thus bought is quite small — that is, comparatively small. Food is not bought in amounts needed by those on relief, but only in such amounts as may be required to produce the necessary scarcity to raise the price of the crop. Only a small fraction of those who get relief money from the government have gotten these foods. On the other hand, the great majority of those on relief, who get money from the government, have found their meager allowance cut down in effectiveness in proportion to the success of the price-raising program.

Surplus removal is a very graphic name for the whole operation. It removes the surplus food from the market and, by boosting the price of what is left, removes the surplus change from the pockets of the customers. Maybe it's all right. But one must be forgiven for being a little puzzled in the presence of this phenomenon.



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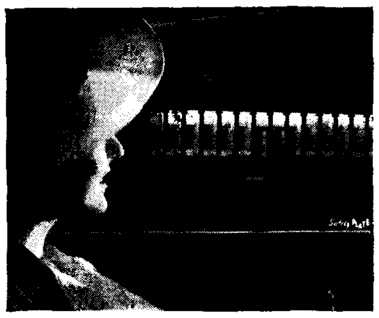

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More Power to Us

RUDOLF DIESEL, German engineer, born in Paris, did not live to see the wide acceptance of the great invention that perpetuates his name. He fell overboard the Antwerp-Harwich mail steamer at night on September 30, 1913, less than a year before the outbreak of the World War. Nobody thought Rudolf Diesel important in 1892 when his invention was announced. Old Prince Bismarck was important, yes, and the swaggering young Kaiser Wilhelm was a bright figure upon the stage of world affairs, but Diesel was just another inventor, a wholly uncertain quantity.

What Rudolf Diesel had learned was fundamental, as were the discoveries of Pierre and Marie Curie, the pioneers of radium. Other men explored the trails he had blazed. New inventions were piled upon his original work. The improved engine became practicable and soon in amazing ways our lives began to be influenced by the work of this German inventor. If you try to follow the consequences of Dr. Diesel's work the astounding complexity of our present-day relationships is quickly apparent.

The competition of the private motorcar and the development of air transportation hit the railroads heavy blows. Motorcars and airplanes set new standards of speed and comfort. The railroads plainly had to make important improvements in order to meet successfully the demands of travelers educated by the automobile and the airplane.

So these new swift streamlined trains propelled at speeds incredible a few years ago were called into existence. The Diesel engine made them practicable. The basic invention of a comparatively obscure German engineer shortened the travel time between the Atlantic and the Pacific by two days.

That is a very spectacular accomplishment. If you drive across the continent you witness a significant procession. Overhead the transcontinental planes drone along at speeds almost incomprehensible. Your own car, if you are an average driver, will be moving generally at about the rate of the familiar passenger trains and much faster than the long freights. Swishing and roaring past you and past all other railroad traffic will be the streamliners. Only aircraft can move faster.

We don't know yet just what effects this shortening of travel time will have upon us. All we can be sure of is that the effects will be far-reaching and surprising.

Take another look at these Diesel engines. In many countries numerous manufacturers are at work exploring new uses for Diesels. One of the many applications of the engine is in supplying the primary power to be converted into electricity.

Now see how this impinges upon even our Congress. One of the acute controversies of recent sessions of Congress has centered around the relationship of the government to public utilities. This is a very hot affair, full of anger, hate and prejudice.

Right or wrong, a group of legislators led by Senator George Norris of Nebraska has been trying to rout the private power companies through the construction of dams to supply hydroelectric energy. So we have the Tennessee Valley Authority and, if times were more favorable to speculation, we might have the other regional TVA's discussed last autumn.

The shadow of Dr. Diesel, dead almost twenty-five years, falls across this public utility controversy. American engineers, as well as English, Scotch, French and German engineers, among others, have made vast improvements in the Diesel. It is now the most efficient agency for transforming heat into energy.

So numerous cities and towns have bought their own Diesel engines to produce electricity for local consumption. This gives a new twist to the political fights over the public utilities.

If a city can, by the use of a Diesel engine, produce electricity more cheaply than it can be bought even from a government-owned hydroelectric plant, then the temptation of the city to buy government electricity will be slight.

It is unsafe to say that Diesel engines will be the cheapest power producers. The National Resources Committee, which reported less than a year ago to Congress and to the President, said that for large-scale production the steam power plant is still ahead. It also said that steam- or Diesel-produced electricity is cheaper than hydroelectric power of equal service.

In the long run, unless we are restrained, we tend to do our work as economically as possible. Consequently, the controversy between those on opposing sides of the power question will be decided on the facts. In that decision the ghost of Rudolf Diesel will play a part.

One thing that distinguishes the United States from all other lands is the vast amount of mechanical power available to us. The National Resources Board estimated that we had about a billion and a quarter horsepower ready to do our work in 1935. This was, roughly, the energy of ten mechanical horses for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Recent developments in numerous laboratories of the manufacturers who make Diesel engines have made it easier by distributing small power plants to scatter energy through the villages and rural areas. Nobody knows just what effect this is going to have upon us but it may be very important. If it is, we can thank or blame Rudolf Diesel. In the long run, the inventors, however remote, count for more than the politicians. We forget the men, but we use their works.

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"I see that their taste runs to a DRY whiskey."
SAID THE KNIGHT TO THE KING:
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FRANKFORT KY. MD. DIST.

DRY is the word that explains why so many gentlemen find such keen satisfaction in the whiskey known as Paul Jones.

For this mellow, deep-flavored American whiskey—so hearty, so robust and full-bodied—is truly DRY . . . without a trace of sweetness in its make-up.

Perhaps the best way to understand how important this quality of DRYNESS in a whiskey can be is to taste Paul Jones. At the same time, you'll discover something *else:* The pleasing DRYNESS of Paul Jones is just one of *many* reasons for its renown as "A Gentleman's Whiskey," since 1865!

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865
A blend of straight whiskies. 100% straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated • Louisville—Baltimore

"The good old pause that refreshes"

DRINK Coca-Cola

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SHOPPING WON'T TIRE YOU OUT IF YOU TAKE TIME TO PAUSE AND REFRESH

There's a bargain counter everybody knows...the soda fountain. It offers you a welcome pause...to relax...and to enjoy the still more welcome *pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola...for only 5¢.